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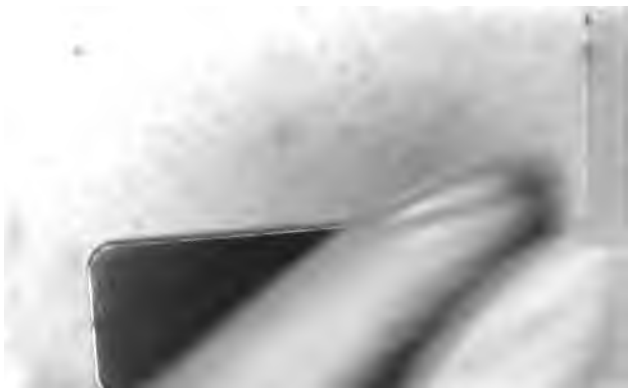
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GUESSES AT TRUTH.

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LONDON:
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v. 4. 1827.

GUESSES AT TRUTH

BY

TWO BROTHERS. *11...*

THE FIRST



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PUBLISHED FOR JOHN TAYLOR,
WATERLOO PLACE,
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1827.

1827

Χρυσὸν οἱ διζήμενοι, φησὶν Ἡράκλειτος, γῆν πολλὴν ὀρ' ὀρ-
σουσι, καὶ ἐθρίσκουσιν ὀλίγον.

Clem. Alex. Strom. IV. 2. p. 565.

As young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do
seldom grow to a further stature ; so knowledge, while it
is in aphorisms and observations, it is in growth ; but
when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may
perchance be further polished and illustrated, and accom-
modated for use and practice ; but it increaseth no more
in bulk and substance.

Bacon, Advancem. of Learn. R. 1.

TO THE READER.

I HERE present you with a few suggestions, the fruits, alas ! of much idleness. Such of them as are distinguished by some capital letter, I have borrowed from my acuter friends. My own are little more than glimmerings, I had almost said, dreams of thought : not a word in them is to be taken on trust.

If then I am addressing one of that numerous class which reads to be told what to think, let me advise you to meddle with the book no further. You wish to buy a house ready furnished ; do not come to look for it in a stone-quarry. But if you are building up your opinions for yourself, and want only to be provided with materials, you may in these pages meet with many things to suit you. Do not despise them for their want of name and show : rather remember what the old author

says, that "even to such an one as I am, an idiota or common person, no great things, melancholizing in woods and quiet places by rivers, the Goddess herself Truth has often times appeared."

Reader, if you weigh me at all, weigh me patiently, judge me candidly, and may you find half the satisfaction in examining my Guessees, that I have myself had in making them.

Authors usually think not about writing the preface, until they have reached the conclusion ; and with reason. For few have such stedfastness of purpose, and such definiteness and clear foresight of understanding, as to know, when they take their pen up, how soon they shall lay it down again. Since the foregoing paragraphs were written, some months ago, this little book has increased to more than four times the bulk which was then contemplated, and has acquired besides two fathers instead of one. The temptations held out by the freedom and pliant aptness of the plan ; the thoughtful excitement of lonely rambles, of gardening, and of other like occupations, where the mind has leisure to move during the healthful activity of the body,

with the fresh and wakeful breezes blowing round it; above all, intercourse and converse with those, every hour in whose society is rich in the blossoms of present enjoyment and in the seeds of future meditation, in whom too the imagination delightedly recognizes living realities goodlier and fairer than her fairest and goodliest visions, so that pleasure kindles within her the desire of portraying what she cannot hope to surpass; these causes happening to meet together, have occasioned my becoming a principal in a work, wherein I had only looked forward to being a subordinate auxiliary. The letter u, with which my earlier contributions had been marked, has for distinction's sake continued to be affixed to them; and the explanation just given will account for its being more frequent latterly than at the beginning. As our minds have grown up together, have been nourished in great measure by the same food, have sympathized in their affections and their aversions, and have been shaped reciprocally by the assimilating influences of brotherly communion, a family likeness will, I trust, be perceivable throughout these volumes, although perhaps with such dif-

ferences as it is not displeasing to behold in the children of the same parents. And thus I commit this book to the world, with a prayer that he to whom so much of it, if I may not say the whole, is devoted, will, if he think it worthy to be employed in his service, render it an instrument of good to some of his children. May it awaken some one to the knowledge of himself! May it incite some one to think more kindly of his neighbour! May it enlighten some one to discern the footsteps of God in the creation!

v.

May 17, 1827.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

THE virtue of Paganism was strength ; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances : Religion is above circumstance.

Moral prejudices are the stop-gaps of virtue ; and like other stop-gaps, it is often more difficult for a man to get either out or in through them than through any other part of the fence.

A mother should give her children a superfluity of enthusiasm, that after they have lost all

they will lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

The heart has been often compared to the needle for its constancy : has it ever been so for its variations ? Yet were any man to keep minutes of his feelings from youth to age, what a table of variations would they present ! how numerous ! how opposite ! and how strange ! This is just the case in the writings of Horace : and if we consider his occasional effusions (which, be it remembered, almost all his compositions are) as delineating but the piety or the passion, but the seriousness or the levity, of the moment, we shall have no difficulty in accounting for that difference in their features, which has so much puzzled professional commentators. Their very contradictoriness proves their truth.

The teachers of youth in a free country, should select for their chief study (so far, I mean, as this world is concerned) the books best adapted to encourage a spirit of constitutional freedom. The duty of preserving the liberty which our ancestors have, through God's blessing, won, established, and handed down to us, is as imperative as any commandment in the second table; if it be not the concentration of the whole. And is this duty to be learnt from scientific pursuits? Is it to be found in the erasible? or among the remote properties of lines and numbers? I fear there is a moment of broken lights in the intellectual day of civilized countries, when knowledge among them becoming all too much, wisdom becomes all too little. Society in time acquires a number of moieties which will not suffer themselves to be entertained without a corresponding variety of dishes, so that unity is left alone as an inhospitable singularity; and many things are

got at any way, rather than a few the right way. But howsoever these things may be in men's corrupted fancies and opinions, would we certainly imbibe the feelings, the sentiments, and the principles, which become the descendants of the greater English, we must betake ourselves to the springs whereof they drank. Like them, we must mark in the writings of antiquity the unbending strength of mind and uncalculating self-devotion which nerved and stimulated the philosophic and heroic patriots of heathen times ; and we shall then blush, should Christianity with all its additional incentives have failed of kindling within us a zeal as steady and as pure.

“Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of all our heart's devotion,
As Virtue was to that first blinded age ?

Alas !

As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end ?”

Donne's Sat. iii. 5.

• The denunciations of Christianity are mate-

rial and tangible. They speak of and to the senses, because they speak of and to the sensual and the earthly, in character, intellect, or pursuit.

The promises of Christianity, on the contrary, are addressed to a different class of persons; to those who love, which cometh after fear; to those who have begun to advance in goodness; to those who are already in some degree detached from the thralldom of the body. But spoken of heaven to the heavenly minded, how should they not be heavenly themselves?

The fact then of there being nothing definite, and little inviting or attractive except to the eye of faith, in the Christian description of future rewards, instead of being a just objection to its truth, is rather a metaphysical confirmation of it. And so thought Selden, who says in his Table-Talk: "The Turks tell their people of a heaven where there is sensible pleasure, but of a hell where they shall suffer they don't know what. The Christians quite invert this

order: they tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we can't tell what." L.

The best criterion of an enlarged mind, next to the performance of great actions, is their comprehension. R.

We have to thank the extravagant fastidiousness of our Augustan writers, as they are called, for the loss of a thousand excellent words and phrases. They put the language into swathing-bands, and Johnson, Gibbon, and the Scotchmen, made it in that state dance. One is half-tempted to wish one could bring them back in their grave-clothes, that D'Egville, well fiddle-sticked, might pay them in kind.

Why should not distant parishes interchange their apprentices? that the lads on their re-

turn might introduce among their neighbours the improvements in agriculture and the mechanical arts, which they had been taught or had observed during their absence. E.

The practice was usual two centuries ago; and still exists, I am told, in Germany and in other parts of the continent.

The first thing we learn is *Meum*, and the last *Tuum*. None can have lived with children without noticing the former fact; few have associated with men and not remarked the latter.

Man in a savage state would be then most perfect, when he could most directly apply his understanding to satisfy the cravings of his appetites. His perfection then as an isolated animal, if any where, is to be found in *Esop*.

To address the prejudices of one's hearers, is

to argue with them in short-hand. But it is also more : it is to confer on the opinion we contend for, the additional probability of prescription ; and, through the understanding which we have surprised, to attack the heart.

The ancients dreaded death ; we, thanks to Christianity, only fear dying.

A person should go out on the water on a fine day to a small distance from a beautiful coast, if he would see Nature really smile. Never does she look so delightful, as when the sun is brightly reflected by the water, while the waves are gently rippling, and the prospect receives life and animation from the glancing transit of an occasional row-boat, and the quieter motion of a few small vessels. But the land must be well in sight ; not only for its own sake, but because the immensity and awfulness of a mere sea-view would ill accord

with the other parts of the glittering and joyous scene.

The second Punic war was in fact a struggle between the man Hannibal and the Roman people: and its event proved that the collective good sense of a civilized nation, when duly embodied and exerted, must ultimately exhaust and overpower the resources of a single mind, however excellent in genius and ability.

The war of Sertorius, the Roman Hannibal, is of the same nature, and teaches the same lesson.

Nothing short of extreme necessity will induce a wise man to change all his servants at once. A new set coming together fortuitously are sure to cross and jostle . . . like Epicurus's atoms, I was going to say; but no, unlike the silent atoms, they have the gifts of claiming and complaining; and exert them, till the family is

distracted with disputes about the limits of their respective offices.

But after a household has been once arranged, there is little or no danger to apprehend from subordinate changes in the establishment. The new servant on arriving finds himself in the middle of a system; his place is marked out and assigned, the routine of his business is explained to him, and he falls into it as certainly as a new wheel-horse in a mail, when his collar is to the pole and the coach has started.

It is the same with those great families which we call nations. To remodel a government and form a constitution, is a work of the greatest difficulty and hazard: the attempt may fail completely, and cannot thoroughly succeed under many years. It is the last desperate resource of a ruined people, a kind of staking double or quits with evil, and giving it, I much fear, the first game. But still it is a resource. We employ cataplasms to restore suspended

animation ; and Burke himself, without relinquishment of principle, might have tried Medea's kettle on a carcass.

Be that however as it may, from rational subordinate reforms good, and good only, is to be looked for. Their benefits are not confined to the removal of the abuse which their author may have intended them to correct. No perpetual motion, God be praised, has yet been discovered for free governments : for the impulse which keeps them going, they are indebted mainly to subordinate reform : now, by a single exposure of delinquency, spreading salutary vigilance through a whole administration ; now, by the origination of some popular improvement from without, leading (if there be any certainty in party motives, any such things among great men as policy and emulation) to the counter-adoption of a thousand meliorations from within, which had else been only dreamt of . . . as impossible.

One day as a little girl was playing round me with her white frock over her head, I laughingly called her *Pishashee*, the Indian name, I believe, for their white devil. The child was delighted with so fine a name, and ran about the house screaming out to every one she met, *I am the Pishashee, I am the Pishashee*. Would she have done so, had she been wrapt in black and called *witch* or *devil* instead? No; for in this case too the reality was nothing, and the sound and colour every thing.

But how many grown-up persons are running loose about the world, quite as anxious as the little girl was to get the name of *Pishashees*! The only difference between them is, that she did not understand it.

True modesty consists, not in an ignorance of our own merits, but in a due appreciation of them. Modesty then is but another name for self-knowledge; that is, for absence of igno-

rance on the one subject which we ought best to understand, as well from its near concernment to us as from our continual opportunities of studying it. And yet it is a virtue.

But what, on second thoughts, are these merits? Jeremy Taylor tells us, in his *Life of Christ*: "Nothing but the innumerable sins which we have added to what we have received; for we can call nothing ours, but such things which we are ashamed to own, and such things which are apt to ruin us. Every thing beside is the gift of God; and for a man to exalt himself thereon, is just as if a wall upon which the sun reflects, should boast itself against another that stands in the shadow."

Considerations upon Christ's Sermon on Humility.

"After we have been dwelling on our own weaknesses, how naturally does our vanity console itself with pitying the infirmities of our friends."

It is as hard to know when one is in Paris,
as to guess when one is out of London. R.

The first looks like the city of a great king ;
the last like that of a great people. M.

When the moon, after covering herself with darkness as in sorrow, at last throws off the garments of her widowhood, she does not at once expose herself impudently to the public gaze ; but for a time remains veiled in a transparent cloud, till she gradually acquires courage to endure the looks and admiration of beholders.

“ The end of Sporus is singular enough to deserve a line. A few years after he had been exhibited publicly in the streets of Rome as the wife of Nero, he was ordered by Vitellius to personate a nymph who in some pantomime was to be carried off by a ravisher. And this creature, branded in the face of the world with

infamy of the deepest dye, actually put an end to his life, to avoid appearing in the dress of a female *on the stage*." *Gifford's Juvenal*, l, 104; *Note*.

In other words, the wretch who had dared any thing under cloak of the imperial purple, perished by his own hand rather than endure the ignominy of public exposure in the theatre. Disgrace to him was sin, as it is, and must be, to all whose God is Honour. The greatest Roman would have found it difficult, after such a life, to forgive him such a death from such a motive. As Madame de Stael says, with that eloquent heathenism traceable in parts of her earlier writings: "Hélas il serait si difficile de ne pas s'intéresser à l'homme plus grand que la nature, alors qu'il rejette ce qu'il tient d'elle, alors qu'il se sert de la vie pour détruire la vie, alors qu'il sait dompter par la puissance de l'âme le plus fort mouvement de l'homme, l'instinct de sa conservation :—qu'il est bon

que les véritables scélérats soient incapables d'une telle action ; ce serait une souffrance pour une ame honnête, que de ne pas pouvoir mépriser complètement l'être qui lui inspire de l'horreur."—*Sur l'Inuence des Passions*, p. 201.

'Life may be defined to be the power of self-augmentation or assimilation, not of self-nurture ; for then a steam-engine over a coal-pit might be made to live.

The metaphysical inquirer should start from his axioms, like the physical. The latter begins from the well-known principle that matter is indifferent to motion or rest. The former should, in like manner, take for the basis of his inquiries some important unquestionable fact concerning the soul ; if, as Christians believe, such can any where be found : for Philosophy, as far as possible, like every thing else, should in a Christian country be Christian

We throw away the better half of our means; when we neglect to avail ourselves of the advantages which starting in the right road gives us. It is idle to urge that unless we do this, antichristians will deride us. Cars bark at gentlemen on horseback: but who, except a fool or hypochondriac, on that account ever gave up riding?

By following the rule suggested we shall, I think, be led to conclude that, as the Deity, the Great Spirit, is in his nature inclined to good and disinclined to evil, so likewise the soul, emanating as it does from that Great Spirit, must be naturally inclined to good and disinclined to evil. This proposition would go a great way toward accounting for and reconciling the two principles in our nature, which have so much puzzled metaphysicians; I mean self-love and sympathy. For love of good, in the widest sense, will indeed lead us to do good to our-

selves; but it will likewise lead us to rejoice when good has been done to another. It is probable in man's original state, before his soul had been stupefied by the fall, he possessed moral sensitiveness in as great perfection as he possesses physical sensitiveness at present; so that an evil action would then, from its irreconcilableness with the recipient, have caused as much pain to the mind, as a blow or other such violence, from its irreconcilableness with the recipient, would occasion to the body now. By the fall, this fineness of moral tact was forfeited—conscience, the God within us, is at once its relic and its evidence—and we were left to ourselves to discover what is good, though we still remain endowed with the desire of good, when we have satisfied ourselves what it consists in. And hence sympathy seldom varies; for it is chiefly conversant with the external, about which there is little difference of

opinion: while self-love, being mainly conversant with the internal, varies greatly.

They who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny a sun because it is not always day.

Two persons can hardly set up their booths in the same corner of Vanity Fair, without incommoding, and, on that account, disliking one another.

B.

Fickleness is in women of the world the fault most likely to result from their situation in society. The weaknesses which they know are the most severely condemned, and the good qualities which they feel to be most highly valued, in the female character, by our sex as well as their own, have alike a tendency to render them generally obliging, to the exclu-

sion, so far as nature will permit, of strong and durable unmixed uncountenanced attachment to individuals. Well! we deserve no better of them. And after all, the flame is only smothered by society, not extinguished; give it free ventilation and it will blaze.

The following sentence is extracted and translated from D'Alembert by Dugald Stewart: "The truth is, that no relation whatever can be discovered between a sensation in the mind and the object by which it is occasioned, or at least to which we refer it: *it does not appear possible to trace, by dint of reasoning, any practicable passage from the one to the other.*"

Now if this be so, and there appear to the reason no necessary connexion between the reception of an object into the senses and its subsequent impression on the mind, we have no grounds for supposing the organs of sense to be more than machinery for the uses of the

body only. That the body, for example, may indeed be said to see through the eye, is evident; but how—if we can trace no nearer connexion between the mind and an object when painted on the retina, than between it and the object itself—how can it be truly said, that the mind appears to need the eye to see with?

Again, if this be so, how idle are all disquisitions on the intermediate state, founded on the assumption that the soul when out of the body has no perceptions! That

“ The soul’s dark cottage, batter’d and decay’d,
Lets in new lights thro’ chinks that Time has made,”

may be, perhaps is, an assertion as true as it is prettily poetical; and spirits may acquire new modes of communication by losing their mouths and ears, just as a bird gets its feathers on issuing from the shell. Should this be thought too fanciful a guess, though the parable of Dives and Lazarus appears to justify

it, our own experience furnishes a similar analogy; and as the unborn infant possesses dormant senses, which it finds on coming into this world; so likewise may our still embryo soul perhaps have latent senses of its own, living inlets, shall I call them? or capacities? of saintly vision and communion, to be exerted hereafter for its improvement and delight, on issuing from its present womb, the body.

But here a dreadful supposition crosses me. What if sin, which certainly enfeebles the understanding and dulls the conscience, should also clog and ultimately stifle these undeveloped powers and faculties? so as to render spiritual communion after death impossible to the wicked. What if in this way the imbruted soul make its own prison, shut itself up from God, and exclude from itself every thing but the memory of its crimes, evil desires "baying body," and the apprehension of intolerable, unavoidable, momentarily approaching punish-

ment? At least it is debarred from repentance; and this one thought is terrible enough, without searching into the matter further.

Though Jesus chose poor men for the companions of his life, he selected a well-educated and distinguished man to be the greatest preacher of his religion. Such a man, it is evident, as well from station as from acuteness and the natural pride of a highly cultivated intellect, was the last person to become the dupe of credulous enthusiasts; especially when they happened to be low-born and illiterate.

But from such an appointment may also be drawn an inference directly in favour of a learned ministry. If some of the Apostles had no other human instructor than the best master that ever lived, Jesus Christ; the one most immediately and supernaturally called by him to preach the Gospel, was full of sacred

and profane learning. "But the gift of tongues" . . authenticated itself; and when a man now-a-days claiming to be supernaturally inspired, comes warranting his pretensions by a similar proof, he may expect to be followed and believed by many who, so long as he exhibits no visible credentials, will justly consider him unentitled to regard.

It was a practice worthy of our worthy ancestors, to fill their houses at Christmas with their relations and friends; that when nature was frozen and dreary out of doors, something might be found within "to keep the pulses of their hearts in proper motion." The custom, however, is only an appropriate one among people who happen to have a heart: and it is bad taste to continue it in these civilized and happy days, when every body worth hanging,

“cublie sa mere,
Et par bon ton se defend d'être pere,”

especially in Doctors' Commons, and before a
magistrate.

It is evident that most people have life
granted to them for their own sake: but not
a few seem sent into the world chiefly for the
sake of others. How many infants every day
come and go like apparitions! and the remark,
if true in any degree, holds good much further.

A critic should be a pair of snuffers: he
oftener is an extinguisher; and not seldom a
thief.

U.

The intellect of the truly wise man is like
glass: it admits the light of heaven, and re-
flects it.

Poetry is to philosophy what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week.

On the Reasonableness of the Doctrine of Atonement.

When one undertakes to treat concerning the Reasonableness of the Atonement, one professes only to inquire whether, in that doctrine of Christianity considered separately from the rest, there be any thing repugnant to human reason, or, contrariwise, agreeable to it ; and one takes the reasonableness of a revelation for granted. On which point, however, it may be observed by the way, that there is nothing *a priori* improbable in the supposition of God's interesting himself in the moral government of his moral creatures ; and that the universality of the belief establishes its reasonableness.

Shall I be told that the belief is not universal ? It may not be literally ; but it is in fact. I neither know nor care whether some sub-humanly savage tribe may not be quoted against

me. Be it that the reasonableness of the belief contended for may never have been practically admitted by a few unenlightened hordes, or rather herds, of men ; so long as it is acknowledged by most tribes even, by all nations, by every people that enjoys a literature or has preserved a vestige of civilization. I am quite satisfied with the reason of the rational ; and wish not, except for his own sake, to add to it the unthinkingness of the savage. But to push the argument one step further, what does this non-admission of his amount to ? Surely not to the contradiction of a competent deposer, but to the silence of an ignorant and dumb one. Some one of his ancestors doing what the backsettlers of America and the savages of all countries are with difficulty preserved from doing at this very day, may have thrown away the belief as an incumbrance in his flight from civilization, or have dropped it from his thoughts in wandering through the desert. Show me, therefore, when and

how your savage heard of the belief, before you exaggerate his non-acquiescence into a deliberate rejection. Till then, although his ignorance is so much lost to my argument, it is certainly nothing gained to yours. For Bentley's observation on "the natives of Newfoundland and New France in America, who were said to live without any sense of religion," is applicable in its spirit here. "I ought not to have called these miserable wretches a nation of atheists. They cannot be said to be of the atheist's opinion, because they have no opinion at all in the matter. They do not say in their hearts, *There is no God*; for they never once deliberated if there was one or no. They no more deny the existence of a Deity, than they deny the Antipodes or the Copernican system; about which they have had no notion or conception at all. It is the ignorance of those poor creatures, and not their impiety; their ignorance, as much to be pitied, as the impiety of the atheists to

be detested." (*First Sermon against Atheism* p. 16.)

Assuming then the reasonableness of a revelation, proceed we to examine the reasonableness of an atonement, which may, I think, be deduced from the ensuing considerations. A law necessarily implies punishment; wherefore every single human offence must be followed, as its natural consequence, by an appropriate punishment; unless either a final balance be struck of all our deeds good and bad; or a man's lot fall hereafter according to his moral state at the moment of his death, utterly without respect to any former evil which he may have committed, and which, according to the hypothesis, is pardoned.

Now taking these three as independent schemes, the last is perhaps the best, the first the wisest, the second decidedly the worst. But neither the last nor the first, neither the best nor the wisest, will bear a comparison with the scheme

of atonement by Christ's death : for that unites the excellencies of both ; showing the Deity irreconcilable to sin, as perhaps he must be from the purity of his essence ; and yet compassionate and forgiving toward the repentant sinner, as we all consider him to be in the fulness of his perfections. To us who have been brought up from childhood in the belief of God's mercy, and who moreover are familiarized with sin, and, I fear, love it too well to think much harm of it, God's compassion and forgiveness may seem nearly things of course. But this is foolhardiness, not wisdom ; and though it shows us to be confident, does not prove us to be right.

In a word, the scheme of atonement amounts to at least this ; that, instead of only pardoning offenders freely (as the objectors to the doctrine gratuitously presume he might have done) God has super-added to his free offer of pardon a monument of his displeasure against

sin. I do not give this as by any means a full account of the whole matter. It may be a very small part of it. But the scheme assuredly amounts at least to this: and were this all, the argument, says Bishop Butler, "which has often been alleged in justification of the doctrine, from the apparent natural tendency of this method of redemption to vindicate the authority of God's laws and deter his creatures from sin, has never yet been answered, and is, I think, plainly unanswerable."—(*Analogy of Religion*, p. 2. c. iii. s. vii.)

But, say objectors, the doctrine of Christ being appointed to suffer for the sins of the world, represents God as being indifferent whether he punish the innocent with the guilty. Were it so, it would be a strange doctrine to stand prominent, as in fact it does, however it may be explained away, in a book which every where represents God as the Father of his creatures, as just, as the hater of all cruelty

and oppression, as the upholder of all who endeavour to be good notwithstanding their manifold imperfections, as long-suffering even toward the bad. But this is only one among the many instances of men, when they have two irreconcilable things, a fact and an opinion, and feel themselves obliged to give up one, surrendering not the opinion to the fact, but the fact to the opinion; sacrificing thereby the certain to the doubtful, the proof which should support unto the hypothesis to be supported.

To proceed in the words of the philosophic Bishop, which I shall not scruple to quote at some length, as these pages may wander into the hands of some who never have read the *Analogy*, or at least never have studied it as it deserves: happy such, if the following extract lead them by its merit to exercise their minds accurately and severely on that great manual of modest wisdom! "This and such like objections (though it is most certain all who make

them do not see the consequence, conclude altogether as much against the whole daily course of Divine Providence in the government of the world, that is, against the whole notion of religion, as against Christianity. For when, in the daily course of natural providence, it is appointed that innocent people should suffer for the faults of the guilty, this is liable to the very same objection as the instance we are now considering. The infinitely greater importance of that appointment of Christianity which is objected against, does not hinder but that it may be, as it plainly is, an appointment of the very same kind with what the world affords us daily instances of. Nay, if there were any force at all in the objection, it would be stronger in one respect against natural providence than against Christianity; because, under the former, we are commanded, (by the law of nature) and even necessitated whether

we will or no, to assist men who by their follies have run themselves into extreme distress, in many cases where we cannot do it without very great pains and labour and sufferings to ourselves : in short, we are necessitated to suffer for the faults of others ; whereas the sufferings of Christ were voluntary." (p. 2. c. ii. s. vii.)

It is needless to pursue the subject further. The concluding remark alone would be answer sufficient to the objection, were it stronger than, as far as I can judge, it is.

The ideal incentives to virtuous exertion are a sort of moon to the moral world. Their borrowed light is but a dimmer substitute for the vivifying rays of religion, replacing those rays when hidden or obscured, and evidencing their existence when unseen in the heavens.

To exclaim, then, during the blaze of devo-

tional enthusiasm against the beauty and usefulness of such auxiliary motives, is fond ; to shut the eye against their luminous aid when religion enlightens not our path, is lunatic ; to understand their comparative worthlessness, feel their positive value, and turn to account their occasional importance, is the part of a truly wise man.

I have called these incentives a sort of moon. Had the image occurred to one of those old writers who took such pleasure in tracing out recondite analogies, he would scarcely have omitted to remark, that in the conjunctions of these two imaginary bodies the moral moon is not eclipsed except when it is at the full, nor can itself eclipse without being in the wane. " Love," says the greatest living English prose-writer, in one of his wisest and happiest moods, " is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired

by honour in a greater."* So is it with honour and religion.

Before me were the two Monte Cavallo statues, towering gigantically above the pygmies of the present day, and looking like Titans in the act of threatening heaven; above my head the stars were just beginning to show themselves, and might well have been mistaken for guardian angels keeping watch over the temples below; behind me and on my left were palaces; on my right gardens, and hills beyond, with the orange tints of sunset over them still glowing in the distance. Within a stone's throw of me, in the centre of objects so glorious in themselves and so accordant with each other, was stuck an unplanned post

* *Imaginary Conversations*, V. 2. Conv. iii. The passage is all the better for its accidental coincidence with those two noble lines of Col. Lovelace;

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more."

on which glimmered a paper-lantern. Such is Rome.*

Such enormities have been committed within the memory of living men by privateers, (see the *Journal of Alexander Davidson, Edinburgh Annual Register*, vol. iii, p. 2.) that it seems advisable there should be, on board every ship of that description, except perhaps in the four seas, a superintending national officer, to keep a public journal, and to prevent crimes. If the officer die on the cruise, it should be imperative on the privateer to make the nearest friendly port, unless she meet with a national ship-of-war that can spare her out of its own crew a superintendent in room of the deceased. Any privateer not conforming to the regulations

* This and a few other passages of the same kind, some of them in verse, are as true as drawing from sight could make them. No one, I imagine, will be displeased at finding among my guesses this sprinkling of something more accurate and certain.

established on these two points, should be deemed a pirate.

If some such regulations are not adopted, I apprehend from the States now springing up in America there will one day issue a swarm of piratical privateers, cruel as the Buccaneers of old, and more unprincipled.

Just, harmonious, temperate as is the spirit of liberty, there is in the name and mere notion of it a vagueness so opposite to the definite clearness of the moral law, that an enthusiastic reformer, unless he be a puritan in religion, runs greater risk than his neighbours of turning out something of a profligate in private life.

La morale s'appuie très souvent sur la faiblesse du physique.

T.

Anguish is naturally so alien from man's spirit, that perhaps nothing is more difficult to will

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than contrition. God therefore is good enough to afflict us ; that our hearts being brought low enough to feed on sorrow, may the easier sorrow for sin unto repentance.

In most ruins we contemplate only what Time has spared. Ancient Rome appears to have defied his power ; and in its present remains we seem to see the limbs which he has rent and scattered in the struggle. r.

How melancholy are all memorials ! r.

Were we the mere creatures of external impulses, what would faces of joy be but so many glaciers ? on which the seeming smile of happiness at sunrise, is only a reflexion of the rays they apparently are greeting, from frozen and impassive heads.

It is with flowers, as with moral qualities :

the bright-coloured are sometimes poisonous ; but, I believe, never the sweet-smelling.

Picturesqueness may be defined to be that quality in objects which fits them for making a good picture ; and it refers, especially in actual art, to the appearances of things in form and colour, more than to their accidental associations. Rembrandt would have been right in painting turbans and Spanish cloaks, though the Cid had been a scrivener, Cortez had sold sugar, and Mahomet had been notorious for setting up a drug-shop instead of a religion.

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil, that *acquisition* is longer and harder than *loss*, in all things good : but in all things bad, *getting* is shorter and easier than *getting rid of* ; especially in those very bad things, habits, and mistresses, and their children.

Would you cure or kill an evil prejudice? manage it as you would a pulling horse; tickle it as you would a trout; treat it as you would the most headstrong thing in the world, and the readiest to take alarm, the likeliest to slip through your fingers at the moment you think you have got it safe and are just about to make an end of it.

Three reasons occur to me for thinking bodily sins to be more curable than mental ones :

In the first place, They are more easily discovered to be sins ; since they clothe themselves in outward acts, which admit neither of denial nor, except in the way of excuse, of self-deception. Nobody the morning after being drunk can be ignorant that he went to bed not sober ; for his nerves and stomach assure him of the fact. But the same man might be long in finding out that he thinks of himself more highly than he ought ; from having no palpable standard to convince him of it.

Secondly, Bodily sins do not so immediately affect the reason, but that we still possess within us an uncorrupted judge, to discover and proclaim their criminality. Whereas mental sins corrupt the faculty appointed to determine on their guilt, and darken the light which should show their darkness.

In the third place, Bodily sins must be inseparably connected with certain times and places ; and consequently by a new arrangement of the hours, and, as far as may be, an abstinence from the places which have ministered opportunities to any bodily vice, a man may disable himself from longer acting it. This in most vices of the kind is easy, in sloth not ; which is therefore the most dangerous of them, or at least the hardest to be cured. But the mind is its own place, and depends not on contingencies of season and situation for the power of indulging its follies or its passions.

Still it should be remembered that bodily sins

breed mental, thus leaving, after they are stifled or extinct, an evil and vivacious brood behind them.

“ I know scarce any thing that calls for a more serious consideration from men than this: for still they are apt to persuade themselves that old age shall do that for them which, in their present fulness of strength and youth, they have not the reason nor the heart to do for themselves.

Whereas the case is directly the reverse; *for nothing grows weak with age, but that which will at length die with age; which sin never does.*

The longer the blot continues, the deeper it sinks. Vice, in retreating from the practice of men, retires into their fancy” . . . and from such a strong-hold what shall dispossess it? (*South's Sermons, Vol. 2.*)

’Twas a night clear and cloudless, and the sight,
Swifter than heaven-commissioned cherubim,
Soaring above the moon, glancing beyond
The stars, was lost in heaven’s abysmal blue.

There are things the knowledge of which
proves their revelation. The mind can no more

penetrate into the secrets of heaven, than the eye can force a way through the clouds of heaven : it is only when they are withdrawn from above us by a mightier hand, that the sight can rise above the moon, and ascending to the stars can repose on the unfathomable ether ; that emblem of omnipresent Deity, which, every where equally enfolding and supporting man, yet baffles his senses and excites not his regard, except when he looks upward and contemplates it above him.

The atmosphere of greatness is too oppressive, when not refreshed by the breezes of popular favour.

It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand and reflect upon one half of what most mothers at that time say and do to us, we should draw conclusions in favour of our own importance

which would render us insupportable for years. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him, before he is old enough to know the sense of it !

By the repeated attempts of a man to convince others, he convinces us that he is convinced himself.

R.

It has been objected to the Reformers, that they dwelt too much on the very great corruption of our nature. But surely, if our strength is to be perfected, like the Apostle's it can only be in weakness ; and he that feels most sorely his fall from Paradise, will also feel most grateful for the offer of returning to it on the wings of the Redeemer's love.

Written on Whitsunday.

Who has not seen the sun on a fine spring morning pouring his rays through a transparently

white cloud, filling all places with the purity of his presence, and kindling the birds into joy and song? Such would, I suppose, be the constant effects of the Holy Spirit on the soul, were there no such thing as evil in the world. As it is, the sun of the moral, like that of the physical world, though "it always makes a day," is often clouded over; and it is only under a coincidence of peculiarly happy circumstances that the heart perceptibly suffers this sweet violence, and feels and enjoys the ecstasy of being hurried along by overpowering, unresisted influxes of good. To most, I fear, this happens only during the spring of life; but some hearts keep young, even at eighty.

After listening to very fine music, it should appear to us one of the hardest problems, how the delights of heaven can be so attempered to man as to become endurable for their pain.

A speech, being a matter of adaptation, and having a point to carry, should contain a little for the few, and a great deal for the many. Burke injured his oratory by neglecting the latter half of this rule, as Sheridan must have spoiled his by failing to observe the former. But the many will always carry it for the moment against the few; and though Burke was allowed to be the greater man, Sheridan drew most hearses.

Desire is the body's love; and the fleshly are not to blame for feeling it, but for feeling nothing else.

"I am convinced that jokes are often accidental: a man in the course of conversation throws out a remark at random, and is as much surprised as any of the company, on hearing it, to find it witty."

For the substance of this observation I am indebted to one of the pleasantest men I ever

knew, who doubtless gave in it his own experience. I wish he had carried it some steps further, as he might with ease and profit. It would have done our pride no harm to be reminded, how few of our best and wisest and even of our newest thoughts do really and entirely originate in ourselves ; how few of them are voluntary, or at least intentional. Take from them all that has been suggested or improved by the hints and remarks of others, all that has fallen from us accidentally, all that has been struck out of us by collision, all that has been prompted by a sudden impulse, or has occurred to us when we were least looking for it ; and the remainder, which can alone be claimed by us as the fruit of study and premeditation, will in every man form a small portion of his store, and in most men will be little worth preserving. We can no more make thoughts than seeds. How absurd then in any man to call himself a poet or maker ! The ablest writer is only a gardener first,

and then a cook : his tasks are, carefully to select and cultivate his strongest and most nutritive thoughts ; and when they are ripe, to dress them, wholesomely, and yet so that they may have a relish.

Whoever wishes to see an emblem of political unions and enmities, should walk, when the sun shines, in a shrubbery. As long as the air is quite still, the shadows combine to form a very pretty trellice-work, which looks as if it would be lasting : but the wind is sometimes perverse enough to blow, and then to pieces goes the trellice-work in an instant ; and the shadows, which before were so quiet and distinct, cross and intermingle in confused varieties. It seems impossible they should ever re-unite ; and yet, the moment the wind subsides, they dovetail into each other as closely as before.

The most copious of languages must be the most concise. R.

Before I travelled, I had no notion that mountain scenery was unreal. But besides the strangeness of finding common objects in new levels, and consequently in new situations, one has only to get into a retired nook, and one hears water and catches a glimpse of the tops of trees, but one sees nothing distinctly except the corner of rock on which one stands. One is surrounded by a multitude of well-known effects, so completely severed to the eye and to the fancy from their equally well-known and usually co-present causes, that one does not know what to make of them.

All things here are strange !
Rocks scarr'd like rough-hewn wood ! Ice brown as sand
Wet by the tide, and cleft, with depths between,
And streams outgushing from its frozen feet !
Snow-bridges arching over headlong torrents !
And then the sightless sounds, and noiseless motions,

Which ~~have~~ round us! I should dream I dreamt,
But for those looks of kindness still unchanged.

Oh these mob torrents! here, with shows of fury,
Rushing submissive to an arch of snow,
That frailest fancy-work of Nature's idleness;
There, threatening rocks, and rending ancient firs,
The sovereigns of the wood, yet overwhelmed
And dashed to the earth with hooting violence.

How many actions, like the Rhone, have
two sources, the one pure, the other im-
pure!

It is with great men as with great moun-
tains. They oppress us with awe when we
stand under them; they disappoint our in-
satiable imaginations when we are nigh but
not quite close to them; and then the further
we recede from them, the more astonishing do
they grow to appear: till their bases being con-
cealed by intervening objects, they one mo-
ment seem miraculously raised above the earth,

and the next strike our fancies as let down from heaven.

The apparent and real progress of human affairs are both of them well illustrated in a waterfall ; where the same noisy, bubbling eddies continue months and years together, though the water which occasions them changes momentarily. But as every drop in its passage tends to loosen and detach some particle of the channel, the stream is the whole time working a change in the future appearance of the fall, by altering its bed, and so subjecting the river, during its descent, to a new set of percussions and reverberations.

And what, when at last effected, is the consequence of this change ? The foam breaks into shapes somewhat different ; but the noise, the bubbling, and the eddies, continue as violent as before.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle; and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; and yet God in his wisdom has made them a part of oaks. And in so doing he has given us a lesson, not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the lightsomeness without.

How disproportionate are the projects and the means of men! To raise a single church to a single Apostle, the monuments of antiquity were ransacked and salvation was doled out at a price; and yet its principal gate has been left unfinished, and its Holy of Holies is encrusted with stucco.

On entering St. Peter's, my first impulse was to throw myself on my knees, and but for the fear of being observed by my companions, I must have bowed my face to the ground and kissed the pavement. I moved slowly up the

nave, oppressed by the feeling of my own littleness; and when I at last reached the brazen canopy, and my spirit sank within me beneath the sublimity of the dome, I felt that, as the ancient Romans could not condemn Manlius within sight of the Capitol, so it would be impossible for an Italian of the present day to renounce Popery under the dome of St. Peter's.

The germ of idolatry is contained in the disposition of man's feelings and imagination to take their impressions from external objects, rather than from the dictates of the reason; under real control to which they scarcely can be brought, without a great impairing of their energies.

A merciful indulgence to this principle of our nature may possibly have numbered among the reasons which induced God to show himself in the flesh. At least one may apparently trace

the influence of this prime motive, equally in the Jewish scheme and in the Christian. In both, the Deity palpably revealed himself to the outward senses of his people; in both he personally addressed himself by acts of loving-kindness to their affections. It is not for being redeemed that we are called on to feel thankful; but for being redeemed by the blood of the God-man Jesus, which he poured out for us upon the cross. So it was not simply as God that Jehovah was to be worshipped by the Jews; but as the God of their fathers, who had brought them out of the house of bondage, whose voice they had heard and lived, who had chosen them to be his people, and given them laws and a land flowing with milk and honey.

The last sentence has suggested to me a query of some importance. *Out of the house of bondage*—What says the advocate of colonial slavery to this? that the bondage was no evil? that the deliverance of a people from personal

slavery was not a work befitting God's own right hand? Or will he rather tell us that the cases differ? that the animal wants of the Israelites were ill attended to? that they were ill-fed? This at least will never serve his purpose; for the flesh-pots of Egypt are proverbial. What will serve it, I leave him to discover, only advising him to beware of relying much on the order to expose the Hebrew children. If he does, it will give way under him. Meanwhile, to those religious men who are labouring for the emancipation of the Negroes, amid the various doubts and difficulties wherewith in politics every great measure is beset, it must needs be an inspiring thought, that to rescue a race of men from personal slavery and raise them to the rank and self-respect of independent beings, is, in the truest sense of the word, a godlike task; inasmuch as it is a task the like of which, God's book tells us, God hath accomplished. *But these things*, as St. Paul, speaking of the Pen-

tateuch, expressly says, *were written for our instruction.*

Often would the lad
Watch with sad fixedness the summer sun
In blood-red blaze sink hero-like to rest—
Then, *Oh to set like thee ! but I, alas !*
*Am weak, a poor unnoticed shepherd boy.**
'Twas that *alas !* undid him. His ambition,
Once the vague instinct of his nobleness,
Thus tempered in the glowing furnace-heat
Of lone repinings and aye-present aims,
Brightened to hope, and hardened to resolve.
To hope ! What hope is that, whose clearest ray
Is drenched with mother's tears ! what that resolve,
Whose strength is ill, whose instrument is death !

There is something melancholy and displeasing
in the absolute abandonment of any institution
designed for good : it is too plain a con-

* Since these lines were written, a fine passage, expressive of the feelings with which an ambitious lad sits watching the setting sun, has been pointed out to me in the *Robbers*.

fession of intellectual weakness, too manifest a receding in good purposes before the brute power of Circumstance. Besides, any one can amputate : the difficulty and the object is to restore. To revivify lifeless forms ; to catch their departed spirit and embody it in another shape ; to substitute for institutions now grown obsolete, such new ones as are calculated to modify and direct the existing mass of thought and character, and thereby do for the present age, what the old in their vigour did for the past : these are things worth living a politician's life with all its labours and disgusts for. Alas ! if that alone sufficed, who would live any other ? But to perform the things just spoken of, the steadiest dexterity of the art is requisite, guided by the brightest illuminations of the science : and who is gifted with both these, when so few possess either ?

Quicquid credam valde credo must be the motto of every true poet. His belief is of the

heart, not of the head ; and springs from himself, much more than from the object.

It is curious that we express personality and unity by the same symbol.

In what country is polygamy most frequent ? is it in England ?

In some cases the mistress has been so much a wife, it only remains for the wife to be a mistress.

Yet, strictly speaking, it is just as impossible for any but a wife to be a wife, as for any but a wife to be a mother. And the Wisdom he has worshipped exclaims through the lips of a great French philosopher : " N'en croyez pas les romans : il faut être épouse pour être mère." *Bonald. Pensées*, p. 97.

Xerxes, we are told, promised a great reward to the inventor of a new pleasure. What would

he not promise, did he live in our days, to the inventor of a new incident? Fancy and chance have long since come to an end, the one of its combinations, the other of its *leger-de-main*;

“ And the huge book of faery-land lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.”

But since the fictitious sources of poetry are thus as it were drunken up, is poetry to fail with them? and if not, from whence shall it be supplied? From the inexhaustible springs of truth and feeling, which are ever gurgling and boiling up for it in the caverns of the human heart.

It is an uncharitable error—would it were an uncommon one!—to attribute the delight with which unpoetical persons often speak of a mountain-tour, to affectation. The delight is as real as mutton and beef, with which, indeed, it has a closer connexion than the travellers themselves suspect; arising in great measure

from the good effects of mountain air, regular exercise, and wholesome diet, upon the spirits. This is sensual perhaps, though not improperly so : but it is no concession to the materialist. I deny not that my neighbour has a soul, by referring in him a particular gratification to the body.

Poetry should be an alterative ; but modern play-wrights have converted it into a sedative, which they administer in such unseasonable quantities that, like an overdose of opium, it makes one sick.

Time is no agent, as some people appear to think it, that it should accomplish any thing of itself. Looking at a heap of stones for a thousand years, will do no more toward making a house of them, than looking at it for one moment. The cause is obvious. Time, when applied to works of any kind, being only a suc-

cession of relevant acts, each furthering the work to be accomplished, it is clear that even an infinite succession of irrelevant, and consequently useless acts, would no more achieve or forward the completion of it, than an infinite number of jumps in the same place would advance one toward a journey's end ; for there is a motion without progress, in time as well as space ; where that has often remained stationary which appeared to us, in leaving it behind, to have receded.

There is a sort of ostracism continually going on against the best, both of men and measures. And the good habitually purchase the acquiescence of the bad, by consenting to be satisfied with the second, third, or even fourth best, according as they can make their bargain.

Courage, when it is not heroic self-sacrifice, is sometimes a modification and sometimes a

result of faith. How vast a field is opened then to man ! by establishing faith and its modifications upon the power and truth of God. Had this great Gospel virtue (which, as the New Testament philosophically affirms, has power to remove mountains), had it, I say, been really and extensively influential, what height of perfection might we, or rather, what height might we not, have reached ? For as the apparent impossibilities which limit man's exertions receded, his views would have proportionably extended themselves : so that, considering how the removal of a single obstacle often discloses unimagined paths and opens the way to undreamt-of advances, our wishes might perhaps afford a surer measure even than our hopes, for calculating what would have been the actual progress of man under the impulse of this master principle. Who, notwithstanding the Vicar of Wakefield, twenty years ago thought that practicable, which Mrs. Fry has shown to be almost easy ?

From a narrow notion of human duty, men imagine that the devout and social affections are the only qualities stunted in us by practical unbelief. Would it were so! We should not now have to deplore that limited sphere of knowledge, that dearth of heroic action, that scarcity of land-marks and pinnacles in virtue, for which cowardly man has to thank only his doubts of what he can accomplish, God assisting. We could in any wise have had but one discoverer of America: but we should have then been blest with many Columbuses. For, as Bacon teaches in his *Essay on Atheism*, "Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God or *melior natura*; which courage is manifestly such, as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself

upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain. Therefore, as Atheism is in all respects hateful, so it is especially in this, that it destroys magnanimity, and depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty." But although this be most truly spoken against Atheism, I may be told perhaps that no such thing is to be found now, and may be asked *Who are Atheists?* I answer with sorrow and awe, *Practically every man is an Atheist, who lives without God in the world.*

Friendship is Love with jewels on, but without either flowers or veil.

Juliet's flow of feeling is a proof of her purity.

As oftentimes in walking through a wood near sunset, though the sun himself be hidden

from our view by the height and bushiness of the trees immediately around, yet we know him to be still above the horizon, from seeing his beams in the open glades before us illuminate a thousand leaves, the several brightnesses of which are so many evidences of his presence : so it is with the Holy Spirit. He works indeed in secret ; but his work is manifest in the life of all true Christians. Lamps so heavenly must have been lighted from on high.

As the Epicureans had a Deism without a God, so the Unitarians have a Christianity without a Christ, and a Jesus but no Saviour.

Christian prudence passes for a want of worldly courage, just as Christian courage does for a want of worldly prudence. But the two qualities are easily reconciled. When we have outward circumstances to contend with, what need we fear, God with us ? When we have

sin and temptation to contend with, what should we not fear? God leaving our defence to our own hearts, which at the first attack will surrender to the enemy, and go over at the first solicitation.

Of Christian courage I have just spoken : on Christian prudence it is well said, that *he who loves danger shall perish by it*. " If a man will fight the devil at his own weapon, he must not wonder at finding himself overmatched." *South's 2d. Disc. on Temptation.*

Mark how the moon athwart yon snowy waste
An instant glares on us ! then hides her head,
Curtained in thickest clouds, while half her orb
Hangs on the horizon like an urn of fire.
That too diminishes, drawn up toward heaven
By some invisible hand : and now 'tis gone :
And nought remains to man but anxious thoughts,
Why one so beautiful should frown on him ;
With painful longings for a gift resumed,
And the aching sense that something has been lost.

*Plan for the prospective Alleviation of the
Poor-rates.*

I intreat any one who does not see the grievous evil of the poor-laws as now administered, or who doubts the necessity of applying to it some strong remedy, to read an article on those laws in the 66th number of the Quarterly Review. It is written professedly in their defence; and yet, unless with Malachi Malagrowther I called them *a cancer*, I could say nothing harder than is there said against their present administration, and its effects and tendencies; which the writer refers, apparently with reason, to an act passed in 1795, only thirty-one years ago! “enabling overseers, with the approbation of the parishioners, or any justice, *to relieve poor persons at their own homes.*” For nearly a century before the passing of that act the poor-rates had fluctuated but little; in the thirty-one years which have elapsed since, they

have risen from two to six millions; and if no measures are taken to stop the evil, they will probably increase still more. “ And yet the direct savings, which would accrue to the public from the adoption of a better system of supporting the poor, are not worth consideration, when contrasted with the indirect advantages which the community would derive from the amelioration of the character and habits of the agricultural labourer.”

The whole of the arguments and statements contained in the five pages immediately preceding the sentence which I have just quoted from the *Review* (437—451,) should be disseminated as widely as possible; and in particular, they should certainly be copied into every country newspaper, that every man, small as well as great, may have an opportunity of reading them. Almost every man in England is affected by this evil system; almost every man (except the farmers, who are the loudest in their complaints,) is directly

injured by it; the poor most. Let them, to use their own phrase, know the rights of the matter. Show them how great, how important a part of the system, as it now exists, is quite new. Appeal to their own experience, whether it is not most pernicious; and half the difficulty which impedes a thorough alteration of the poor-laws will be at an end. The repeal of the act of 1795, and the other improvements suggested by the reviewer, may do a good deal, especially for the payers of poor-rates. But I am disposed to go much further; not from any hardheartedness, or disregard to the happiness and welfare of the honest and industrious poor of this land, but from a belief that after a few years, when the evil effects of the present system are worn out of the character and habits of the English labourer, his condition would be improved by a complete change in our principles of legal charity. Old age is the only period of a poor man's life in which, if honest

and industrious, he would not be sorry to owe his regular support to any hands except his own; and in old age his comforts would be augmented, and, what is of still more consequence to him, his respectability would be increased; he would be a richer man, a more independent man, a man of greater consequence in the village circle, from the adoption of some such regulations as the following.

Instead of the present system of parochial relief, a prospective fund shall be established for the benefit of the poor, to be called the national poor-fund. Out of this fund, every labourer (paying, from the time he is sixteen till he is , the sum of weekly) shall at the age of sixty-five be entitled to receive the third of a hale labourer's average wages. That third at the end of four years shall be doubled; and at the end of eight years tripled: and thus at seventy-three the labourer, if he live so long,

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will be entitled of right to receive weekly the full amount of a healthy labourer's wages.

The poor of large towns and manufacturers, I conceive, are shorter-lived than labourers. If so, they should be entitled to the benefits of the national poor-fund earlier. The trifle to be paid weekly both by them and by the agricultural labourers should be less, perhaps materially less, than what would be demanded by an insurance office guaranteeing the same prospective advantages.

Occasional distress, we know from experience, may be safely left to private charity: consequently there need not be any temporary relief; nor should there be, as that would re-open a door to all the present evils. And I think it better that there should also be as few poor-houses as possible. Orphans, and occasionally the aged, might in country parishes be boarded out (as is, or was, the custom at Lyons with the foundlings, who, instead of being reared in

the hospital, are put out to nurse) due care being taken to place the orphans with cottagers of good repute. But a member of the fund, if disabled by an accident, might at any age claim relief from it apportioned to his degree of maimedness.

Persons who in youth had not contributed to the fund, would in old age receive no relief from it. Contributions for less than years should be forfeited : but every man, paying up his dues for those years, and then discontinuing his contribution, should be entitled to relief proportionate. Whether he should begin to receive at sixty-five, only receiving less weekly, or should also begin to receive aid later, is a question I am not prepared to answer : perhaps the latter would be the better plan in most cases.

Of women I say nothing : but it would be easy to form a liberal scale—and liberal it should be—for them. Only I would allow contributors who die without benefiting by the fund, to be-

queath to women who are, or to female infants provided they become, contributors, the amount of one year's contribution for every during which the testator may have contributed : such amount being carried to the account of the legatee, exactly as if she had paid it herself.

So much for the future. In the mean time, to prevent the evil from spreading among the present generation, it might be advisable to offer considerable advantages to persons between twenty and thirty, or perhaps even forty years of age, not receiving parish relief, who are disposed to become members. The chief difference would be, that they should still be admissible to occasional relief in case of sickness ; and also, if already married, to allowances for children ; to which last no persons now single should be deemed entitled for the future. Something might perhaps be gained too, by limiting the classes of persons entitled to relief : no manufacturer for instance, earning, or having it in his power to

earn, thirty shillings a week for five years, should continue to have a claim on his parish in case of any temporary pressure. Within this year or two, a great number of persons at Sheffield refused to work above four days in the week. And though there are few places now perhaps where the manufacturers are so unreasonable,* St. Monday at all events is proverbially kept by some, wherever gin is to be had for money. Now it is monstrous that the moment their earnings are curtailed, such persons should have a legal claim upon the land. Had they made the most of their sunshine, they would have laid by enough for the rainy day. To put them on the poor-list, is a double robbery; an injustice both toward those who pay the rate, and also to those persons who cannot help their poverty, and whose allowances might probably be increased

* At a village not fifty miles from the place where I am now writing, a clergyman, who resided there a long time as curate, tells me many of the inhabitants make two pounds a week; fifteen shillings of which, it is calculated on an average, find their way to the public house.

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but for the number who, as the law now stands, have an equal claim on the parish. Much too might be done, and I hope will be, by a series of public works proportionate to our territory and population. Apparently we are now beginning to learn from the small republics of antiquity, that the proper state-provision for the active poor is either colonization or employment. Let the state employ sufficient hands, and give sufficient wages ; do nothing to lower the price of day-labour ; and the farmer must pay his labourers fair wages, instead of throwing them, as he too often does, for part of their subsistence on the overseer.

To return to my poor-fund : either a parliamentary grant must be voted yearly to increase it ; or—which would be far better, and should therefore be tried in the first instance—the rich should come forward to swell the fund by joining it as honorary subscribers. The rich did I say ? rather every one without exception should

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belong to it, either as subscriber or contributor. It is the littles of the little which make the mickle.

Of the contributors I have spoken already.

For subscribers, the following proportion yearly, or something like it, would suffice. *One* pound for all who in any way have sixty pounds a year; *two* for all who have a hundred; and so on: only there should be a maximum established, and that not a large one; so that in rich families the wife might subscribe as much as the husband. All now liable to be rated should put in for every child above six or seven years old a trifle; which, in the case of the wealthy, should be as much, or nearly so, as they put in for themselves. Moreover, all masters should take care that their servants are subscribers, making them an allowance on purpose. For this they should be admitted to relief in old age, as they would now be, on making out a case of necessity. But only

bona-fide working-persons should be entitled to receive of right, as contributors to the fund, who are carefully to be distinguished from the subscribers in aid of it.

————— I rise
From a perturbed sleep, broken by dreams
Of long and desperate conflict hand to hand,
Of wounds, and rage, and hard-earn'd victory,
And charging over falling enemies
With shouts of joy...How quiet is the night!
The trees are motionless ; the cloudless blue
Sleeps in the firmament ; the thoughtful moon,
With her attendant train of circling stars,
Seems to forget her journey thro' the heavens,
To gaze upon the beauties of the scene.
That scene how still ! no truant breeze abroad
To mar its quietness. The very brook,
So wont to prattle like a merry child,
Now creeps with caution o'er its pebbled way,
As if afraid to violate the silence.

The Jacobins in realizing their systems of fraternization, contrived always to be the elder brothers.

L.

Handsomeness is the more animal perfection, beauty the more imaginative. A handsome Madonna I cannot conceive, and never saw a handsome Venus; but I have seen many a handsome country-girl, and some few very handsome ladies.

There would not be half the difficulty in doing right, but for the frequent occurrence of cases where the lesser virtues are on the side of wrong.

Curiosity is little more than another name for Hope.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, and not from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to imagine them.

There is an honest unwillingness to pass off another's observations for one's own, which makes a man appear pedantic.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint . . Immo vivant . . provided they are worthy to live. So may we have the satisfaction of knowing (what literary incentive can be greater?) that we too have been permitted to utter sacred words, and to think the thoughts of great minds.

The commentator guides and lights us to the altar erected by the author, although it is at the flame upon that altar that he must have kindled his torch. And what are Art and Science, if not a running commentary on Nature? what are poets and philosophers but torch-bearers leading us toward the innermost chambers of God's holy temples, the sensuous and the spiritual world? Books, as Dryden has aptly termed them, are spectacles to read nature. Homer and Aristotle, Shakspeare and Bacon, are the priests who preach and expound the mysteries of the universe: they teach us to decypher and syllable the characters wherewith it is inscribed. Do

you not, since you have read Wordsworth, feel a fresh and more thoughtful delight whenever you hear a cuckoo, whenever you see a daisy, whenever you play with a child? Have not Thucydides and Dante assisted you in discovering the tides of feeling and the currents of passion by which events are borne along the ocean of Time? Can you not discern something more in man, now that you look on him with eyes purged and unscaled by gazing upon Shakspeare and Goethe? From these terrestrial and celestial globes we learn the configuration of the earth and of the heavens. But wheresoever good is done, good is received in return. The law of reciprocation is not confined to the physical system of things: in the career of benevolence and beneficence every action is followed by a corresponding reaction. Intellectual light is not poured as from a lantern, leaving the bearer in the shade: on the contrary, it supplies us with the faculty of beholding and contemplating the luminary from

which it emanates. The more familiar we become with nature, the greater the veneration and love we return with unto them by whom we were initiated ; and as they have taught us to understand Nature, Nature as it were teaches us to understand them.

It is just so with landscape-painting. “ When I have been travelling in Italy (says a modern writer), how often have I exclaimed, *How like a picture !* and I remember once, while watching a most glorious sunset from the banks of the Arno, I caught myself saying, *This is truly one of Claude’s sunsets.* Now when I again see one of my favourite Grosvenor Claudes, I shall probably exclaim, *How natural ! how like what I have seen so often on the Arno, or from the Monte Pincio !*”—(*Journal of an Ennuyée*, p. 335.)

Hence it is easy to perceive why what is called a taste for the Picturesque can never arise in a country, until it has been submitted to a long process of intellectual culture : it is because an

eye for the picturesque can only be formed by looking at pictures : that is primarily. In this, as in other cases, it is by Art that we are first led more diligently to fix our attention and reflexion on the beauties of Nature : though of course, when such attention and reflexion have become general, they may be excited even in such as have never seen a picture. When therefore we are told that the earliest passages to be found in any ancient author, which savour of what we should now call poetical description, are in the epistles of Pliny, we must not infer that Pliny had a livelier and intenser love of Nature than any ancient poet : supposing the remark to be just, (and I cannot here stop to inquire into the degree of its accuracy) all it would show is, that Pliny was, what we know him to have been, a man of *virtù*, a picture-fancier, and that people in his day were beginning to look at Nature in the mirror of Art. It is a great mistake, however, to conclude that men

are insensible to the beauties which they are not always talking about and analysing, that the love of Nature is a new feeling because the taste for the picturesque is a modern taste. When the mountaineer descends into the plain, he soon begins to pine with love of his native hills, and has been often known to fall sick, yea even to die, of that love : yet, had he never left them, you would never have heard him prate about them. "The shallowest streams are the noisiest : " it is an old saying, but never out of season, least of all in this age, of which the fit symbol would be, not, like the Ephesian personification of Nature, *multimamma*, for it neither brings forth nor nourishes, but *multilingua*. Your *amateur* on the other hand will talk by the ell, or if you wish it by the mile, about the charms of Nature : but I never heard yet of his love causing him the slightest uneasiness.

It is only by the perception of some contrast, that we become conscious of our feelings : yet

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the feelings may exist for centuries without the consciousness ; and still, when they are mighty, they will overpower Consciousness ; when they are deep, he will be unable to fathom their depths. Love has indeed been called “ loquacious as a vernal bird ;” and with truth : but this loquacity comes on him mostly in the absence of the beloved. Here too the old illustration holds : the deep stream is not heard until some obstacle is opposed to it. But can any body, travelling down the Rhine, believe that the builders and tenants of those castles, wherewith every rock is crested, were insensible to all the glories around them ? Is it quite impossible that they should have felt almost as much as your sentimental tourist, who returns to his chamber in some metropolis and puffs out his misty feelings through his quill ? Is the moon made by the halo about it ? Give me the love of the bird that broods over her own nest, rather than of her that lays her eggs in

the nest of another, albeit she warble about parental affection as sweetly as Rousseau or Lord Byron.

Add to this, that in every country where there are national legends, they are always deeply and indelibly impressed with a feeling of the magnificence or the loveliness in the midst of which they have arisen. Indeed they are often little else than the expression and outpouring of those feelings; and I believe, such primitive poetical legends will hardly be found except in the bosom of a beautiful country, growing up in it, and pendent from it, almost like fruit from a tree. The powerful influence of natural scenery in the construction of the Greek mythology, is philosophically traced by Wordsworth in one of the finest passages in the *Excursion*, (Book iv. pp. 173, 179.) Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, turn to that precious book and study it; if you are, you will not need my recommendation to take it up again and again. The principles are

of universal application : you may discern their workings in the traditions of the Highlands, of the Rhine, of Bohemia, of Sweden and Norway ; in short, of every country in which poetry has been indigenous. U.

In the ancient poets, as in the earlier painters, in Raphael for instance and in Leonardo, the landscape is only the scene where man is to act and human feelings are to be manifested. But the progress of society is in all things from unity to partition : its motto is *divide* ; and it seems to expect that the empire will follow as a matter of course. And thus, as the coat was severed from the waistcoat, and the hose of our ancestors were dismembered into two or more distinct articles of dress ; so likewise it happened in painting : the landscape gradually rose in importance. In the theatrical representations of the day, the scene-painter is often far more of a poet than the play-wright : thus it

was found easier to put poetical feeling into stocks and stones, into trees and hills, than into human forms. In this manner landscape-painting in course of time became a distinct province of the art.

U.

Thought sprouts from thought, as toadlet from toad. The foregoing remark has suggested to me a guess that we may hereafter come to have theatrical representations in which the scenery shall be all-in-all, unpolluted by the intrusion of any human footstep. The Diorama points out the manner in which the effect may perhaps be produced; and if one could but get a steam-engine with a forty-brush power to paint, all the rest would be easy.

Dramatic cattle-pieces have already been exhibited in the Spanish bull-fights, the English cock-fights, and long since on a colossal scale in the Roman amphitheatres.

U.

Europe was conceived to be on the point of

dissolution. Burke heard the death-watch, and rang the alarm. A hollow sound passed from nation to nation, like that which announces the splitting and breaking up of the ice in the regions around the pole. Well ! the politicians and economists, and the doctors in state-craft, resolved to avert the stroke of vengeance, not indeed by actions like those of the Curtii and Decii ; — such actions are extravagant and chivalrous and superstitious and patriotic and heroic and self-devoting, and altogether unbecoming and unseemly in men of sense, who know that selfishness is the only source of all good,—but by borrowing a device from the Arabian fabulist. They seem to think they shall appease the minister of wrath, if they can but get him to hear out their thousand and one constitutions.

v.

The strength of a nation, humanly speaking, consists not in its population, or wealth, or know-

ledge, or in any other such heartless and merely scientific elements, but in the number of its proprietors.

v.

They who are not aware of the manner in which national character and political institutions mutually are acted on and act till they gradually mould each other, have never reflected on the theory of new shoes : which leads me to remark, that modern constitution-mongers have shown themselves as unskilful and inconsiderate in making shoes, as the old, limping, sore-footed aristocracies of the Continent have been intractable and impatient in wearing them. The one insisted that the boot must fit, because, after the fashion of Laputa, it had been cut to diagram ; the others would bear nothing on their feet in any degree hard or common. " Leather is the natural covering of the hands ; on them we will still wear it : on the legs it is ignoble and masculine. Any other sacrifice

we are content to make ; but our feet must continue, as heretofore, swathed up in fleecy hosiery, especially when we ride or walk. It is a reward we may justly claim for condescending to acts so toilsome : it is a privilege we have inherited, with the gout of our immortal ancestors, and we cannot in honour give it up. But you say the privilege must be abolished, because the commodity is scarce. Let the people then make *their* sacrifice, and give up stockings."

Beauty is perfection unmodified by a predominating expression.

Song is the tone of emotion. Like poetry, the language of emotion, art should regulate, and perhaps modify it. But whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominancy of the emotion,—which yet happens in ninety-nine settings out of a hundred, and

with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes indeed, but not singing.

But if song be the tone of emotion, what is beautiful singing? The balance of emotion, not the absence of it.

Close boroughs are said to be an oligarchical innovation on the ancient constitution of England. But on the other hand, are not the forty-shilling freeholders, as they now exist, a democratical innovation? The one may balance and neutralize the other; and if so, the constitution will practically remain unaltered by the accession of these two new opposite and equal powers. But to destroy the former innovation, without at the same time taking away the latter, must change the original system of our polity in reality as well as in idea.

This may serve for answer to the *Antiquarian*

Reformers, as Coleridge in *The Friend* calls them.

L.

He who learns not from events, rejects the lessons of experience : he who judges from the event, makes fortune an assessor in his judgments.

A colossal rock covered with ever-greens . . such is a true poet ; such is Wordsworth.

What an instance of the misclassification and misconception produced by a general term, is the common mistake which looks on the Greeks and the Romans as one and the same, because they are both called ancients !

The difference between desultory reading and a course of study may be well illustrated, by comparing the former to a number of mirrors placed in a straight line so that each of them

reflects a different object, the latter to the same number so artfully arranged as to perpetuate one set of objects in an endless succession of reflexions.

If we read two books on the same subject, the contents of the second bring under review the statements and arguments of the first; the errors of which are little likely to escape this kind of *proving*, if I may so call it; while the truths are more strongly imprinted on the memory, not merely by repetition, though that too is of use, but by the deeper conviction thus wrought into the mind, of their being verily and indeed truths. Would you then restrict the mind to a single line of study? No more than I would restrict the body to any single kind of labour. The surest way of cramping and deforming both, is to confine them entirely to some employment which keeps a few of their powers or muscles in violent action, leaving the rest to shrink and

stiffen from inertness. Liberal exercise is necessary for both. The best for the mind perhaps is poetry: for abstract truth, ever in severe studies the main thing to be ascertained, has no link wherewith to attach our sympathies to man; nay, rather withers the fibres by which our hearts would otherwise lay hold on him, absorbing our affections and diverting them from man, who, taken in the concrete and as he exists, is the antipode of abstract truth. High therefore and precious must be the worth and benefit of poetry: which taking men as individuals, and drawing into strong light the portions and degrees of truth latent in every human feeling, reconciles us to our kind; and shews that a devotedness to truth, however it may alienate the mind from man, only unites it more affectionately to men, in their various relations of love, (for love is truth,) as children and fathers and husbands and citi-

zens, and, one day perhaps much more than it has hitherto done, as Christians.

Vice is the greatest of all jacobins, the arch-leveller.

Oftentimes the supposed increasers of knowledge have only given a new name, and a worse, to what every body knew before. u.

God did not make harps, nor pirouettes, nor crayon-drawing, nor the names of all the great cities in Africa, nor conchology, nor the *contes moraux*, and a proper command of countenance and prudery, and twenty other things of the sort. They must be all taught then ; or how should a poor girl know any thing about them ?

But health, strength, the heart, the soul, with their fairest inmates, modesty, cheerfulness, truth, purity, fond affection ; all these things he

did make ; and so they may be safely left to nature. Nobody can suppose it to be mamma's fault, if they don't come of themselves.

In a criminal passion, disappointment is the greatest misery which can befall a man . . next to success.

Offenders may be divided into two classes, the old in crime and the young. The old and hardened criminal must, in becoming so, have acquired a confidence in his own fate-fencedness, or, as he would call it, his luck. The young, then, are the only offenders whom the law is likely to intimidate : and to these, imprisonment or transportation cannot but look much less formidable, when they see it bestowed as a commutation, rather than awarded as a penalty. It is no longer transportation, but getting off with transportation ; and doubtless it is often urged in this shape on the novice as an argument for

crime : so that, in all likelihood, the threat of death, in cases where it can rarely be executed, is worse than nugatory, nay, is positively pernicious.

These remarks refer chiefly, if not exclusively, to such laws as are still continually violated. With those which, having accomplished the purpose they were framed for, live only in the character of the people, let no reformer, until he has studied and refuted Col. Frankland's *Speech on Sir S. Romilly's Bills for making alterations in the Criminal Law*, presume to meddle.

It is an odd device, when a fellow commits a crime, to send him for it to the Antipodes. Could one shove him thither in a straight line, it might be well ; especially as in that case he might supply some useful hints to my friends who are now busily asking mother Earth what she is made of. But that a knave by picking a pocket should earn the circuit of half the globe, seems really meant as a parody on the

conceptions of those who would fain persuade themselves that the happiness of a future life will consist in making the tour of all the countries they have not seen in the present. How admirably contrived this scheme is, to render punishment as expensive and burthensome as possible to the state inflicting it, "there's never a lawyer in England but knows." Let this pass however: one must not grudge a little money, when a great moral good is to be accomplished. True, it would be much cheaper to employ our convicts in hard labour at home: but how could Botany Bay go on, if the importation of vice were put a stop to? For, as there is nothing too bad to manure a new soil with, so, reasoning by analogy, there can be no scoundrels too bad to people a new land with. The argument halts a little, and seems to be club-footed, and is assuredly top-heavy. In all well-policed cities the inhabitants are compelled to get rid of their own dirt in such a way that it shall be no nui-

sance to the neighbourhood. It is singular that the English, of all nations the nicest on this head, should, in their politic capacity, deem it justifiable and seemly to toss the dregs and feces of the community into the midst of their neighbour's estate. Deportation, as the French termed it, for political offences may possibly be expedient and beneficial and just : it may lead to the formation of states, great from the strength of the moral principle that cements them : it, or somewhat similar measures, led to the formation of that state which, above all the nations of the earth, has reason, so far as mortal may glory, to glory in its origin, Pennsylvania. But transportation for moral offences is in every light impolitic, injurious, and unjust. " Plantations (says Bacon, speaking of Colonies,) are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. But it is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant." If any persons

are to be selected by preference for such objects, they ought rather to be the best, the most prudent, the most virtuous of the whole nation ; inasmuch as their task is the most arduous, requiring Wisdom to put forth all her implements and all her craft for its sufficient execution : their responsibility is the heaviest, for on them will the character of a whole people for ages be mainly dependant ; and they will meet with much to dishearten them, much to tempt them astray, without being protected against their own hearts, and upheld and fortified in their good resolves, as in a regulated state all men are, by the healthy and cordial influences of Law and Custom and Opinion. O that statesmen would consider what a glorious privilege they enjoy, when they are allowed to become the fathers of a new nation ! But this seems to be one of the things which God has reserved entirely to himself.

v.

Once on a time there was a certain country in which, from local circumstances, the land could be divided no way so conveniently as into four-sided figures. A mathematician having remarked this, ascertained the laws of all such figures, and laid them down fully and accurately. His countrymen learned to esteem him a philosopher; and his precepts were observed religiously for years. A convulsion of nature at length changed the face and local character of the district: whereupon a skilful surveyor, being employed to lay out some fields in it afresh, ventured to give one of them five sides. The innovation is talked of universally, and almost half applauded by some of the younger and bolder members of the community; when a big-mouthed and weighty doctor, to set the matter at rest for ever, quotes the authority of the above-mentioned mathematician, *that fixer of agricultural positions and grand landmark of posterity*, who had demonstrated to the

weakest apprehensions that a field ought never to have more than four sides, and ends by proving, what perhaps few are inclined to dispute, that a pentagon has more.

This weighty doctor is one of a herd: every body knows he knows not how many such. Among them are the critics, "who feel by rule and think by precedent." To instance only in the melody of verse: nothing can be clearer than that a polysyllabic language will fall into different cadences from a language which abounds in monosyllables. The character of languages too in this respect often varies greatly with their age, as they usually drop many syllables behind them in their progress through time. Yet we continually hear the rule-and-precedent critics condemn verses for differing from the rhythm of more ancient; just as if there could be only one good tune in metre.

For the motives of a man's actions, hear **his** friend ; for their prudence and propriety, **his** enemy. In our every-day judgements we are **apt** to jumble the two together : if we see an **action** is unwise, accusing it of being ill-intentioned ; and if we know it to be well-intentioned, **per-**suading ourselves it must be wise : both **fool-**ishly ; the first perhaps the most so.

Abuse I'd adduce, were there use in abusing,
But now 'tis a habit you'll not lose by losing.
So reproof . . were it proof, I'd approve your reproving ;
But, till it convinces, you'd better love loving.

How many Christians have imbibed the spirit of their master's beautiful and most kindly parable of the tares, which the servants are forbidden to pluck up, lest they root up also the wheat with them ? Never have there been wanting such as, like the servants, come and give notice of the

tares, and ask leave to go and gather them up; and alas! even in that Church which professes to follow Jesus, and calls itself after his sacred name, the ruling principle has often been to destroy the tares, let what will come of the wheat, nay, sometimes to destroy the wheat, lest perchance a tare should be left standing. Indeed I know not who can be said to have acted even up to the letter of this command, unless it be authors toward their own works.

U.

It is not without a whimsical analogy to polemical fulminations, that great guns are loaded with iron, pistols and muskets fire lead, rapidly, incessantly, fatiguingly, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred they say without effect.

Knowledge is the parent of love; Wisdom, love itself.

The independence of the men who buy their seats—a foreigner would think I am speaking of a theatre—in the House of Commons, is often urged by the opposers of Parliamentary Reform as an advantage resulting from the present system. And independent those gentlemen are certainly, at least of the people of England whose interests they have in charge. But the parliamentary balance has two ends; and shewing that a certain body of members are not dependent on the people, I fear, will hardly pass for proof that they are not hangers on at all. *Independent*, then, is not the fittest term to describe these members by; the plain and proper word is *irresponsible*. Now that they are so may be unavoidable, may be desirable even, for the sake of some contingent good: but can it be good in itself, and for itself? can it be a thing to boast of? Observe, we are talking of representatives, not of peers or king.

In proportion as every word stands for a separate conception, language comes nearer to the accuracy and unimpressiveness of Algebraic characters, so useful when the particular links in a chain of reasoning possess no intrinsic value, and important only as connecting the premises with the conclusion. But circumlocutions magnify details ; and their march being sedate and stately, the mind can keep pace with them without running itself out of breath. In the due mixture of these two modes of expression, lies the great secret of an argumentative style. As a general rule, the first should prevail more in writing, the last in speaking ; circumlocution being to words what repetition is to arguments. The first too is the fitter dress for a short logical sentence ; the last for a long one in which the feelings are any wise appealed to : though to recommend in the same breath making shortness more short and lengthening length, may sound paradoxical. Yet this amounts to much

the same as the old Stoic illustration, when "Zeno manu demonstrare solebat, quid inter dialecticos et oratores interesset : nam cum compresserat digitos pugnumque fecerat, dialecticam aiebat ejusmodi esse : cum autem diduxerat, et manum dilataverat, palmæ illius similem eloquentiam esse dicebat." (*Cicero Orat.* 32.)

Oratory may be symbolized by a warrior's eye flashing from beneath a philosopher's brow. But why a warrior's eye, rather than a poet's ? Because in oratory the will must predominate.

To talk without effort is, after all, the great charm of talking.

The proudest word in English, to judge by its way of carrying itself, is *I*. It is the least of monosyllables, if it be indeed a syllable : and yet who, in good society, ever saw a little one ?

Foreigners find it hard work to make out all the importance which every well-bred Englishman, as in duty bound, attaches to himself: they cannot conceive why, whenever they have to speak in the first person, they must stand on tiptoe, so to say, and uplift themselves until they tower like Ajax, with head and shoulders above their comrades: hence in their letters, as in those of the uneducated among our own countrymen, one now and then stumbles on a little *i*, with a shock of disappointment, as on coming to a short step in a flight of stairs. A Frenchman is far too courteous and polished to thrust himself at full length into his neighbour's face. Indeed this big one-lettered pronoun is quite peculiar to John Bull, as much so as Magna Charta, wherewith it may perchance be not altogether unconnected. At least it certainly is in many respects an apt symbol of our national character, both in some of its better and of its harsher features. You may

discern therein the Englishman's freedom, his unbending firmness, his straightforwardness, his individuality of character: you may also see his self-importance, his arrogance, his opinionativeness, his tendency to separate and seclude himself from his neighbours, and to look down on all mankind with contempt. In the same way in which he has bared his representative *I* of all its consonants and adjuncts, has he also stript his soul of its consonants, of all the social and affable qualities which smooth the intercourse between man and man, and by the help of which people unite readily with one another. Look at four Englishmen in a stage-coach: the odds are, they will be sitting as stiff and unsociable as four *Is*.

v.

But is *I* a syllable? It has hardly a better claim to the title than Orson, before he left the woods, had to be called a family. By the by, they who would derive all language from simple

sounds by their juxtaposition, and all society from savages, may see in *I* and Orson—the rules of grammar must give way; for the savage *I* is indeclinable, and had I said *me*, it might lead the reader to certain ungainly conclusions—that the isolated state is quite as likely to be posterior to the social, as to be anterior: you have only to strip vowels of their consonants, man of his kindly affections, which always dry up and drop off of themselves in the absence of objects to act upon.

U.

I have mentioned individuality of character as distinctive of the English. Perhaps it is not so much peculiarly ours, as common to us with the other nations of the Teutonic race. But at all events there is a very remarkable contrast in this respect between us and those nations in whose character, as in their language, the Celtic or Latin blood is predominant. Landor, who has been residing for many years among the

latter, could not fail of noticing this peculiarity, and has alluded to it more than once in his *Conversations*. “ I have often observed (he says) more variety in a single English household, than I believe to exist in all Italy.” (*Imaginary Conversations*, vol. ii. p. 285, 2d edit.) Talk to a dozen Englishmen on any subject ; there will be something in the remarks of each, peculiar and characteristic of the individual : talk to a dozen Frenchmen ; they will all make exactly the same remark, and almost in the same words. Nor is this sameness merely apparent, the result of inattention to the minuter shades of difference, as in a flock of sheep an inexperienced eye is unable to discern one from another : it is that the generic and specific qualities are proportionably stronger in them, that they all tread in the same sheeptrack, that they all follow their noses, and that their noses, like those of cattle when a storm is coming on, all point the same way. A traveller cannot go far through the country,

but something will be said about passports. I have heard twenty people talk of them at different times : of course they all thought them excellent things . . that belongs to national vanity ; what is curious, is that they every single one thought them excellent things for the selfsame reason, because they prevent thieves and murderers from escaping. I happened to be in Paris at the time of the great eclipse in 1820, and was watching it from the gardens of the Tuilleries. Several voices from a groupe near me, cried out one after the other, *Ah, comme c'est drôle ! Regardez, comme c'est drôle !* Having my sympathy little moved by such vociferations, I walked off ; but go whither I would, the same sounds still haunted me : old men and children, young men and maidens, all joined in the same cry : *C'est bien drôle ! Regardez, comme c'est drôle ! Ah, comme c'est drôle !* All Paris had tongues enough indeed, for these were never scarce there : but it had only one single

soul ; and this one soul, even under the influence of that which “ perplexes nations,” could not give utterance to or contain more than one single feeling, that what they saw was very *drôle*.

U.

The monotony of French versification is only a symptom of that which pervades their whole character, and herewith, of necessity, the representative and exponent of that character, their literature, since the age of Louis XIV. But this readiness to suppress and give up all the peculiarities distinctive of individuality is common, as I before remarked, to all the nations of the Latin stock ; and it is scarcely less noticeable in the Romans than in the rest. Indeed this is one principal distinction, whereunto most of the others are referable, between the literature of the Greeks and Romans. In the former every author is himself, and has features by which you may always recognize him : but every Roman writer, as Fre-

derick Schlegel very justly remarks, is in the first place a Roman ; and next a Roman of a particular age : that portion of him which is peculiarly his own, is in every instance the least. “ *Pars minima ipse sui.*” You may find page after page in Tacitus and Seneca and the elder Pliny, which, but for the difference of the subject, might have been composed by any one of the three ; and if Lucan had not written in verse, the trio might have been a quartett. U.

Every body has heard of one speech in Seneca's *Medea*, small as may be the number of those whose acquaintance with that poet has gone further : for the very conception of a tragedy written by a Stoic is any thing but inviting, and may be deemed scarcely less incongruous than a garden made of granite. Nor in truth does this furnish an unsuitable emblem of those tragedies ; the thoughts are about as hard and stiff, and the characters have almost as much

life in them. Still there is one speech which has had quite as much notoriety as it deserves. When Medea's nurse dissuades her, by representing the forlornness of her situation,

*Abiere Colchi ; conjugis nulla est fides ;
Nihilque superest opibus e tantis tibi :*

her answer is,

Medea superest :

and thus far finely ; but the rhetorician never knew when to have done, in the accumulation either of wealth or of words. For Truth and Genius are simple and brief : Affectation and Hypocrisy, whether moral or intellectual, are aware that their words are mere bubbles, and blow them till they burst. What follows is wild nonsense.—

*Medea superest : hic mare et terras vides,
Ferrumque et ignes et Deos et fulmina.*

Now how would you translate the two words, *Medea superest* ? They are easy enough to construe : but an English poet would hardly say, *Medea remains*. The problem has been solved

in a modern opera, of little worth, save for the opportunity it has afforded to Madame Pasta of putting forth her extraordinary dramatic powers: and few who have heard it, will easily forget the exclamation wherewith she repels Jason's question, *Che mi resta*; the simple pronoun *Io*. The situations are somewhat unlike; but the latter passage is evidently an imitation of the former, though perhaps at second or third hand, the change in the expression being only such as arises naturally, and almost necessarily, from the different character of the age. An ancient poet could not have used the pronoun; a modern poet could hardly use the proper name.

A little reflection on these circumstances and their causes, would throw much light on the essential distinctions between the genius of antiquity and of modern times. I will only remark here, that such as would seek an explanation of the phenomenon in the well-known practice of

children to speak of themselves in the third person, may chance to go beyond their warrant, if they are hereby led to infer that *Eschylus* and *Sophocles* were childish. U.

A rumpled rose-leaf lay in my path. There was one little stain on it; but it was still very sweet. Why was it to be trampled under foot, or looked on as food for swine?

There is as much difference between good poetry and fine verses, as between the smell of a flower-garden and of a perfumer's shop.

When you see an action in itself noble, to suspect the soundness of its motive, is like supposing every high thing, mountains among the rest, to be hollow. Yet, how many unbelieving believers pride themselves on this uncharitable folly! These are your silly vulgar-wise, your shallow men of penetration, who

measure all things by their own littleness, and who, by professing justly to know nothing else, seem to fancy they earn a right to know human nature exclusively. Let none such be trusted in their judgements upon any one, not even on themselves always.

There are certain writers of works of fiction, who seem to delight in playing at cup and ball as it were with vice and virtue. Is it *right* you thought you saw? you find it to be *wrong*: *wrong*? presto! it has become *right*. Their hero is always a moral prodigy, usually profligate, often murderous, not seldom both; but, whether both or either, always virtuous. Possessing, as they inform us, an excellent understanding, anxious, as he is evermore assuring us, at whatever cost to do right, he is continually falling into actions atrocious and detestable; not from the sinfulness of human nature, not from carelessness or presumption or rashly dallying with

temptation ; but because the world is a moral labyrinth, every winding in which leads infallibly to monstrous evil. Such an entanglement of circumstances is devised, as God in his goodness never permits to occur, except perhaps in extraordinary times to extraordinary men : into these the hero of the story is thrown headlong ; and every foul and bloody step he takes, is ascribed to some amiable weakness or noble impulse well deserving our sympathy and affection.

And what fruits do these creative geniuses bring us from their wilderness of horrors ? They seduce us into a pernicious belief that sentiment and duty are irreconcilable, and thus they hypothetically suspend Providence, to necessitate and sanction crime.

Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose ; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.

Taste appreciates pictures, connoisseurship appraises them. T.

We are always saying with anger or surprise that such and such a work of genius is unpopular. Yet how can it be otherwise? Surely it would be a sort of paradoxical contradiction, were the most extraordinary books in a language the commonest; at least, until they have been made so by fashion, which, to say nothing of its capriciousness, is oligarchal.

Are you surprised that our friend Matthew has married such a woman? and surprised too, because he is a man of genius? That is the very reason for his doing it. To be sure she comes to him without a shift to her back: but his genius is rich enough to deck her out in purple and fine linen. So long as they last, all will go on comfortably and well; but when they are worn out, and the stock exhausted, alas poor

wife ! shall I rather say ? or alas poor Mat-
thew !

Man has,

First, animal appetites, and hence animal impulses.

Secondly, moral cravings ; either unregulated by reason, which are passions, or regulated and controuled by it, which are feelings ; hence moral impulses.

Thirdly, the power of weighing probabilities ; and hence prudence.

Fourthly, the *vis logica*, evolving consequences from axioms, necessary deductions from certain principles, whether they be mathematical, as in the theorems of geometry, or moral, as of duty from the idea of God : hence conscience, at once the voice of duty speaking to the soul, and the ear wherewith the soul hears the commands of duty.

This idea, the idea of God, beyond all ques-

tion or comparison, is the one great seminal principle; inasmuch as it combines and comprehends all the faculties of our nature, converging in it as their common centre; brings the reason to sanction the aspirations of the imagination; impregnates law with the vitality and attractiveness of the affections; and establishes the natural legitimate subordination of the body to the will, and of both to the *vis logica* or reason, by involving the necessary and entire dependence of the created on the creator. But although this idea is the end and the beginning, the ocean and the fountain-head, of all duty, yet are there many contributory streams of principle, unto which men in all ages have been content to trust themselves. Such are the disposition to do good for its own sake, patriotism that earthly religion of the ancients, obedience to law, reverence for parents.

A few corroborative observations may be added.

First : Passion is refined into feeling by being brought under the controul of reason, in other words, by being in some degree tempered with the idea of duty.

Secondly : A deliberate impulse appears to be a contradiction in terms : yet must its existence be admitted, if we deny the existence of principles : for there are actions on record, which, although the results of predetermination, possessed notwithstanding all the self-sacrifice of an impulse. The conduct of Manlius when challenged by the Gaul, contrasted with that of his son on a similar occasion, strikingly shows the difference between principle and impulse ; of which difference moreover, to the unquestionable exclusion of prudence, the premeditated self-devotion of Decius furnishes another instance.

Thirdly : The mind, when allowed its full and free play, prefers, however faintly, moral good to moral evil. Hence the old confession, *Video meliora proboque* ; and hence are we so much

better judges in another's case than our own. In like manner the philosophic apostle demonstrates the existence of the law written in our hearts, from the testimony the conscience bears to our own deeds, and the sentence of acquittal or condemnation which we pass on each other. And although this preference for good may in most cases be so weak as to require the subsidiary support of promises and threats, yet is not the auxiliary enactment to be confounded with the primary principle. For, in the Divine Law certainly, and I believe, in Human Law, where it is not the arbitrary decree of ignorance or injustice, the necessity and consequent obligation to obedience must have existed, at least potentially, from all eternity, Law being an exposition and not an origination of duty : while punishment, a thing in its very nature variable, is a subsequent appendage "because of transgressions." Even the approval of conscience, although coincident with the performance of the

act approved, must be as distinct from it as effect from cause : not to insist on that approval not being confined to duty in its highest sense, but being extended on fitting occasions both to moral impulses and to prudence.

Fourthly : There are classes of words, such as *generous* and *base*, *good* and *bad*, *right* and *wrong*, which belong to the moral feelings and principles contended for, and which have no meaning without them ; and their existence, not merely in the writings of philosophers, but in the mouths of the commonalty, should perhaps be deemed enough to establish the facts, of which they profess to be the expressions and exponents. Surely the trite maxim *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, is applicable here also, and may for once be enlisted in the service of the good cause. But besides, the existence of duty as in itself an ultimate and satisfactory end, is notoriously a favorite topic with great orators, who, it is evident, could not be great, but for their more

vivid sensibility giving them a deeper practical insight than others have into the springs and workings of the human heart; and who, it is equally certain, would not even be considered great, were their views of humanity altogether, and fundamentally untrue. Without going back to Demosthenes, the disciple of Plato, yet the ruler of a populace by his words, the most eloquent writers of our days have distinguished themselves by attacks on the selfish system. To the same purpose is the epitaph on Leonidas and his Spartans: *They fell in obedience to the laws*. Were not obedience taken here as a duty in itself, without any reference to a penalty, this famous epitaph would dwindle into an unintelligible synonym for *They died to escape whipping*. On the other hand, were not such obedience possible, the epitaph would be rank nonsense.

The fact is, if the doctrines of the selfish phi-

losophers—I beg their pardon for giving them such a name, and assure them it is only for lack of a worse, or, as they would esteem it, a better, and that I have no thought of imputing to them any thing so derogatory as the *love* of wisdom—but, if those doctrines be true, every book that ever was written, in whatsoever language, on whatsoever subject, and of whatsoever kind, ought forthwith to be written anew : for in their present state, the warp is sheer nonsense, the woof arrant falsehood : they must set about re-writing every book, yea, even their own ; for whatever they may have thought, they have been forced to talk like the rest of the world, with the single exception of Mr. Bentham ; who, perceiving the impossibility of giving utterance to his doctrines in any of the languages before spoken by man, has very judiciously coined a new dialect of his own for his private circulation. And yet, I would wager

one should not read many pages of him, before even he were found tripping. U.

We may keep the devil without the swine, but not the swine without the devil.

The Christian religion may be looked upon under a twofold aspect; as disclosing a few secret doctrines beyond the grasp and reach of our reason, and as confirming and establishing many moral truths, which, from their near and evident connexion with our social wants, might enter into a scheme of religion, such as a human legislator would devise. Let me be allowed to speak incorrectly, since I am following a multitude in doing so: although I am aware that a Religion, properly so called, cannot be devised by any human legislator, that a Religion made by man can no more be a Religion for man, than a skin made by man can be a man's skin; and that all the contrivances of the magisterial

Will to restrain and compress the insurgent Will must be as powerless and inefficient, as the silk of a balloon to keep in its boisterous and swelling inmate, without the pressure of the atmosphere around it. The force that controuls us must act on us from without : the rein that holds us in, but impedes us not, must be managed from above. But to return :

The divine origin of any system confining itself to truths of the latter kind, would be liable to very strong suspicions ; for what a mere man is capable of deducing, will not rise high enough to have flowed down from heaven. On the other hand a system composed wholly of abstruse doctrines, however it may feed the astonishment of the vulgar, can never have been the gift of God. A Being who knows the extent of our wants and the violence of our passions, whose ordinary dispensations, moreover, are fraught with usefulness and stamped with love ; such a Being, our Maker, could never have sent down to us an unfruitful revelation of strange truths which left

men in the same condition it found them in, as selfish, as hard-hearted, as voluptuous. Accordingly, as Dr. Whateley has shown in his *Essays on some Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*, the practical character of a revelation and its abstaining from questions of mere curiosity, is an essential condition, or at least a very probable mark, of its truth.

Christianity answers the anticipations of philosophy on both these important points. Its precepts are holy and imperative, its mysteries vast, undiscoverable, unimaginable ; and, what is still worthier of consideration, these two limbs of our religion, instead of being severed or even laxly joined, do, after the workmanship of the God of Nature, so “ lock in with and overwrap one another,” that they cannot be torn asunder without rude force. Every mystery is the germ of a duty ; every duty has its motive in a mystery. So that, if I may speak of these things according to the emblems of ancient wisdom,

every thing divine being circular, every right thing human straight, the life of the Christian may be compared to a chord, each end whereof is supported by the arc from which it proceeds and in which it terminates.

Were not the mysteries of antiquity, in their practical effect, a sort of religious peerage, to embrace and absorb all those persons whose inquiries might endanger the established belief? If so, it is a strong presumption in favour of Christianity, that it contains none; especially as it moreover borrows no aid from castes.

Were the purportings of the Bible to be a revelation false, it would still be the truest book that ever was written.

An use must have preceded an abuse, properly so called.

There are instances, a physician has just told me, of persons who had been crowded together in prisons so ill ventilated as to breed an infectious fever, yet having themselves escaped it, from the gradual adaptation of their constitutions to the noxious atmosphere they had generated. This avoids the inference so often drawn as to the real harmlessness of apparently mischievous doctrines, from the innocent lives of the men with whom they originated. To form a certain judgement concerning the tendency of any doctrine, one should rather look at the fruit it bears in the disciples than in the teacher. For he only made it; they are made by it.

La pobreza no es vileza, Poverty is no disgrace, says the Biscayan proverb. *Paupertas ridiculos homines facit*, says the Roman satirist. Is there an Englishman, who, being asked which is the wiser and better saying,

would not answer instantly, *the first*? Are there ten, who half an hour after would not quiz a poor gentleman's coat or dinner, if the thought of it came across them? Be consistent, for shame, even in evil. But no! still be inconsistent: that your practice thus glaringly at variance with your principle, may fall to the ground sooner.

Languages are the barometers of national thought and character; and Horne Tooke in attempting to fix the quicksilver for his own metaphysical ends, acted much like a little play-fellow of mine at the first school I was at, who screwed the master's weather-glass up to fair, to make sure of a fine day for a holiday.

Every age has a language of its own; and the difference in the words is oftentimes far greater than the difference in the thoughts. The

main employment of authors, in their collective capacity, is to translate the discoveries of other ages into the language of their own : nor is it an useless or unimportant task ; for this is the only way of making knowledge either fruitful or influential.

A corrupt religion idolizes bad Gods. Can any thing be worse ? Yes ; a corrupt philosophy ; for that idolizes bad men.

The climate might perhaps have absorbed the intellect of Greece, instead of tempering it to a love of beauty, but for the awakening and stirring excitements of a national poem, barbaric wars, a confined territory, republican institutions and the activity they generate, the absence of any recluse profession, and a form of worship wherein art predominated. The poets of such a people would naturally be lyrical ; but at Athens, Homer, the Dionysiacs, and Pericles, by their united in-

fluence fostered them into dramatists. The glorious condition of their country inspired them with enthusiastic patriotism ; and an aristocratical religion (which, until it was supplanted by a vulgar philosophy, in spite of all its errors was revered,) gave them depth, and made them solemn at least, if not terrible. Energy they owed to their contests, and correctness to the practised ears of their audience.

On the other hand, the centurion's rod, the forum, the consulate, Hannibal, and in later times the civil wars ; pride, and the suppression of feeling taught by pride ; Epicureanism, which dwarfed Lucretius though it could not stifle him ; the overwhelming perfection of the great Greek models, and the benumbing frost of a jealous despotism ; would not allow the Romans, except at rare intervals, to be poets. The greatest in their language is perhaps Livy. At least such seems to have been the opinion of him who has drunk far deeper than any Englishman of our

day at the sacred streams of classical antiquity. The author of Gebir, in a note on that very singular poem, goes so far as to compare Livy with Shakspeare, and in one respect gives the advantage to the Roman. " Shakspeare, (he says) is the only writer that ever knew so intimately, or ever described so accurately, the variations of the human character. But Livy is always great."

South's sentences are gems, hard and shining ; Voltaire's to the eye resemble them, but are only French paste.

Some men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind it.

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in the horse as he is leaping.

v.

Contrast is a species of relation.

In writing, the most difficult thing is to write with ease.

U.

Instead of watching the bird as it flies above our heads, we chase his shadow along the ground ; and finding we cannot grasp it, conclude it to be nothing.

There is something very odd in the disposition of an Englishman's senses. He sees with his fingers, and hears with his toes. If you enter a gallery of pictures, you find all the spectators longing to become handlers : if you go to hear an overture of Mozart's, your next neighbour keeps all the while kicking time, as if he could not kill it without.

U.

Poverty makes wealth ; and wealth in its turn adds to poverty. The earth to form the mound

is taken out of the ditch ; and whatever may be the height of the one, the same will be the depth of the other.

The great cry of every body is *get on ! get on !* just as if the world was travelling post. How astonished people will be, when they arrive in heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser than they, laying no schemes to get 'made archangels.

Unitarianism has no root in the permanent principles of human nature. It is in fact a religion of accidents, depending for its reception on a particular turn of thought, a particular state of knowledge, and a particular situation in society. This alone is disproof sufficient of it.

But, moreover, its postulates involve the absurdity of coupling infinity with man. No wonder that, beginning with raising him to a

God, it has ended with degrading him to a beast. In attempting to erect a Babel on a foundation of a foot square, the Socinians constructed a building which being top-heavy overturned, and its bricks, instead of stopping at the ground, from the violence of the fall struck into it.

Calvinism is not imaginative ; to stand therefore, it should be in some degree scientific : whereas no system of Christianity presents greater difficulties to the understanding, none so great to the moral sense. Heavy as these difficulties are, the unbending faith of the Swiss Reformer would have borne up under still heavier. But after a few generations, when zeal subsides, such a weight is found to be inconvenient ; and men loosen the articles which press the hardest, until they slip off one after another. Scepticism however, like other things, is enlarged and pampered by indulgence :

as the current gets more sluggish, the water gets thicker; and the dregs of Calvinism stagnate into Socinianism.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar superficial way of understanding that word, is the Devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in every thing, at least in every thing that depends on himself; in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought therefore to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate; not hasty in judgement, not extravagant in ambition, not rapacious, not tyrannical; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be: but alas! they are apparently misled by etymology; and, because a gentleman was originally *homo gentilis*, they

seem to fancy they shall lose caste unless they act as Gentiles.

•

Every true Christian must be catholic in heart and spirit ; although the temporary condition of the visible church may be such as makes it incumbent on him to be outwardly and in conduct a separatist. U.

Temporary madness may be necessary in some cases, to cleanse and renovate the mind ; just as a fit of illness is to carry off the humours of the body.

A portrait has one advantage over its original : it is unconscious ; and you may therefore admire without insulting it. I have seen portraits which have more.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

Civilization takes the heart and sticks it beside the head, just where Spurzheim finds the organ of acquisitiveness. No wonder she fancies she has elevated man altogether, since she has thus raised the most valuable part of him, and at the same time has thus enlarged the highest.

Men have often been warned against old prejudices : I would rather warn them against new conceits. The novelty of an opinion on any moral question, is a presumption against it. Generally speaking, it is only the half-thinker, who, in matters concerning the feelings and ancestral opinions of men, stumbles on new conclusions. The true philosopher searches out something else ; the propriety of the feeling, the wisdom of the opinion, the deep and living roots of every thing that is fair or enduring. For on such points, to use a happy phrase of Dugald Stewart's, " our first and third thoughts will be found to coincide."

Burke was a fine specimen of a *third-thoughted* man. Two instances in point occur to me from the works of living writers, one from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, the other from the life of Jeremy Taylor, by . the title has, Reginald Heber. Let me so call him then. I only anticipate the affectionate familiarity of future ages, in whose ears (as a friend of mine well prophesies) *the Bishop of Calcutta* will sound as strange, as *the Bishop of Down and Connor* would in ours. The passage I refer to in the life of Taylor, is a defence of the good old institution of *sizars* or *poor scholars*; and though its length prevents my quoting it entire, I cannot forbear enriching my pages with some of the concluding sentences. "It is easy to declaim against the indecorum and illiberality of depressing the poorer students into servants; but it would be more candid and more consistent with truth, to say that our ancestors elevated their servants to the rank of students;

softening, as much as possible, every invidious distinction, and rendering the convenience of the wealthy the means of extending the benefits of education to those whose poverty must otherwise have shut them out from the springs of knowledge. And the very distinction of dress which has so often been complained of, the very nature of those duties which have been esteemed degrading, were of use in preventing the intrusion of the higher classes into situations intended only for the benefit of the poor ; while by separating the last from the familiar society of the wealthier students, they prevented that dangerous emulation of expense which has in more modern times almost excluded them from the University." (p. ix.) *

* The foregoing page was just printed off, when the news came that India had lost its good bishop. At the time I ventured on that passing mention of him, I was little disturbed by the thought of its inadequateness, knowing that it would not offend him, if the passage ever chanced to meet his eye. He would have deemed himself

Was it superfluous to quote a passage which my readers were already acquainted with? I rejoice to hear it; and wish I could believe they had as good cause for objecting to my extract from Coleridge. "It is no less an error in teachers, than a torment to the poor children, to inforce the necessity of reading as they would talk. In order to cure them of *singing*, as it is called, the child is made to repeat the words from off the book; and then indeed his tones resemble talking, as far as his fears, tears, and trembling will permit. But as soon as the eye is again directed to the

beholden to the meanest stranger for an offering of honest admiration, and, I doubted not, would accept with his wonted gentleness any tribute of gratitude and affection. And now . . . now that he has been taken from us . . . why should I not declare the truth? though I should have rejoiced to speak of him worthily, if God had given me the power to speak worthily of such a man; yet being what I am, that I have said no more does not pain me . . . perhaps because my heart seems to say to me, that love and sorrow make all gifts equal.

printed page, the spell begins anew: for an instinctive sense tells the child, that to utter its own momentary thoughts, and to recite the written thoughts of another, as of another, and a far wiser than himself, are two widely different things; and as the two acts are accompanied with widely different feelings, so must they justify different modes of enunciation." (*Biog. Lit.* Vol. ii. p. 60.)

My introductory remarks however, I need scarcely say, apply to ends only, not to means: for means are progressive, ends continue the same: the road from London to Edinburgh may be improved, horses may become swifter, carriages lighter; but Edinburgh seems likely to remain pretty much in the same spot it is in now.

The next best thing to a very good joke, is a very bad joke: the next best thing to a very good argument, is a very bad one. In wit

and reasoning, as in the streets of Paris, you must beware of the old maxim, *medio tutissimus ibis*: in that city it would lead you into the gutter; in your intellectual march it would sink you in the dry sandy wastes of dulness. But the selfsame result which a good joke or a good argument attains to regularly and according to law, is now and then attained to by their mis-shapen brethren *per saltum* as a piece of luck.

Few trains of logic, however ingenious and fine, have given me so much pleasure—and yet a good argument is of all dainties the daintiest—few, very few, have so much pure truth in them, as the exclamation, *How good it was of God to put Sunday at one end of the week! for if he had put it in the middle, it would have made a broken week of it.* The feeling here is at once so true and so strong, as to overpower all perception of the rugged way along which it carries us: it gains its point, and that is all

it cares for. It knows nothing of doubt or faint-heartedness; but, as it were, opens its mouth and shuts its eyes, and the truth drops into it. It goes to work much like our sailors: everybody, except those who know them, swears they must fail; and they are sure to succeed. He who is animated with such a never hesitating, never questioning conviction that every ordinance of God is for good, although he may perhaps miss the actual good in the particular instance, can never go far wrong in the end.

There is an anecdote of a similar character related in Mr. Turner's *Tour in Normandy*. He one day entered into conversation with a Frenchman of the lower orders, a religious man, whom he found praying before a broken cross. They were sitting in a ruined chapel. "The devotee mourned over its destruction, and over the state of the times which could countenance such impiety; and gradually, as he turned over the leaves of the prayer-book in his hand, he

was led to read aloud the 137th psalm, commenting on every verse as he proceeded, and weeping more and more bitterly, when he came to the part commemorating the ruin of Jerusalem, which he applied to the captive state of France, exclaiming against Prussia as cruel Babylon. 'Yet,' we asked, '*how can you reconcile with the spirit of Christianity the permission given to the Jews by the psalmist to take up her little ones and dash them against the stones?*' 'Ah! you misunderstand the sense; the psalm does not authorize cruelty: mais, attendez! ce n'est pas ainsi: ces pierres là sont Saint Pierre; et heureux celui qui les attachera à Saint Pierre; qui montrera de l'attachement, de l'intrepidité pour sa religion!' This is a specimen of the curious perversions under which the Roman Catholic faith does not scruple to take refuge." (Vol. i. p. 120.)

, "Surely in other thoughts Contempt might die."

The question was at best a very inconsiderate

one : its purpose was to unsettle the poor man's faith ; it offered no solution of the doubts it suggested : and no judicious person will so address the uneducated. But it is cheering to see how the Frenchman takes up the futile shaft and tosses it back again, and finds nothing but an occasion to show the entireness of his faith ; and, though Mr. Turner perhaps hardly thought it, there is much more truth in the reply than in the question. All that there is in the latter, is one of those half-truths, which by setting up alone bankrupt themselves, and become falsehoods ; while the Frenchman begins in truth, and ends in truth, taking indeed a somewhat strange course to get from one to the other. Still in him we perceive, although in a low and rude uncultivated state, that wisdom of the heart, that *esprit du cœur* or *mens cordis*, which, if it be severed from the wisdom of the head, is far the more precious of the two, that wisdom of the heart which *The Broad*

Stone of Honour strives to inculcate so eloquently and so fervently. It is like the odour which in some ineffable way mingles with the hues of the flower, softening its beauty into loveliness. No truly wise man has ever been without it: but few have ever possessed it, if I ought not rather to say, been possessed by it, in such purity and perfection as the author of that noble manual for gentlemen, that volume which, had I a son, I would place in his hands, charging him, though such admonition would be needless, to love it next to his Bible.

u.

Every one who knows anything of Horace or of logic, has heard of the accumulating sophism: *Do twelve grains make a heap? do eighteen? do twenty? do twenty-four?* Twenty-four grains make a heap! oh no! they make a pennyweight. The reply was well enough for that particular case: but as a general rule, it is

safest to answer such captious questions by a comparative, the only elastic and nicely graduated expression of degree which common language furnishes. *Do twelve grains of sand make a heap?* a greater than eleven. *Are a hundred yards far for a healthy man to walk?* further than ninety-nine.

There is however another mode of defence which some may think sufficient, and for which I must refer my readers to Aristotle's Treatise on Irony. *Don't be alarmed at those grains of sand*, said a philosopher to a young man who appeared sadly gruelled by the accumulating sophism. *The sophist is only playing the part of the East-wind in the comedy. But you dislike such a quantity of dust blown or thrown so palpably into your eyes? Then put on a veil.*

Friendship closes its eyes, rather than see the moon eclipsed; while calumny denies that it is ever at the full.

While walking one evening by a leafy hedge, a light glanced through it across my eyes. At first I tried to fix it, but vainly; till, recollecting that the hedge was the medium of sight, instead of peering directly toward the spot, I searched among the leaves for a gap. As soon as I found one, I discovered that a bright star had glimmered on me, which I afterward stood watching at my ease.

A mystic in my situation would have wearied himself with hunting for the light in the place where he had caught the first glance of it; and would not have got beyond an incommunicable self-assurance that he had seen a vision from heaven, of a nature rather to be dreamt of than described. A materialist would have asserted the light to be visible only in the gap, because through that alone could it be seen distinctly; and thence would have inferred the light to be the gap, or (if more acute

and logical than common) at any rate to be produced by it.

It has been called a paradox in Christianity, that it makes Humility the avenue to Glory: and yet, what other avenue is there to Wisdom, or even to Knowledge? To pick up precious truths, one must bend down and look for them. It is so in natural science: Bacon has declared it: "*Natura non nisi parendo vincitur.*" It is so in moral speculation: Wordsworth has told us:

" Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop,
Than when we soar."

That it is so likewise in Religion, we are assured by those most comfortable words: "*Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*"

Moreover, the whole intercourse between man and man appears, if we look closely into it, to be

guided and regulated by the same universal principle ; and that it ought to be, is recognized by all, instinctively at least if not wittingly. As I have heard it well expressed by him, who, among all the persons I have conversed with to the edification of my understanding, had the greatest practical insight into human nature, and most thoroughly knew the art of controuling and governing men to their good : the moment any body is satisfied with himself, everybody else grows dissatisfied with him : whenever any one thinks much of himself, all others give over thinking about him. Thus it is not only in the parable, that he who takes the highest room is turned down with shame to the lowest, while he who sits down in the lowest room is bid to go up higher.

U.

The Romans used to say of an argument or opinion which spread rapidly, that it takes

the popular mind. I should rather say that the popular mind takes the argument or opinion. *Takes it?* Yes; as one takes infection; catches it rather, as one catches a fever. For truth, like health, is not easily communicated; but diseases and errors are contagious.

This being so, how much to be deplored are democratical elements in a constitution! Not unless the people are the head of the state; and I have always fancied them the heart: a heart which at times may beat too fast, and perhaps feel too warmly, but still by its pulsations evinces and preserves the life and vigour of the social body.

What use are forms of, seeing they are at times empty? Of the same use with barrels, which at times are empty too.

By the ancients courage was regarded as practically the main part of virtue; by us,

though I hope we are not less brave, purity is so regarded now.* The former evidently is the animal excellence, a thing not to be left out when balancing the one against the other : still the following considerations weigh more with me. Courage, when not an instinct, is the creation of society, depending for occasions of action (which is essential to it) on external circumstances, and deriving much both of its character and of its motives from popular opinion and esteem. But purity is inward, secret, self-sufficing, harmless, and, to crown all, thoroughly and intimately personal, if what enters into the essence of our being can be called so. It is indeed a na-

* Here again I find myself walking with Landor. I am so familiar with his writings, that his thoughts meet me at every turn. His words are: "Effeminacy and wickedness were correlative terms both in Greek and Latin, as were courage and virtue. With us softness and folly, virtue and purity. Let others determine on which side lies the indication of the more quiet, delicate, and reflecting people." *Imagin. Convers.* Vol. i. p. 296.

ture, rather than a virtue ; and, like other natures, when most perfect is least conscious of itself and its perfection.

To sum up the whole, courage, however kindled, is fanned by man's breath ; purity lives and derives its life solely from God's spirit.

It has been much the fashion of late years to vaunt the spiritual genius of modern times, as contrasted with the greater predominance of the animal and sensuous life in the classic nations of antiquity. Now this is well : for the distinction exists. With the ancients the soul was the vital and motive principle of the body : with the moderns the tendency has rather been to look on the body as but the veil or garment of the soul. This becomes easily discernible, if we behold one of Raphael's heavenly Madonnas, beside one of those Venuses wherein the Spirit of the Earth has put forth all the fascination of its beauty. Before the latter,

one may break forth into the exclamation of the Bedouin, *Blessed be God who has made beautiful women!* unless even that be too devotional: in the former the sight pauses not at the outward lineaments, but pierces through to the soul, and we contemplate the meekness of the handmaiden, the purity of the virgin, the fervent, humble, adoring love of the mother who sees her God in her child.

When however the source of this main difference between the two great historical periods has been sought after, the seekers have gone far astray: they have bewildered themselves in the mazy forest of natural causes, where, as the German proverb has it, 'one can't see the wood for the trees.' One set have talked about the influence of climate: as if the sky and soil of Italy had gone through some marvellous change between the days of Augustus and those when Dante sang and Giotto painted. Others have taken their stand among the

Northern nations, echoing Montesquieu's celebrated remark, that this fine system was found in the woods : as though mead and beer could not intoxicate as well as wine ; as though Walhalla with its blood and its skull-cups were less sensual than the Elysian islands of the blest. A third party have gone a journey into the East : as if it were possible for the human spirit to be more imbruted, more bemired in sensuality, than amid the voluptuousness and the macerations of Oriental religions. The praise is not of man, but of God. It is only by his light, that we see light. If we are at all better than those first men who were of the earth earthy, it is because the second man was the Lord from Heaven.

Let me here take up the thread of the former remark on the two notions concerning the primary constituent of virtue. Courage may be considered as purity in outward action ; purity as courage in the inner man, in the far more

appalling struggles which are waged within our own hearts. The ancients, as was to be expected, looked to the former; the moderns have fixed their attention rather on the latter. But this results not, as seems to be hinted in the passage quoted in the note, from our superior delicacy or reflexion: it is owing to Christianity, and to Christianity alone. Hea-then poets and philosophers may now and then have caught momentary glimpses of the principle which has produced this change: but as the foundation of all morality, the one paramount maxim, it was first proclaimed in *the Sermon on the Mount*.

This leads me to notice a further advantage which the modern principle has over the ancient: that courage is much oftener found without purity, than purity without courage. For although in the physical world one may frequently see causes without their wonted and natural effects, such barren causes exist not in the moral world: the concatenation there is

far more indissoluble, the circulation far more rapid and certain. On the other hand the effect, or something like it, is not seldom seen without the cause. Not only is there the animal instinct; there is also a bastard and ostentatious courage, generated and fed by the opinion of the world: but they who are pure in heart, they who know what is promised to such purity, they who shall see God, what can they fear?

It is with perfect truth then that our moral poet has represented his Una as "of nought affrayd:" for she was also "pure and innocent as that same Lamb."

U.

To refer all pleasure to association, is to acknowledge no sound but echo.

Truth endues man's purposes with somewhat of immutability.

Material evil tends to self-annihilation ; good to increase.

Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.
Alas' the command has gone forth unto the whole world ; but not even the hungry Greek will obey it.

Forms and regularity of proceeding, if not justice, partake much of the nature of justice, which in its highest sense is the spirit of distributive order.

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of Honour.

He who wishes to know how the people thrive under a grovelling aristocracy, should examine how vigorous and thick are the blades of grass under a plantain.

The English constitution being continually progressive, its perfection consists in its acknowledged imperfection.

In times of public dissatisfaction add readily, to satisfy men's wishes. So the change be made without trepidation, there is no contingent danger in the changing. But it is difficult to diminish safely, except in times of perfect quiet. The first is giving ; the last is giving up.

Much of this world's wisdom is acquired by necromancy ; by consulting the oracular dead.

v.

Principled men, from acting independently of instinct, when they do wrong, are likely to do great wrong. The chains of flesh are not formed of hooks and eyes, to be fastened and loosed as occasion may require. We are not like the Dervise in the Eastern story, that hav-

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ing left our own form to animate another, we can return to it at pleasure. Much less can we be ever acting a double transmigration between the supernatural and the natural, wandering to and fro between the intellectual and the animal states, first unmanning and then remanning ourselves, each to serve a turn. Humanity once put off, is put off for worse as well as for better; and if we take not good heed to live angelically afterward, we must count on becoming devilish.

Men are most struck with form and character, women with intellect; perhaps I should have said, with attainments. But happily after marriage sense comes in to make weight for us.

A youth's love is the more passionate; virgin love is the more idolatrous.

Talkers will refrain from evil speaking, when

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listeners refrain from evil-hearing. At present there are many so credulous of evil, that they will receive suspicions and impressions against persons they don't know, from a person they do know . . in authority to be good for nothing.

We look to our last sickness for repentance, unmindful that it is during a recovery men repent, not during a sickness. For sickness, by the time we feel it to be such, has its own trials, its own selfishness; and to bear the one and overcome the other, are at such a season occupation more than enough for any who has not been trained to the performance by previous discipline and practice.

The same may be said of old age; perhaps with even more justice, since old age has no beginning.

The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

I suspect we have internal senses. The mind's eye since Shakspeare's time has been proverbial; and we have also a mind's ear. To say nothing of dreams, one certainly can listen to one's own thoughts, and hear them, or believe that one hears them: the strongest argument aducible in favour of our hearing any thing.

Many objects are made venerable by extraneous circumstances. The moss, ivy, lichens, and weatherstains, for example, on that old ruin, picturesque and soothing as they are, formed no part in the conception of the architect, nor in the work or intention of the builder; but are the subsequent adaptations of Time, which with regard to such things is in some sort an agent, bringing them under the influences of Nature. And what should follow? Only that in obeying the perceptions of the intellect, and distinguishing logically between accidents and properties, we turn not frowardly from the

dictates of the heart ; nor cease to feel, because we have ascertained the composite nature of our feelings ; just as though it were impossible to contemplate the parts in a living whole, and there were no other analysis than dissection. Only this ; and thankfulness for that which has so enabled us to venerate ; and wisdom enough to preserve the modifying tints which have coloured the object to the tone of our imaginations.

How idle it is to call certain things God-sends ! as if there was anything else in the world.

v.

It is a mistake to suppose the poet does not know Truth by sight quite as well as the philosopher. He must ; for he is ever seeing her in the mirror of nature. The difference between them is, that the poet is satisfied with worshipping her reflected image ; while the

philosopher traces her out and follows her into her remote abode between cause and consequence, and there impregnates her. The one loves and makes love to Truth; the other esteems and weds her. In simpler ages the two things went together; and then poetry and philosophy were united. But that universal solvent, civilization which pulverizes to cement, and splits to faggot, has divided them; and they now are seen far as the Poles asunder.

The imagination and the feelings have each their truths, as well as the reason. The absorption of the three, so as to concentrate them in the same point, is one of the universalities *à priori* requisite in a true Religion.

Man's voluntary works are shadows of objects perceived either by his senses or imagination. The inferiority of the copies to their originals in the former class of works is evident.

Man can no more string dew-drops on a gossamer thread, than he can pile up a Mont Blanc, or scoop out an ocean. How passing excellent may we then hope to find the realities from which the offspring of his imagination are the shadows! seeing that offspring, all shadowy as they are, will yet often be fairer than any sensible existence.

In a mist the heights can for the most part see each other; but the valleys cannot.

What way of circumventing a man can be so easy and suitable as a *period*? The name should be enough to put us on our guard: the experience of every age is not.

I suspect the soul is never so hampered by its intralment within the body, as when it loves. Pluck the feathers out of a bird's wings, and be it never so young, its youth will

not save it from suffering by the loss, when instinct urges it to attempt flying. Unless indeed there be no such thing as instinct; and flying real kites is, like flying paper kites, a mere matter of education : which reminds me to ask why, knowing there are instincts of the body, we are to suppose there are no instincts of the mind ? To refer whatever we at first sight should take for such, to the eliciting power of circumstances, is idle. Circumstances indeed call them out at the particular moment when they try their tendencies and strength; but no more create, or rather (since creating is out of the question) no more produce them, except as pulling the end of a roll of string produces it, that is, *producit* or *draws* it *out*, than flying is produced or given by the need of locomotion.

To return to the soul : if, and I believe the fact to be undeniable, human nature, until it has been hardened by much exposure to

passion and become used to the public eye, is fond of veiling love with silence and concealment, whilst it makes little or no scruple of exhibiting the kindred sentiment of friendship ; I see no good way of accounting for this, except by referring such shamefacedness of the soul to its sensitive recoil from a form of affection in which, as nature whispers, its best and purest feelings are combined and kneaded up with body.

The bashfulness which hides affection from a dread that the avowal will be ill-received, the fear of bringing one's judgement into question by what some may deem a misplaced choice, the consciousness that all choice is invidious from involving postponement as well as preference ; all these feelings and motives, I am aware, have often considerable weight : but they must weigh nearly as much in the case of friendship. Friendship indeed may be indulged in boyhood, while love is a boon reserved for

our maturity; and hence doubtless frequently during youth a fear of being thought presumptuous, if discovered fancying ourselves grown old enough to love. But this can never furnish the right key to a reserve, which is neither limited to youth nor directly acted on by time, which varies in different countries with their degree of moral cultivation, and in individuals appears to proportion its intensity to the depth and purity of the bosom in which it cowers.

The body, the body is the root of it. But these days of adultery are much too delicate to allow of handling the subject further.

What if we live many and various lives? each providing for us its peculiar opportunities, of acquiring some new good, and casting away the slough of some old evil: so that the course of our existence should include a sum of les-

sons, and the world be indeed a stage on which every man fills many parts. If the doctrine of transmigration has never been taught in this form, such is perhaps the idea embodied in the *μῦθος*.

Impromptus in recluse men are likely to be *à loisir*; and presence of mind in thinking men is likely to be recollection. Cesar indeed says it is so generally. "Titinius, uti qui nihil ante providisset, trepidare et concursare, cohortesque disponere: hæc tamen ipsa timide atque ut eum omnia deficere viderentur; quod plerumque iis accidere consuevit, qui in ipso negotio consilium capere coguntur. At Cotta, qui cogitasset hæc posse in itinere accidere, nulla in re communi saluti deerat." B. G. v. 33.

Much to the same purpose is Livy's explanation of Philopemen's readiness in decision when he suddenly found himself in the presence of a

hostile force, xxxv. 28. It is pleasing to see theoretical and practical intellects jumping together so exactly.

What a pity it is that there are so many words! Whenever one wants to say anything, three or four ways of saying it come into one's head together; and one never knows which to choose. It is so troublesome; almost as hard as choosing a gown.

Now a question of millinery is one on which I should be slow to hazard an opinion. But style is a far less intricate matter; and a clear and simple principle may there be laid down, which at the same time is almost universal. First however, as it is a lady I am addressing, let me advise her to diminish her perplexities by restricting herself entirely to home manufactures. Ten to one she is in the habit of saying *de tout mon cœur*, and the like. Now, *with all my heart*, is really better English; and

the only advantage on the side of the former, is its being less sincere.

But as a general maxim, whenever in writing you come to a cross road, you can hardly do better than go right onward: when you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic; act as you would on your estate, and employ such as have the largest families; keeping clear of foundlings, and all those of which nobody can tell where they come from, unless he happens to be a scholar. In the gardens of verse indeed an exotic may now and then find a place; but the plants you sow in the open fields of prose, ought to have been already naturalized. u.

Were nothing else to be learnt from the *Rhetoric* and *Ethics* of Aristotle, they should be studied by every educated Englishman as the best of commentaries on Shakspeare.

How many Englishmen admire Shakspeare? Doubtless, all who understand him; and, it is to be hoped, a few more. For, how many Englishmen understand Shakspeare? Were Diogenes to commence his search through the island, I trust he would bring home many hundreds, not to say thousands, for every one I should put up. To judge from what has been written about him, the Englishmen who understand Shakspeare, are almost as numerous as those who understand the language spoken in Paradise. There are to be found, it is true, sundry ingenious remarks on particular passages, and a few on particular characters, or rather on particular features of them: but such remarks are no less incomplete and unsatisfactory, than would be the account of a hand or foot without reference to the body it belonged to. If one wishes to trace the march and comprehend the workings of this most marvellous genius, and to look into the mysterious organiza-

tion of his wonderful works, one meets with little help, but what comes from beyond the German Ocean.

It is hardly worth while asking the third question: would Shakspeare have rather chosen to be admired, or to be understood? not however that the latter can be conceived as existing without begetting the former. u.

Some hearts are like a melting peach, but with a larger, coarser, and harder stone.

I like the smell of a dunged field, and the tumult of a popular election.

Almost every rational man can show nearly the same number of moral virtues. Only in the good man the active and beneficent virtues look outward, the passive and parsimonious inward. In the bad man it is just the contrary. His fore-thought; his generosity, his long-suffering,

is for himself; his severity and temperance and frugality are for others. But the religious virtues belong solely to the religious. God hides himself from the wicked; or at least the wicked blinds himself to God. If he practically acknowledge any, which is only now and then, it is one whose non-existence is certain, whose fabulousness is evident to him . . the Devil.

We like slipping, but not falling; our real anxiety is to be tempted enough.

The man who will share his wealth with a woman, has some love for her; the man who can resolve to share his poverty with her, has more . . of course supposing him to be a man, and not a child or a beast.

What is the use of it? is the first question asked in England by almost every body about almost every thing. Foreigners who have learnt

English from our older writers, hearing on their coming amongst us such frequent inquiries after use, must fancy they have fallen in with a set of usurers. No wonder so many of them have applied for loans. The only wonder, as we are not usurers, is how they got them.

Still there are a few things—a husband for one's daughter, a Rubens, four horses, a cure of souls—the use of which is never asked; probably because it is so evident. In these cases the first question ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is, *what are they worth?* The worth of a cure of souls! O miserable, money-loving people, whose very language is prostituted to avarice. Wealth is money, fortune is money, worth is money, and, had not God for once been beforehand with the world, providence would have been money too. The worth of a cure of souls is Heaven or Hell, according as he who is appointed to it does his duty or neglects it.

Gratification is distinct from happiness in the common apprehension of mankind; and so is selfishness from wisdom. But passion in its blindness disregards the first distinction, or rather speaks as if it disregarded it; and sophists taking advantage of this confound the last. Their confusion, however, is worse confounded. For it is not every gratification that is selfish, in the ordinary acceptation of the term which implies blame and sin; but such only as is undue or inordinate whether in kind or degree. Never was a man called selfish for quenching his thirst with water, where water was not scarce; many a man has been justly, for drinking Champagne. The argument then, if unravelled into a syllogism, would hang together thus:

Some gratifications are selfish;

No gratification is happiness:

therefore,

All happiness is selfish.

I am not surprised that these gentlemen speak ill of logic.

The precept makes the rule ; the motive may justify the exception.

Never place too much confidence in such as place no confidence in others. The man prone to suspect evil, usually looks in his neighbour for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure ; even so to the impure all things are impure.

U.

Do you want to find out a person's weak points ? Observe the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings which he is himself conscious of ; but they will be their next-door neighbours. No man keeps such a jealous look-out as a rival.

U.

In reading the apostolical epistles, we should bear in mind that they are not scientific treatises armed at all points against carpers and misconceivers, but occasional letters addressed to disciples who, as the writer knew, were both able and inclined to make due allowance for the latitude of epistolary expression.

But is not this what the Socinians contend for ?

If it were, I should have nothing to say against them. What I object to in them, is, their making not *due* allowances, but *undue*, allowances discountenanced by the plainest passages of Scripture, by the uniform tenour of the Sacred Writings, by the whole analogy and, so far as we dare judge of them, the prompting principles of revelation.

But how shall we discern the due from the undue ?

As we discern every thing else : by the honest use of a cultivated understanding. If we have

not banished the Holy Spirit by slights and excesses, if we have fed his lamp in our hearts with prayer, if we have improved and strengthened our faculties by education and exercise, and then sit down to study the Bible with inquiring and teachable minds, we need not doubt of discovering its meaning, not indeed purely ; for where find an intellect so colourless as not to tinge the light that falls on it ? not wholly ; for how fathom the ocean of God's word ? but with such accuracy and in such degree as shall suffice for the uses of our spiritual life. But if we have neglected this previous discipline, if we take up the book with stupid or ignorant, lazy or negligent, arrogant or unclean and do-no-good hands ; we shall in running through its pages stumble on many things dark and startling, many things which, aggravated by presumptuous heedlessness, might prove destructively offensive.

What then are the poor to do ?

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They must avail themselves of oral instruction, have recourse, so far as may be, to written helps, and follow the guidance of God's priesthood. But suitable faculties seem indispensable. Let a man be never so pious and sincere, yet if blind he could not see the book, nor if unlettered read, nor if ignorant of English know the meaning of the words, nor if half-witted comprehend the sentences. Why suppose that the intellectual hinderances to mastering the book end here? especially when we allow the existence of moral hinderances, and are aware that they combine with the intellectual in unascertainable and indefinite proportions, if they do not rather constitute their essence, or at least their germ. You admit that carelessness and impatience may hide the meaning of the book from us: you should be sure stupidity does not spring from carelessness, nor bad logic from impatience, before you decide so confidently that stupidity and bad logic cannot.

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" *Search the Scriptures*, said Christ. Non dixit legite, sed scrutamini, (as St. Chrysostom observes on the text,) quia oportet profundius effodere, ut quæ alte delitescant invenire possimus. The Jews have a saying: qui non advertit quod supra et infra in Scriptoribus legitur, is pervertit verba Dei viventis. He that will understand God's meaning, must look above and below."* Now to look at things *below* the surface, it is necessary we should dig down to them. The persons who omit this, from whatever cause, be it the sluggishness of their will or the bluntness only of their instrument—for this question, though important in judging of the workman, cannot affect the accomplishment of the work,—will never gain possession of the buried treasure. Those on the other hand who dig as they are taught to do, will reach it in time, if they faint not; and the number of demi-

* Jer. Taylor, on the Whole Duty of the Clergy, Ser. II. Vol. vi. p. 520.

semi-Christians in the world no more establishes the contrary, than the number of drunkards in the world establishes the impossibility of keeping sober.

“But though many precious things are reserved for them who dig deep and search wisely, medicinal plants and corn and grass, things fit for food and physic, may be found in every field.”* The great duties of a Christian are so plainly expressed, that they who run may read, and that all who listen may understand them; convenient expounders of doctrine are appointed in the Church; and in every case, to every one who truly seeks, sufficient will be given for his own salvation.

The poet sees things as they look. Is this having a faculty the less? or a sense the more?

* Jer. Taylor, on the Whole Duty of the Clergy, Sermon II. Vol. vi. p. 509.

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If there had been no such thing as poetry in the world, Shakspeare would have invented it.

Is this my own thought ? or have I read it elsewhere ? Thoughts sometimes rise up in the mind, which have all the look and air of old acquaintance, and which yet one cannot recollect having ever before met with. The chance is, although the present may not be an instance in point, that such thoughts, whether native or engrafted, are among the best. Nor can they, even when not originally our own, be said to be dishonestly come by : a thief seldom forgets that what he has stolen once belonged to another.

U.

It would be a fair wager, that half the writers in England are ignorant of spelling, and that but a scanty quarter know any thing about stopping. The compositor spells for them, and stops for them ; and the publisher, as soon as his volume or volumes are sizable, stops them.

U.

A sort of English has been very prevalent of late years, in which the sentences have a meaning, but the words have none. As in a middling landscape the general outlines are correct and the forms distinguishable, but the details are hazy and indefinite and confused ; so here the abstract thought designed to be conveyed, is really communicated ; but hardly a word is made use of, for which half-a-dozen synonyms might not have stood equally well. This may be called Scotch English : not as being the exclusive property of our northern brethren ; but because the celebrated Scotch writers of the last century are in the first rank of those who have embowelled the substantial, roast-beef and plum-pudding English of our forefathers. That it has been so, is intimately connected with the Scotch having been almost the only English metaphysical writers, since Locke and Berkeley and Butler and Thomas Burnet. For metaphysical writ-

ters, especially when they belong to a school, and inherit their master's principles instead of making their own, are very liable to lose sight of the concrete in the abstract, of what is individual in that which is only generic, and frequently merge the reality in the form, or sometimes in a mere technical expression for that form. They lose the scent in the cry, but keep on yelping without noticing their loss : nay, often some join in the cry, without having ever caught the scent. Accordingly, this Scotch English is that chiefly used by most of our writers on speculative subjects.

Opposite to it and almost the converse of it is Irish English ; where every word taken alone means, or wants to mean, something ; but he who hunts for any meaning in a sentence, will often be at a fault. Every Irishman, it has been remarked, has a potato in his head : I rather think he must have a whole crop of them ; at least, his words are apt to roll out

just like so many potatoes from the mouth of a sack, round, and knobby, and rumbling, and pothering, and incoherent. This style too is common enough; especially that less kindly, and therefore less Irish, modification of it, where the potatoes become prickly, and every word must be smart, and every syllable is to have its point, if not its sting. No style is so appropriate to scribblers for magazines and journals, and other such manufacturers of squibs which are to explode at once, and which therefore must crack and flash to give notice of their momentary existence.

What then is English English? It is the combination of the two; not that vulgar combination in which they neutralize, but that in which they strengthen and give effect to each other: where the character of the whole is not lost from the elaborate prominence and protuberance of the parts, a herring or an onion, a silk gown, or a rut, as it often is in Dutch paint-

ing ; nor are the parts daubed and smeared over with slovenly haste, to fill up the outline, as in many French and later Italian pictures ; but where, as in the choicest works of Raphael or Claude, or of their common mistress, Nature, well-defined and beauteous parts unite to make up a well-defined and beauteous whole. This, like all good things, all such good things at least as are the products of human labour and reflexion, is rare : but it is still to be found amongst us. I have more than once quoted an author in whose pages the combination is almost always realized ; and everybody has seen the writings of another, who is sufficient to assure us that our language has not yet been so diluted and enervated, but Swift, were he living in our days, would still find plain words to talk plain sense in. Nor do they stand alone.

U.

A word which has no precise meaning, is a useless word, and would be better away. For such words seldom abide contentedly in their negative state : they furnish numberless opportunities for abuse, and are teeming sources of error. For instance, how many gross blunders of modern theorizers may be traced to their ignorance or heedlessness that Education is something more than Instruction ? how many to their mistaking Administration for Government, and confounding the offices and duties of the two ?

But in proportion as every word is the distinct sign of the idea it stands for, does that idea form part and parcel of the nation's knowledge. For language is the amber that best preserves the relics of ancient wisdom, although one is sometimes perplexed to decypher its contents ; and by nothing else can the electric spirit of truth be circulated so diffusively. It is a main duty of great writers then, to preserve these stores of wisdom inviolate and undiminished ;

and next, so far as they can, to augment them. But he who knows not how to value what he has inherited, will hardly better or enlarge it. Of this duty, among living Englishmen, none has shown himself so well aware as Coleridge ; which of itself is a sure proof that he possesses some of the most important elements in the philosophical mind.

U.

How few, how easily to be counted up, are the cardinal names in the history of the human mind ! Thousands and tens of thousands spend their days in the preparations which are to speed the predestined change, in gathering and amassing the materials which are to kindle and give light and warmth, when the fire from Heaven has descended on them. But, alas ! when that flame has once been lit up, its very intensity too often shortens its duration. Many, yea without number, are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the sutlers and pioneers, who

attend on the march of intellect : some are busied in building and fitting up and painting and emblazoning the chariot ; others in diminishing the friction of the wheels ; others again move forward in detachments, and level the way it is to pass over, and cut down the obstacles which would impede its progress. And these too have their reward. If so be they labour diligently in their calling, not only will they enjoy that calm contentedness which diligence never fails to earn ; not only will the sweat of their brows be sweet, and the sweetener of the rest that ensues ; but when the victory is at last achieved, they also will be sharers in its glory : even as the meanest soldier who fought on those saving days, became a sharer in the glory of Marathon or of Leipsic ; and within his own domestic circle, the approbation of which approaches nearest to that of a self-approving conscience, was looked upon as the representative of all his brother heroes, and could tell such tales as made the tear glisten

on the cheek of his wife, and lit up his boy's eyes with an unwonted sparkling eagerness. When however the appointed hour is come, and every thing is ready, the master-mind leaps into the seat that awaits him, and fixes his gaze on heaven, and the self-moving wheels roll onward, and the road prepared for them is soon passed over, and the pioneers and sutlers are left behind, and the chariot advances further and further until its goal is reached, and stands then an inviting beacon on the top of some distant mountain. Hereupon the same labours recur : thousands after thousands must toil to attain on foot unto that point, whither genius had been borne in an instant, and to secure for all by reflexion, what instinct had bestowed upon one. And then again the like preparations are to be made for the advent of a second seer, of another epoch-making master-mind. Thus, when standing on the beach, you may see the *πικρυμλα*, as the Greeks called it, distancing not only the waves that went before, but those which come

after it ; and you may sometimes wait long without any reaching the mark which some mighty one, some *fluctus decumanus*, has left.

That there have been such third and tenth waves among men, will be apparent to all who consider how far the main part, not to say the whole body, of our metaphysicians are still lagging behind Plato, or who remember that nearly two centuries had elapsed before we began to have a notion of Shakspeare's depths and heights, of his intense wisdom or his consummate art.

U.

A pin a-day is a groat a-year. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. These are admirable prudential maxims with reference to our housekeeping in this world ; nor is their usefulness limited to the purse : that still more valuable portion of our property, our time, stands in equal need of good husbandry. It is only by making much of our

minutes, that we can make much of our days and years.

Again, in the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of kindness recurring daily and hourly, (for they who seek an opportunity of doing a kindness, will evermore find one) that affection is won and deserved. Such as neglect these, yet fancy that, when the time comes, they shall be ready to make any great sacrifice, will rarely be beloved: the probability is, they will not make it; and if they do, it will be much rather for their own sake than for their neighbour's.

But these maxims are still more: they are among the highest maxims of the highest prudence, that which superintends the housekeeping of our souls. The reason why people know not how to do their duty on great occasions, is that they will not take the trouble of doing their duty on little occasions. Here too, let us only take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves; for God himself will

be the paymaster. But how will he pay us? in kind, doubtless; by supplying us with greater occasions, and enabling us to act worthily of them.

U.

Many persons have been called penny-wise and pound-foolish. Still more, I believe, are penny-foolish and pound-wise; could Wisdom be conceived of as existing without a microscope ever in her hand.

U.

I was surprised just now at seeing a cobweb around a knocker; for it was not on the door of heaven.

U.

A man who had been up in a balloon, was asked whether he did not find it very hot, on getting so near the sun? This is much like the vulgar notion of greatness: people fancy they shall get near the sun, if they can but discover or devise something to lift them from the ground.

Having already found one comparison for a balloon, I must leave the reader to draw the parallels between these bladders from the store-room of Eolus, and the means and implements by which men would raise themselves. All however that can be done in this way, God be praised! is infinitely little: the further one is borne above the common plain of humanity, the colder it grows; and manifold experience teaches us that our human strength, like that of Anteus, becomes weakness, as soon as we are severed from the refreshing and renovating breast of our mother earth. v.

An epicure is said to have complained of a haunch of venison, as being too much for one, yet not enough for two. Bonaparte thought the same of the world. What a great man he must have been then! To be sure. Ambition is just as good proof of a strong and sound mind, as gormandizing is of a strong and sound body. v.

Our clergy by reading their sermons lose preaching; the preaching of the voice frequently, the preaching of the eye almost always.

There is no being eloquent for atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind cannot use its wings: the best of proofs that it is out of its element.

The schoolmen have been accused of syllogizing without facts. Their accusers, many of them, those I mean who sophisticate and explain away the dictates of their consciousness, do worse: they syllogize against facts; facts not doubtful or obscure, but observable and certain; since "to feel a thing within oneself is the surest way of knowing it." *South*, Vol. iii. p. 8.

How should men ever change their religion? In its abasement honour prevents them; in its prosperity contempt. From their heights they

cannot see, because they are so high : in their lowliness they dare not see, because they are too lowly.

The experience of missionaries in all ages and countries has reconciled the seeming discrepancy between the two texts in the Gospels (Matt. v. 3. Luke vi. 20.), and hath shown that the kingdom of heaven is at once of the poor in spirit and of the poor.

U.

Some people would have us love, or rather obey God, chiefly because he outbids the devil.

I was told once of a man lighting a great bonfire in his park and walking through it, to get a foretaste of hell and see what sort of a place it is. One might guess that he must often have been present at scenes which would have furnished him with a far better likeness.

U.

A new-born child may be like a person carried into a foreign land, where every thing is strange to him, manners, customs, sentiments, language. Such a person, however old, would have all these things to learn, just like an infant.

To Adam Paradise was home : to the good among his descendants home is Paradise.

God's first gift to man was religion and a glimpse of personal liberty : his second was love and a home, and therein the seeds of civilization. His two great institutions are two great charters, bestowed on every creature that labours, and on women. And had they been respected as they ought, neither would any poor have been driven to their work like oxen, and trampled down into mere creeping things ; nor would any females have been degraded into

brute receptacles for the casual passions of the male.

God, in giving us sisters, gave us the best of earthly moral antiseptics : that affinity, in its habitual, intimate, domestic, desensualized intercourse of affection, presenting us with the ideal of love in sexual separation ; as marriage or total identification does with the ideal of love in sexual union.

It bears the same relation to love indeed, that love bears to human nature ; being designed to disentangle love from sense, which is love's selfishness, even as love was to disentangle men from their selfishness. Yet God again has consecrated sense in marriage ; so that its delights are only called in to be purified and minted by religion. If they are taken from the lad, it is to reserve them for the grown man : if they are precluded to the appetite, it is to raise

their character and endow it with a blessing, that being thus elevated, enriched, and hallowed, they may prove the worthier gift to the chastened and subjected fancy.

Some men treat the God of their fathers, as they treat their father's friend. They do not deny him ; far from it : they only deny themselves to him whenever he is good enough to call upon them.

*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat ?*

In the first place, all the sour faces in the world, stiffening into a yet more rigid asperity at the least glimpse of a smile. Nay more, there are many faces which, so long as you let them lie in their drowsy torpor unshaken and unstirred, have a creamy softness and smoothness of aspect, until you half suspect them of

being gentle: but if they catch the sound of a laugh, it acts on them like thunder, and they too turn sour. Yes, although one should hardly have expected it, there are such incarnate paradoxes as would rather see their fellow creatures cry than smile. So far as this life is concerned, they seem to feel sure that every thing ought to be the exact reverse of what we look forward to in the next life. At least I have not yet heard of any among them, who has climbed to such a height of frenzy as to condemn the evil spirits to joy and gladness, or to make the bliss of heaven consist in wailing and gnashing of teeth. God however is not the arch-misanthrope, in spite of what the raving Ultra-Calvinist may assert: he who had that highest and dearest privilege of being admitted into the most intimate communion with the Son of God while he dwelt on earth, has certified us of the contrary: he has made that blessed declaration, *God is love*.

But secondly, there is a large class of persons

who look on the business of life as far too serious and momentous to make light of it, who would leave pleasure to children, and laughter to idiots, and who deem that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips, as it would be upon a grave-stone, or in a ledger. Wit and Wisdom being sisters, not only are they afraid of being indicted for bigamy were they to wed both, but they shudder at such an union as incestuous : so, to keep out of temptation's way, and to preserve their faith where they have plighted it, they turn the younger out of doors ; and if they see or hear of anybody taking her in, they are positive that he can know nothing of the elder. They would not be witty for the world : now to escape being so is not very difficult, least of all to such as nature has so favoured that wit in them is always at zero or below it. And for their wisdom, as they take good care never to over-feed her, she jogs leisurely along

the turnpike-road, with lank and meagre carcase, displaying all her bones, and never getting out of her own dust : she feels no inclination to be frisky ; but if she falls in with a coach or waggon, like her rider is glad to run behind a thing so big. Now all these people take grievous offence, if any one ventures to come near them better mounted than themselves ; and they tremble all over lest the neighing and snorting and prancing should be contagious.

But is there really any great harm in a jest ? any base folly in mirth ? any heinous sin in being happy ? If so, then God is, what he has been blasphemously called, “ the author of evil : ” for he has filled the world with sources of joy ; in his universe there is not a spot but is a bubbling spring of living gladness. Cannot a man be in earnest without wearing a perpetual frown ? or is there less sincerity in Nature during her playful gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom ? And

is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode in Truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it, and to smile upon it as on a kind father or mother, and to sport with it and hold light and merry talk with it as with a loved brother or sister, and to fondle it and play with it as with a child? Yet no otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with Truth; no otherwise Cervantes and Shakspeare. "Le méchant n'est-jamais comique," is the wise aphorism of the philosophic De Maistre, when he is canvassing the pretensions of Voltaire (*Soirées de St. Petersburg*. i. 278); and the converse is equally true: Le comique, c'est à dire le vrai comique, n'est jamais méchant. On the contrary, the demeanour of those who protest against any sound more airy than a bleat, as a disparagement to Truth, is now and then owing less to their deep feeling of the importance of the truth, than of the importance of the person by whom the

truth is maintained. Olivia lets us into the secret of Malvolio's distaste for the clown.

Frequently as I have already quoted Lander, I cannot here pause without advising such of my readers as delight in the contemplation of wisdom arrayed in beauty, to study the exquisite allegory in which he represents the playfulness of Truth. (*Imag. Conv.* vol. ii. pp. 613-616.) It has the voice as well as the spirit of Plato.

U.

Nobody who is afraid of laughing, and laughing heartily too, at his friend, can be said to have a true and thorough love for him. For I believe there never was a person much worth loving, in whom there was not something well worth laughing at. That frailty, without some admixture of which man has never been found, and which seems as inseparable from a mortal as mortality itself, which forms in the bad the gangrene for their vices to rankle and fester in,

shows itself also in the best men, and attaches itself even to their virtues. In them however it appears rather in their occasional digressions than in their deviation from the line of canonical perfection : it is the earthly particle that refracts and tints the colourless ray ; it is what gives the determinate features and characteristic expression to their minds, and constitutes them real persons instead of being only personified ideas ; and this it is that enables us to sympathize with them as with our fellow-creatures, not merely to gaze and be amazed at them. This incongruity and incompleteness, this contrast between the pure spiritual principle and the manner and form of its outward manifestation, contains in it the very essence of the ridiculous : the discord coming athwart the tune and blending with it, when it is not painful is ludicrous. Not seldom too the very majesty of the principle makes its sallies appear more extravagant : the higher the tree of virtue rises, the wider will be

the range of its oscillations; and in this nobler sense also is there but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Not only does the contrast deepen, but there is a sportive playfulness in true magnanimity, that, feeling the inadequateness of any earthly raiment, it is well-pleased to clothe itself, like the godlike Ulysses, in rags. At nothing else can one laugh with such goodwill, and at the same time with such innocence and good-humour; nor can any laugh be more free from that contempt, which has very erroneously been considered as implicit in the feeling of the ridiculous. The steadfast assurance and imperturbable loyalty of love are displayed, not in blinking and looking askance from the object we profess to regard, and leering upon some imaginary counterfeit, some puppet of our own fancies tricked out in such excellencies as we are pleased to bestow on it; but in gazing fixedly at our friend, such as he is, admiring what is great in him, approving what is

good, delighting in what is amiable, and retaining our admiration and approbation and delight unsullied and undiminished, at the very moment when we are vividly conscious that he is still but a man, and has something in him of mortal weakness, something of humorous peculiarity, or something of disproportionate enthusiasm. U.

Let your humour always be good-humour, in the double sense of the phrase : if it comes from a bad humour, it is almost sure to be bad humour. U.

Every age has its besetting sins ; every condition its attendant evils ; every state of society its diseases to the action of which it is especially liable. The pest which dogs high civilization, is the fear of ridicule ; and seldom has its contagion been so noxious as at this day in England. Is there anybody now living, among the upper classes at least, who has not often been

laughed out of what he ought to have done, and laughed into what he ought not to have done? Who has not sinned? who has not been a runagate from virtue? who has not stifled his best feelings? who has not mortified his noblest desires? only that he might not be laughed at. The robbers and monsters of the olden time no longer infest the world; but the race of scoffers has jumped into their shoes: you may carry your wealth about you securely; of your genius or virtue the best part must be locked up in your closet; for the man of the world is the Procrustes who now lays down his bed and binds you to it; and, to fall short of it being scarcely possible, whatever in you transgresses its limits, is cut off without mercy. One of these beds has blue curtains with yellow trimmings; the drapery of a second is of a weakish watery mud-colour; and so on: for in this one respect Procrustes has grown more courteous with the age; his bed has got curtains.

Unfortunately there is no Theseus to rid us of him. Still, great as may be the actual harm such people do, the effects of their baneful influence spread far more widely: a panic is produced, which lies like a nightmair on the breast, and quells and quenches the very springs of life.

But is not this strangely contradictory of what was said before? and does it not amply justify a sentence of transportation for life against jesting and ridicule? By no means: if people would but discern and distinguish, instead of confusing and confounding, they would perceive that the best way of putting down the abuse of a thing, is, to make it useful. The busy have no time to be fidgety. It is little to overthrow an idol, unless you replace it with the idea of which it is the sediment; and you will find no measure so effectual for keeping people from doing mischief, as teaching them

to do good, and supplying them with good to do.

v.

None stumbles so readily as the blind; none is so easily scandalized as the ignorant. But are we not to beware lest we "offend any of these little ones?" Assuredly: we are to beware of it from love, or, if that cannot compel us, from fear. No wise man, as was before remarked, will offend the weak, in that which pertains to their faith: for observe, this is a portion of the offence condemned in the Gospel; it is the offending the little ones who believe in Christ. In the whole too of his direct intercourse with others, the wise man's principle will be the same; inasmuch as he will be desirous of instructing, not of imposing, and in order to teach, must try to conciliate. Thus will he act: for thus acted he, in whom, above all men, we behold the conscious self-abasement and reasonable self-sacrifice of the loftiest and mighti-

est intellect. Like Paul, every truly wise man will to the weak become as weak, that he may gain the weak, and be made all things to all men; not however in that worldly spirit which is made all things to all men for its own purposes, but in order that he may by all means benefit some. He who wishes to edify, does not erect a column, as it were a gigantic I, an enormous mark of admiration at himself, within which none can find shelter, and which contains nothing beyond a stair to mount through it: he will build the lowly cottage for the lowly, as well as the lordly castle for the lordly, and the princely palace for the princely, and the holy church for the holy. Or, if to effect this surpass the feebleness of one individual, he will do what he can: he will lay out and garnish such a banquet as his means enable him to provide; and so long as he invites not those who are likely to be disgusted by it, he is nowise to blame if they choose

to intrude among his guests, and to disgust themselves. When they find themselves out of their places, let them retire: the meek will. A man's servants complained to him of his feeding them on salmon and venison: the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego did not like bread or wine: reason enough for not forcing what they disliked down their throats: but no reason at all for not giving wine and bread to an European, or for not placing salmon and venison before such as relish them.

They who would have no milk for babes, are in the wrong: they who would have no strong meat for strong men, are not in the right. U.

If the Bible is what it professes, a published code of duty, conventional morality at best consists only of man's conjectural emendations: generally they are mere finger-marks.

Neither the ascetics, nor the intolerant anti-

ascetics, seem aware that the austere Baptist and social Jesus are but opposite sides of the same tapestry.

It has been a matter of argument whether poetry or history is the truer.

Why! who could ever doubt it? History tells you every thing that has actually taken place; while poetry deals with nothing but fictions as they call them, that is, in plain English, with lies.

Gently! gently! Very few histories tell us what has actually taken place: they tell us what somebody once conceived to have taken place, and this too mostly at third or fourth or sometimes at twentieth hand, while the tale gets a new coat of paint from every successive tenant; or rather they tell us what the historian pleases to think about this tale, or about half a dozen or a dozen of them that pull each other in pieces.

Then history must be utterly good for nothing.

Softly again! There is no better sport than jumping at a conclusion; but it is as well to look a little before one leaps; for the ground has often a trick of giving way under one. Many histories, if you like a bigger word we will say most, are worth very little. Some are only faggots of dry sticks, chopt off from trees of divers kinds, and bundled up indiscriminately together; others are baskets of fruit, over-ripe and half-ripe, chiefly windfalls, crammed in without a leaf to part them, and pressing against and mashing one another; others again are mere bags of soot, swept down from the chimney through which the fire of human action once blazed. But on the other hand there are histories the worth of which is beyond estimation. Almost all autobiographies are as valuable as they are interesting, even where the

writer has nothing of Goethe's clearsighted socratic irony; even where his vanity leads him to make himself out a prodigy of talents, like Cellini, or a prodigy of worthlessness, like Rousseau. Memoirs too, such as Xenophon's and Cesar's, and those of several moderns, convey much of profitable instruction. Still more precious is the story of his own time recorded by a statesman, who has trod the field of political action, and who has stood near the source of events and looked into it, when he has indeed a statesman's discernment, and knows how men act and why. Such are the great works of Clarendon, of Tacitus, of Polybius, and above all of Thucydides. The last has hitherto been and is likely to continue unequalled: for the sphere of history since his time has been so manifoldly enlarged, it is scarcely possible for any one mind to circumnavigate it; and moreover the more decorous nicety of modern manners has forbidden that naked exposure as well of the character as of the

limba, which the ancients were rude enough not to take offence at. In Thucydides too, and in him alone, do I find that union of the poet with the philosopher, which is essential to form a perfect historian: he has the imaginative and plastic power of the first, the reflexion and discretion of the latter; and all his other faculties are, as they ought to be, under the dominion of the most penetrative practical understanding.

Well then! good history after all is truer than that lying.

I must again stop you; recommending you in future discussions, when the wind changes, to tack like a skilful seaman, not to veer round like a weathercock. The latter is the too common practice of such as are beginning to generalize: they are determined to point at something, and care little at what. When you have more experience, you will discover that general principles, like the wind, are very useful to such as manage their sails by them, but

of no use at all to those who point at them : the former go on, the latter go round. Thucydides, true and profound as he is, cannot be truer or profounder than his contemporary Sophocles, whom in these qualities, as in the whole tone of his genius and even of his style, he so nearly resembles : he cannot be truer or more profound than Shakspeare. So Herodotus is not more true than Homer, nor less. You might fairly match Euripides against Xenophon, barring his *Anabasis* ; and Livy, like Virgil, would have a good chance of being distanced, were truth to be the winning post. To come nearer home, Goldsmith's poems, even without reckoning the best of them, his inimitable *Vicar*, are far truer than his histories ; so are Smollet's novels than his ; and Voltaire's tales than his. As for your favourite Hume, he wrote no novels or tales that I know of, except his *Essays* ; and they are quite as true as his History.

What do you mean ? History, that is, good

history, Thucydides if you choose, tells us facts ; and nothing can be so true as a fact.

Did you never hear a story told two ways ?

Yes, a score of ways.

Were they all true ?

Probably not one.

You see, there may be statements of facts, which are not quite true.

To be sure, where people tell lies.

Often, very often, without it. There is not half the falsehood in the world that some men would persuade us of ; much as there may be, and greatly as that quantity is increased by suspicion always scratching around every sore place. Three fourths of the mis-statements and misrepresentations we hear, have another origin. In the majority of instances perhaps, the feelings of the relater give a tinge to the object, which his understanding is not self-possessed enough to rub off. In many cases, discrepancies will arise from a difference in the

perceptive powers of the organs which contemplate ; whether that difference be natural, or result from cultivation, or from peculiar habits of thought : in others people cannot help seeing diversely, because they look not from the same point of view. The cloud which Hamlet in bitter mockery of his own weakness and vacillation shows to Polonius, is at one moment a camel, the next a weasel, the third a whale : so is it with those vapoury, cloudlike, changeface things we call facts : the selfsame action may at one moment and by one man be regarded as patient and beneficent, by another as crafty and selfish, and by a third as stupid and porpoise-like. But to have done with this, I am half inclined to try whether you will take another turn round. Every fact, you say, if correctly stated is a truth.

Certainly ; it is only another word for the same thing.

Now, supposing I were to assert that no fact can be a truth.

You will not easily persuade me of that.

I wish not to persuade you of anything, except to follow the legitimate dictates of your own reason. I would convince you, or rather help you to convince yourself, that a fact is only the outward form and sign of a truth, its visible image and body; and that of itself and by itself it can no more be a truth, than a body of itself is a man: although common opinion in the former case, and common parlance in the latter, has trodden down the distinction.

I will not dispute this: but in the statement of a fact or action I include the exposition of its causes or motives.

It has been said of some books, that the sauce is worth more than the fish: so your stuffing is certainly worth more than your bird. This is the very point I want to see you at. A historian then must deduce and unfold events, and must situate them rightly in the endless concatenation of causes and conse-

quences, and must carry them home to their birthplace among the ever-multiplying family of fate. He must also, since human actions are his chief theme, exhibit them at once as growing and as grown up, and as receiving their complexion and gait from the character of the agents ; so that human character as modifying and modified by circumstances, man controuling and controuled by events, will be the historian's ultimate object. The same is the first object of the poet : he starts, where the historian ends.

But the historian's facts are true ; the poet's are professedly fictitious. When I have read Herodotus, I feel certain that Xerxes invaded Greece ; after reading Homer, I am left in doubt whether Agamemnon ever sailed against Troy.

And how much the wiser are you for being certain of the former fact ? or how much the less wise for being left in doubt about the latter ? Your mind may be more or less complete as a chronological table ; but that is all.

The human, the truly philosophical interest in both cases is the same, whether the swords were actually drawn and the blood shed, or not : or do you think you should be wiser still, if you but, knew who forged the swords, and what mine they got the metal from, and who dug it up ? and then again, who made the spades used in the digging, and so on ? or how many ounces of blood were shed, and what crops were afterward fattened by it ? The true knowledge, the knowledge of real importance to man in the study of his own nature, is the knowledge of the principles and passions which were at work, and by which the results were, or, if they were not, might have been, produced ; just as in all other sciences it matters little whether such or such a combination of phenomena was witnessed on such a day in such a place, provided we know the principles they result from and represent, and the laws by which they are regulated.

But how can the poet teach us this with anything like the same certainty as the historian?

Just as a chemist may illustrate the operations of nature by an experiment of his own devising, with a greater clearness and precision of evidence than any natural appearances will admit of. The poet has his principles of human nature, which he is to embody and impersonate; for to deny his possessing them, is to deny his being a poet; the historian at best has his facts, which he is to set in order and to animate. The former has the foot, to measure and make a shoe for; the latter has got the ready-made shoe, and must hunt for a foot to put into it. Now in which of the two cases is the shoe likeliest to fit well?

In the former unquestionably, if the fellow knows anything about his craft.

I agree with you: but do you not perceive that in granting this you have conceded the very point we have been arguing? you have

admitted even more than the equality I pleaded for; you say the poet is likelier to speak truth than the historian. Perhaps you are right. An illustration from a kindred art may throw some light on our path. The portrait-painter has every advantage of the historian, with a task incomparably less arduous, his subject being so closely defined and of such narrow compass; while the poet's condition is not unlike that of a person drawing a head for a historical picture, as it is somewhat unaptly termed; the adjective *ideal* or *imaginative* or *poetical* would more suitably describe it. In the first case the artist has the features given him, and is to breathe life into them and characteristic expression; a life which has the calm of permanence, not the fitful flush of the moment; an expression which expresses the man's entire and enduring character, not the casual predominance of any one temporary impulse: and hereby, no less than by the absence

of that complacency with which people cannot help contemplating their own features, and of the endeavour to put on their best and sweetest faces when their own eyes are to feast upon them, ought a portrait to be distinguished from an image in a glass. Yet in spite of the comparative facilities, how very few portrait-painters have accomplished anything like this! in how few of their works have even the best come quite up to it! A head which is at once an ideal head and a real head, that is, in which the features are at the same time thoroughly human, and correct exponents and true symbols of character, may be met with more frequently in ideal pictures. Not however that the painter of such a picture, any more than the poet, neglects the study of living subjects, and gazes on nothing but the 'phantoms of his imagination or the puppets of his theory: the famous story of Leonardo, that same Leonardo who himself composed a theo-

retical treatise on painting, sitting in the market-place in search of heads for his *Lord's Supper*, proves the reverse. But these living heads were the materials which he shaped and modified and combined: he did not content himself with transcribing them. For the great difficulty, as soon as one has begun to make excursions into the higher regions of thought, is, to discover anything like answerable realities, to atone our ideas with our perceptions: and this difficulty is greatly heightened, when we are not allowed to deal freely with such materials as our perceptions supply to us, but must bring down our thoughts to a kind of forced wedlock with some one thing just as it is. The immediate presence of reality too is wont as it were to overlay the mind, and to disable it for the full exertion of its powers. We cannot enter into the object before us; and yet there before us it stands, half-felt, half-understood; such as it is, it abides: we cannot change it: we

must be content to leave it in its indistinctness and incomprehensibleness, too happy if instead of incomprehensible we do not make it unmeaning. I need not point out to you how all these hinderances are multiplied in history : the scene of operation is boundless ; so much of it is under the black cloak of night, while other large portions are wrapt in mists, and some few spots are even dazzling, if not dark, with excessive brightness ; the events are so inter-twisted and conglomerated, sometimes thrown all together in a heap, often spreading themselves out like the Rhine until they lose themselves in a marsh, and now and then after their disappearance rising up again, as they fable of the Alpheus, in a distant region, while the communication lies hidden underground ; the statements of events, as we have already seen, are at such variance with each other ; the actors are so numerous and promiscuous ; so many indistinguishable passions, so many tangled opinions,

so many many prejudices, are at work, engaging in a sleepless conflict wherein every man's hand and heart seem to be against his neighbour : that a perfect, consummate history of the world may reasonably be deemed the loftiest of all the objects to which the intellect of man can aspire, although without the hope of ever achieving more than a very distant approximation thereto. Indeed how should it be otherwise? seeing that the history of the world is one of God's own great poems : how can any man aim at doing more than reciting a few brief passages from it? Such are man's poems, the best of them : the same principles which appear to govern the destinies of mankind, are exhibited in their action within a narrower sphere, where their influence is more easily discernible and can be brought out more distinctly. Such too would be man's histories, could other men write history in the same vivid imperishable characters wherewith Shakspeare has recorded our

civil wars. Look at his *King John* ; look at any historian's : which gives you the liveliest and faithfulest representation of that monarch and of his age ? which most forcibly exposes his vices ? and yet in Shakspeare he is still a man, and as such we cannot help having some feeling for him ; in the historians, he is a monster, a mere brute, the object of cold contemptuous loathing. The historian usually takes you behind the scenes, and keeps you there, desiring you to observe the rouge and the tawdry tinsel, and to watch the working of the machinery ; the poet exhorts you to look on and listen attentively to the performance. Supposing it were a drama of any human poet, from which position would you acquire the truest notion of his meaning ?

There cannot be a doubt, from the latter.

The same position then will perhaps best enable you to detect the meaning of the Almighty Poet, in other words, to know truth.

Yet in one respect at all events history has

the best of it. When reading poetry, you may at times be beguiled into supposing that people have now and then acted honestly and disinterestedly : whereas almost all the historians I ever read, concur in making it out that nobody ever did a good deed, unless it was by mistake, except because he could not just then do a bad one, or because he wanted a better purchase to do a bad one at some future time.

Did you ever act rightly yourself, without any blunder, or any impotence, or any bad motive ?

Do you mean to insult me ? I hope I have, often.

Are all your friends a pack of abandoned rascals ?

Good morning, sir ! I have no friend who is not an honest man ; and civility and courtesy are among their good qualities.

Wait a few moments. I congratulate you on your good fortune, and only wish you would

not imagine that you stand alone in it. I would have you judge of others, as you would have them judge of you, and believe that there have been other honest men in the world besides you and your friends.

But how can I believe it, when all history assures me of the contrary ?

How can you believe that your friends are so utterly different from all the rest of mankind ?

I do not know. This puzzled me once ; but, as I could not clear it up, I left off troubling my head about it.

Let me give you a piece of useful advice. When your feelings tell you any thing, and your understanding contradicts them, especially should your understanding be only echoing the voice of another man's, be not over-hasty in sacrificing what you feel to what you think you understand. You cannot do it in real life, as you showed just now : do it not in speculation.

Endeavour to reconcile the disputants where you can; and as the speediest and surest means of effecting this, try to bring about an explanation concerning the origin of the difference; endeavour to understand not only your feelings but your understanding. You have been touching the very point in common histories which is the falsest; and the reason why such falsehood is thus prevalent among historians, is, that very few historians have enough of the poet in them.

They want a little imagination, I suppose, to varnish over a man's vices.

They want imagination to conceive a man's character, without which it is impossible to comprehend his conduct. What Themistocles did may have been right in Themistocles, although it would have been wrong in Aristides: the behaviour of Alcibiades may have been excusable in him, while it would have been severely reprehensible in Pericles. But historians are apt

to write from the understanding alone, and therefore weakly and vainly. For no faculty, no, nor even the Jews' harp, is so monotonous as the understanding; while the imagination embraces and contains the full, perfect, magnificent diapason of nature. And as ignorance, after it has once mistaken itself for knowledge, has always been contumelious, so the understanding, having presumed that it understands all things, when it finds anything which it cannot understand, immediately begins to abuse. It can make no allowance for any diversities of character or principle or opinion: it can see no truth except in itself: it can approve of nothing but what coincides with it; whatever is different it condemns. Beholding all things under the category of cause and effect, it lays down as its prime axiom, that every action must have a motive; and as its dealings are almost wholly with outward things, it determines that the motive of every action must lie in something

external. Since all actions, inasmuch as they manifest themselves in space and time, subsist under the category of causation, there is little difficulty in tracing them to such a source, and none in insisting that it must be the only source. Now the outward motive of an action, when it stands alone, must always be imperfect, and very often corrupt : so this source will mostly be impure ; or if it be too pure and clear, nothing is easier than to trouble it : you need only tear up a flower from the brink and throw it in. Every good deed does good, even to the doer : this is God's law. Every doer of good is good, and worthy of admiration and high esteem : this is man's instinctive way of fulfilling and realizing God's law. No good deed is done, but for the good which the doer gets from it : this is man's intelligent way of blaspheming and, so far as in him lies, annulling God's law. You, my young friend, know that it is otherwise in

yourself: your conscience enlightened by your reason commands you to uphold no action as good, but such as you perform without a thought of any good to yourself from it. You conceive, I doubt not, rightly, that you sometimes act thus yourself; you are confident that your friends do. Hold fast to that confidence: cleave to it; preserve and cherish it, as you would your honour, that sacred Palladium of your soul: do more: extend it unto all: enlarge it until, as the rainbow embraces the earth, it embraces all those whom God has made in his image: cast away from you that dastardly prudential maxim which enjoins you to trust none until you have tried him; do you on the contrary never distrust any, until you have tried him and found him fail: nay, after he has failed, trust him again, even until seven times, even until seventy times seven; so peradventure your good thoughts of him may win him to entertain better thoughts of himself: and be

assured that in this respect above all others Poetry knows far more of God's world, with whatever justice History may vaunt of knowing the most about the Devil's world. U.

Poetry is the key to the hieroglyphics of Nature.

If Painting be Poetry's sister, she can only be a sister Anne, who will see nothing but a flock of sheep, while the other bodies forth a troop of dragoons with drawn sabres and white-plumed helmets. I.

Shakspeare's genius could adapt itself with such nicety to all the varieties of ever-varying man, that he has portrayed in *Titus Andronicus* the very dress of mind which the people of the declining empire must have worn ; and I can conceive that the degenerate Romans clothed their thoughts exactly in such words. The say-

ings of the free-garmented folk in *Julius Cesar* could not have come from the close-buttoned generation in *Othello*. Although human passions are the same in all ages, still there are modifications of them dependent on the circumstances of time and place, which Shakspeare has always perceived and expressed: he has thus given such a national tinge and epochal propriety to his characters, that one may exclaim, even when one sees Jaques in a bag-wig and sword, on being told that he was a French nobleman: This man speaks as if he lived in the time when the Italian taste was prevalent in France. How differently does he moralize from King Henry or Hamlet! although their morality, like all morality, comes to pretty nearly the same conclusion.

I.

Many persons, feeling the truth expressed in the foregoing remark, have been perplexed at the language which Shakspeare in his *Troilus and Cressida* has put into the mouth of the Greek

chiefs : for nothing can be less like the winged words of the Iliad. To describe it by one of his own illustrations :

Knots, by the confux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

It seems almost as if Shakspeare had chosen for once to let his thoughts travel by his friend Chapman's heavy waggon : such is the similarity between the style of the council-scene, and that of *Bussy d'Ambois* and Chapman's other graver writings. And doubtless this furnishes the solution of the difficulty. Shakspeare's acquaintance with Homer was through Chapman's translation ; a considerable part of which was published some years before *Troilus and Cressida* : so that Agamemnon and Ulysses talk in English, just as Shakspeare naturally supposed them to have talked in Greek.

v.

We are too fond of attributing preeminence to

every thing ancient ; perhaps to make amends
for our parsimony in approving of any thing
modern.

R.

There are men who think Johnson profound
.. and elegant.

U.

Johnson's mind may have been comprehensive,
but it was the comprehensiveness of a narrow
mind. Whatever he laid hand on, he squeezed
out of shape. If he saw far, it was along a
passage the walls of which shut out all light,
above, below, on the right hand, and on the left.

U.

The progress of knowledge is slow, like the
march of the sun. We cannot see him moving,
but after a time we may perceive that he has
moved onward.

U.

Wisdom is alchemy.

U.

What is the good of bad pictures? much the same as of good: to please such as like them. v.

A poet, to be popular, ought not to be too purely and intensely poetical. He must have some ordinary poetry for ordinary readers, as well as extraordinary poetry for readers better than ordinary. I have seen many who received from no poem of Wordsworth so much pleasure, as from the *Lines written while sailing in a boat at evening*. The reason is, that they are almost the only verses among Wordsworth's, which almost any other person might have written, that is, bating the purity and delicacy of the language and the sweetness of the versification. So again among Landor's *Conversations*, the general favorite seems to be that between Kleber and some French officers; partly because there is something of a story in it, and in part because, beautiful and characteristic as it is, still it is not so far removed as most of its companions

beyond what other writers have done and can do. _____ U.

People stare much more at a paper kite than at a real one. _____ U.

The first object in writing, is, to say what you have to say.

Is it indeed ? I never knew that : and yet I have written many long articles in the — *Review* ; and as I heard they were admired, I supposed they were admirable. _____ U.

A cobweb is soon spun, and sooner swept away. _____ U.

An epithet is an addition : but an addition may be an incumbrance. Stuff a man into a featherbed, and he will not move so limberly or briskly : the very implements of flying weigh us down, if they be not rightly adjusted, if out of

place, or over-ponderous. And yet many writers cram their thoughts into nothing lightsomer than a featherbed of words. Their epithets weaken, oftener than they strengthen. Indeed no class of men is more frequently liable to Hesiod's censure :

Νήπιοι, οὐδέ ἴσασι ν ὅσῳ πλέον ἡμῖν παντός.

As a general maxim, no epithet should be used, which does not express something not expressed in the context, nor so implied as to be immediately deducible. Above all shun abusive epithets : let those who can wield nothing more powerful, throw offensive words. It is before the fire burns strongly, that it smoulders and smokes : when mightiest, it is also brightest and clearest. A modern historian of the Cesars would hardly bridle his tongue for five lines together : we should hear of nothing but the *perfidious* Tiberius, the *ferocious* Caligula, the *blood-thirsty* Nero, the *cruel* Domitian, the *tyrant*, the *monster*, the *fiend*. Tacitus, although not weak in indignation, knew that.

no gentleman ever pelts with eggshells. If the narrative warrant a sentence of condemnation, the reader will not be slow in pronouncing it: by taking it out of his mouth you affront him. "I have observed in Demosthenes and Thucydides (says Landor, *Imag. Conv.* Vol. I. p. 129), that they lay it down as a rule, never to say what they have reason to suppose would occur to the auditor and reader, in consequence of any thing said before, knowing that every one is more pleased and more easily led by us, when we bring forward his thoughts indirectly and imperceptibly, than when we elbow them and outstrip them with our own." Such a practice may perhaps be carried too far: but if the principle made our language more temperate, it would be eminently beneficial. Moreover we are all disposed to compassionate even the culprit when we see him meet with hard words as well as hanging.

. There is a difference however as to the use of

.

epithets, between Poetry and Prose. The former is allowed to be more profuse of what is circumstantial and accidental. Ornaments which might be in keeping with a ball-dress, would be unseasonable of a morning. The walk of Prose is a walk of business, along a road, with an end to reach, and without leisure to do more than take a glance at the prospects : whereas Poetry's is a walk of pleasure, among fields and groves, where she may often stop and gaze her fill, and even stoop now and then to pluck a flower. Yet ornamental epithets are not essential to poetry : if you conceive they are, read Sophocles, and Dante. v.

Most people seem to think the coat makes the gentleman : almost all fancy the diction makes the poet. Many readers are unable to discover that there is any poetry in *Sampson Agonistes* ; and very few have any notion that there is almost as much as in *Comus*. v.

I think it is when the imagination dies the
 artist can no longer see the lines of her plumage.

U.

The beauty of a landscape is no beauty to the
 imagination.

U.

The mind is seldom enough. Pumping after
 your ducks this way prevents its keeping full.

U.

Do not have done. The former is the easiest.

U.

How many finished sentences are written now?
 that is, sentences in which there is neither too
 much light nor too much shade.

U.

Modern poetry, like

The swan to sell St. Mary's Lane,

"'tis double, swan and canvas."

Even in Wordsworth himself, one too often sees the reflexion as well as the object. Look for instance at those fine lines on the first aspect of the French Revolution :

Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise ; that which sets
(To take an image which was felt no doubt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full-blown.

When reading these lines I have always wished that the third and fourth were omitted, or rather that the whole passage were constructed anew ; for the thought is beautiful. But it is not duly woven into the context : we seem to see the reverse side of the tapestry, with the rough ends of thread sticking out. It is brought in reflectively, rather than imaginatively. A parenthesis, where it interrupts the continuity of a single thought, without a coincident interruption of feeling, is ill-suited to poetry : you will hardly improve your pearl, by splitting it in two for the sake of inserting an

emerald between the halves. The expression *to take an image* is prosaic. The Imagination does not take images : it inhales them and breathes them forth again, like air, gently and quietly, not with a noisy husky cough. It gathers whatever is most precious, and scatters it abroad no less largely ; leaving it to the clerks in the counting-house of the Understanding to tell out their pieces of money one by one, and to inform you how much they have given you.

But if Wordsworth sometimes has this blemish in common with his contemporaries, he has beauties peculiarly his own. If we see in his pages both swan and shadow, yet in them too

Through all her depths St. Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted ;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

U.

Your good things would be a great deal better, if you did not think them so good. He who is

quick to laugh at his own jests, must generally distance his companions and laugh alone. v.

La France, c'est Moi a dit Louis XIV. *Le monde, c'est Moi* dit tout le monde. v.

Many nowadays write what may be called a dashing style. Unable to put much meaning into their words, they try to eke it out by certain marks which they attach to them, something like pigtails sticking out at right angles to the body. The perfection of this style is found in the articles by the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, and in Lord Byron's Poems, above all in the *Corsair*, deservedly his most popular work, seeing that all his faults came to a head in it. A couplet from *the Bride of Abydos* may instance my meaning:

"A thousand swords—thy Selim's heart and hand—
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!"

How much grander this is, than if there had

seen nothing between the words but commas ! even as a period is grander than a semi. or at least has been deemed so by many a German pedant. Tenny's *innest*, when translated, is almost after the same fashion, with a skewer jutting out of a hole and there. The celebrated sentence of *Chapuis* requires :

" He makes a solitude—and calls it—peace !" The noble poet places a flourish after every second word, like a vulgar writing-master. But perhaps they are only marks of admiration, standing prostrate, as Lord Castlereagh would have termed it. Nor are upright ones spared.

U.

" In good prose," says Schlegel, " every word should be underlined !" that is, every word should be the right one ; and then no one would be rightier than another. There are no italics in Plato.

U.

The great misfortune of the present age, is, that one cannot stand on one's feet, without calling to mind that one is not standing on one's head.

U.

Others besides Pygmalion have fallen in love with their own handiwork.

U.

An admired preacher is in the habit of saying, that in preaching the thing of least consequence is the sermon. His experience seems to have led him to the same conclusion with Demosthenes, when he declared that in speaking Delivery is the first thing, and the second, and the third. For this reason oratorical excellence is rightly called eloquence. Commonly indeed the apophthegm of Demosthenes has been limited to Action, whereby it becomes a startling paradox. Cicero had unluckily used the word Actio; and many an error has arisen from confounding special significations of words

which seemingly correspond like *Actio* and *Action*. But I believe the Latin *Actio* was never restricted within our narrow bounds: the vivid senses of the Romans were aware that the more spiritual members of the body could act, as well as the grosser and more massive. The context in the three passages of Cicero (*De Orat.* iii. 56: *De Clar. Orat.* 38. *Orat.* 17.,) ought to have obviated the blunder: his principal agents are the voice and the eyes: *animi est enim omnis actio, et imago animi vultus, indices oculi*. Even after the mistake had been made, it ought to have been corrected on perceiving that Quintilian has substituted *Pronunciatio* for *Actio* (xi. 3.) But the whole story is plain, and the exaggeration accounted for, when we read it in Libanius or in the Life of the Ten Orators ascribed to Plutarch. Every one has heard of the bodily disadvantages Demosthenes had to contend with: never did any man more triumphantly demonstrate the supreme dominion of the mind

over the body: for few have possessed more natural disqualifications for oratory, than the greatest and most impressive of orators. Having one day been coughed down, as we call it, he was walking home despondently. Eumomus the Thriasian, who was already an old man, meeting Demosthenes encouraged him; and so did the actor Andronicus still more, telling him his speeches were well, but that he wanted what belonged to action and delivery, (*τὰ τῆς ὑποκρίσεως*.) He then reminded him of what he had spoken in the assembly; whereupon Demosthenes believing him gave himself up to the instruction of Andronicus. Hence, when somebody asked him what is the first thing in oratory, he said *Ὑπόκρισις*, *Manner*, or *Delivery*; what the second? *Delivery*; what the third? *Delivery*.

Genius is always unconscious of its own worth: if a man of genius be a vain man, he will be vain of what is not his genius. But

we are apt to overrate a talent which has been laboriously trained and cultivated. If Petrarch looked to his *Africa* for immortality, and Shakspeare to his *Sonnets*; and if Bacon "conceived that the Latine volume of his *Essayes*, being in the universal language, might last as long as bookes last;" it was not unnatural that Demosthenes should value somewhat too highly an attainment which had cost him so much trouble, and in which the speech of Eschines, *What would you have said, if you had heard the beast himself?* proves that he achieved so much in overcoming the disabilities of his nature. Besides *ῥητορικὴ*, it cannot be denied, is of very powerful efficacy, and, a friend suggests, forms the essence of oratory in more senses than one. U.

There are persons to whom one's favorite phrase of endearment would be *You little devil, I hate you.* I.

Most people, I think, must have sometimes been visited by those moods of waywardness, in which a feeling adopts the language of its opposite. Oppressive joy makes us shed tears : frantic grief laughs. So inadequate are all the corporeal exponents of our feelings, that when a feeling swells mightily, it bursts through its ordinary face, and lays bare its reverse. Something of this sort is discernible in the above-mentioned exclamation of Eachines : no compliment could have expressed his admiration of his rival so forcibly, as the single word *θῆπιον*.

v.

The general opinion on the merit of an imaginative work may be ultimately right : immediately it is likely to be wrong ; and this likelihood increases in proportion to the power exerted therein. The history of literature drives us to this conclusion. It is true, there have been cases, in which the calm judgement of posterity

has confirmed the verdict pronounced by contemporaries : but although the results have been the same, the way of arriving at them was different. What Jonson said of him in whom above all other men the spirit of poetry became incarnate, applies to poetry itself : " it is not of an age, but of all time." In the very act of rendering itself an immanent power in the life of the world, it advances, as our phrases imply, beyond its own age and rises above it. Now from the nature of man, no age has ever been able to comprehend itself : a Thucydides or a Burke may discern some of the principles which are working, and may guess the consequences they are bringing on : but they who draw the car of Destiny cannot look back upon her ; they are impelled onward and ever blindly onward by the throng pressing at their heels. Far less then can any age comprehend what is beyond it and above it.

Besides much of the beauty in every great

work of art must be latent : like the Argive seer, *οἱ δοκεῖν ἀριστον, ἀλλ' εἶναι θίλει*. It is profound, and few can sound depth : it is sublime, and few can scan highth : it has a soul in it, and few eyes can see through the body. If orator Puff is wrong in employing as many words about a riband as a Raphael, it is because every one can perceive all the merits of the former. At the exhibition of the King's pictures last year, Grenet's church with its mere mechanical dexterity of perspective had more admirers, ten to one, than any of Rembrandt's wonderful masterpieces, more, fifty to one, than Venusti's picture of the Saviour at the foot of the cross : for you will find fifty who can appreciate mechanism, sooner than one who knows anything about art. It surprises me not, to be told that Euripides was a greater favorite at Athens than Sophocles : what surprises me, is, that any audience should ever have been capable of listening with pleasure to the intensely high and

deep notes of Sophocles. Neither is it surprising that Jonson and Fletcher should have been more admired than Shakspeare : the contrary would be far more surprising. I have been told that Schiller must be a greater poet than Goethe, because he is more popular in Germany : were he less popular, I might be led to fancy that there may be something in him, besides what thrusts itself so prominently on the public gaze.

We are deaf, it is said, to the music of the spheres, from the narrowness and dimness and dullness of our perceptive organs : so is it with what is noblest and loveliest in poetry : few admire it ; because few have perceptions comprehensive and quick and strong enough to feel it. Among my own friends, although I feel pride in reckoning up many of surpassing talents, I can hardly bethink myself of more than one possessing that calmness of contemplative thought, that insight into the principles and laws of the

imagination, that familiarity with the forms under which it has in various ages manifested itself, that happy temperature of activity not too restless or impetuous with a passiveness ready to receive the impression of the poet's mind, and the other qualities which alone fit a person to pronounce candidly and intelligently on questions of taste.

How then do great works ever become popular? In the strict sense they never do: they never can be rightly esteemed by the commonalty, because they can never be fully understood by them. No author, I remarked before, is more inadequately understood than Shakespeare. But what great author is in a better plight? is Plato? or Sophocles? or Dante? or Bacon? or Behmen? or Spinoza? Look only at Homer. How the Greek critics misunderstood him! who found every thing in him except a poet. How Virgil must have misunderstood him, when he conceived he was writing a poem like

the Iliad ! How those men must have misunderstood him, who have pretended to draw certain irrefragable laws of epic poetry from his works ! laws which are as applicable to them, as the rules of carpet-making are to the side of a hill in its spring-tide glory. How must Cowper have misunderstood him, when he congealed him ! and Pope, when he bottled up his streaming waters in couplets, and coloured them until they became as gaudy as the window of a chemist's shop !

Nevertheless in the course of time the opinion of the intelligent few determines the opinion of the unintelligent many. Public opinion flows through the present as through a marsh, scattering itself in numberless little brooks, taking any casual direction, and often stagnating sleepily ; until the more vigorous and active have gone before and made or embanked a channel along which it can follow them. In this way it has indeed one voice for what is past, and that voice is the voice of the judicious : but it has an end-

less concert or rather dissonance of voices for what is present; and amid such a mob the wisest are not likely to be the loudest. For they have the happy feeling that Time is their ally; and they know that hurrying impedes, oftener than it accelerates. When however people are at length persuaded that they ought to like a book, they are not slow in finding out something to like in it: our perceptions are tractable and ductile enough, if we earnestly desire that they should be so.

v.

Sophocles is the summit of Greek art; but one must have scaled many a steep, before one can estimate his highth: it is because of his classical perfection that he has generally been the least admired of the great ancient poets: for little of his beauty is perceptible to a mind that is not thoroughly principled and imbued with the spirit of antiquity. Homer lived before the Greeks had cut themselves off so abruptly

from other nations ; his national peculiarities are not so distinctly marked ; in many respects he nearly resembles such bards of other countries as have sung in a like state of society : hence he perhaps on the whole has been the chief favorite among the moderns, grossly as even he has often been misunderstood. Next to him in popularity, if I mistake not, come Euripides and Ovid, who have been fondled in consequence of their possessing several modern epidemic vices of style. They have nothing spiritual, nothing ideal, nothing mysterious : all that is valuable about them, is spread out on the surface : they are full of glittering points ; some of the gems are true, and few have eyes to distinguish the false : they have great rhetorical pathos ; and in poetry as in real life clamorous importunity will excite more feeling than silent distress : they are skilful in giving characteristic touches, rather than in delineating characters ; and the former please every body, while only few take much thought about the latter : in

When a man says he sees nothing in a book, he very often means that he does not see himself in it; which, if it is not a comedy or satire, is likely enough.

What a person praises is perhaps a surer standard even than what he condemns, of his character, information, and abilities. No wonder then that in this prudent country the generality are so why of praising anything.

Many carry their characters in their hands; not a few under their feet. u.

Most painters have painted themselves. So have most poets: not so palpably indeed, but more assiduously. Some have done nothing else. u.

Nothing is so proper in England, as property. En France le propre est la propriété. u.

rather with the animal than the intellectual part of man. He left such sport to his toys, slaves and wild beasts. To him a triumph was the ideal and sum total of happiness; and verily it was something grand. U.

Histories used often to be stories: the fashion now is to leave out the story. Our histories are stall-fed: the facts are absorbed by the reflexions, as the meat is sometimes by the fat. U.

C'est affreux comme il est pâle ; il devrait mettre un peu de rouge : cried a woman out of the crowd, as the first consul rode by at a review in 1802. She thought a general ought to shew a little blood in his cheeks. One might say the same of sundry modern philosophical treatises.

Some minds give one the notion of an abyss of shallowness. U.

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Nothing is so proper in England, as property. En France le propre est la propreté. v.

Misers are the greatest spendthrifts. r.

What a lucky fellow he would be, who could invent a beautifying glass! How the customers would rush to him! A royal funeral would be nothing to it. Nobody would stay away, except the two extremes, those who were satisfied from their vanity, and those who were content in their humility. At present one is forced to take up with one's eyes; and they, spiteful creatures, won't always beautify quite enough. r.

Every body has his own theatre, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, scene-shifter, boxkeeper, doorkeeper, all in one; and audience into the bargain. r.

A great talker ought to be affable. r.

C'est un grand malheur qu'on ne peut se
faire sans combattre. r.

Poorly must he have profited by the study of Plato, who declared, *Malo cum Platone errare, quam cum istis vera sentire*. A maxim of this sort may serve for such as are not ordained to the ministry of Truth: the great majority of mankind must in all things take much for granted; as indeed everybody must in many things: men who are to act, must be able to look up to certain guiding principles of faith, fixed like stars high above the changeable and stormy atmosphere of their cares and doubts and passions, principles which they must hold to be eternal, from their fixedness and from their light. The philosopher too will needs take much for granted, seeing that the capacities of human knowledge are so limited: only his assumptions will be in lower and commoner matters: for his thoughts dwell among principles: he mounts like the astronomer into the regions of the stars themselves, and measures their magnitudes and their distances, and calcu-

lates their paths, and distinguishes the fixed from the erring, the solar sources of light from the satellites which fill their urns with radiance at the everlasting fountains; and distinguishes moreover those which preserve their regular beatific courses, from the vagrant emissaries of destruction. He must have an implicit entire faith in the illimitable benevolence and beneficence, that is to say, in the divinity of Truth: he must devoutly believe that God is Truth, and that Truth therefore is one with God.

Cicero, I am aware, attributes that speech to the youth whom he is instructing; a circumstance overlooked by such as have tried to support their own faintheartedness, by calling at his house for something to recruit their spirits with. But he immediately applauds his pupil, and makes the sentiment his own. *Macte virtute* (he says): *ego enim ipse cum eodem illo non invitus erraverim*. It is evident from this sentence, and ample confirmation might be

adduced, that what Cicero admired so much in Plato, was any thing but his philosophy. On the contrary, as he himself often forgot the thinker in the talker, so, his eye for words having been sharpened, as a tailor's is for clothes, by continual practice, even in others he looked rather at the make of the garments their thoughts were arrayed in, than at the countenance or the body of the thoughts. What he valued most in Plato, was his eloquence; the true worth of which however is its perfect aptness to exhibit the thoughts it contains, or, so to say, its transparency. For while in most other writers the thoughts are only seen dimly, as in water, where the medium itself is visible and distorts or obscures them, being often turbid, often coloured, and having usually no little mud in it; one almost looks through the language of Plato as through air, discerning the exact forms of the objects that stand therein, and every part and shade of which is brought out by the sunny

light shining upon them. Indeed when reading Plato, one hardly thinks about the beauty of his style, or perceives any thing about it except its brightness. But, as having felt the sensation of sickness makes us feel and enjoy the sensation of health, so does familiarity with denser and murkier authors render us sensible to the clear daylight of Plato. Cicero however could almost have extracted the beauties of Plato, as somebody has extracted the beauties of Shakspeare; which give about as good a notion of his beauty, as a *pot pourri* gives of a flower-garden, or as extracting tooth after tooth would give of a beautiful mouth. As to Plato's pure candid impartial philosophy, Cicero was too full of prejudices to sympathize with it. Philosophy was not his daily bread, but a medicinal cordial in his afflictions: he loved it not for itself, but for certain results which he desired and hoped from it. In philosophy he was never more than an eclectic, a kind of

philosophical pawnbroker, in other words, no philosopher at all : for the philosophical mind ascends unweariably to original necessary principles, and halts not until it reaches the living streaming sources of truth ; whereas the eclectic stops short when he likes, at any arbitrary accidental conclusion. The philosophical mind is systematical, linking all things together as parts of a great whole, and impregnating them all with the electric fluid of order ; while other people see them disjointedly and one by one. A philosopher incorporates and animates ; an eclectic heaps and ties up. A philosopher puts unity into multiplicity ; an eclectic on the other hand puts multiplicity into unity. The former opens the arteries of Truth, the latter its veins. Cicero's legal habits peer out through his philosophical cloak, in his constant appeal to precedent, his unlimited deference to authority : for in law, as in all other things, the practitioner goes not beyond maxims, that is,

secondary or tertiary principles, taking his stand upon one of the mounds which his predecessors have erected. And although, from his reverence for Plato, Cicero adopted for his own treatises the form of the dialogue, of all forms the fittest for setting forth philosophical truths in their free intercommunion with each other, without chaining up Truth and making her run round and round in the mill of a partial and narrow system; still he has nothing of the dialectic spirit: his disputants wrestle not with one another, as they did in the intellectual gymnasia of the Greeks: after some preliminary remarks and the interchange of a few compliments distinguished for that urbanity wherein no man surpasses him, he throws off the constraint of logical analysis, and his speakers sit down by turns in the portico and deliver their dogmatical harangues, just as in some bad play, every personage tells you his whole history at full length, and of course all to his own advantage.

You must not interrupt them with a question for the world : you would be sure of putting them out.

But if the love of Plato be an unjustifiable cause of error, still more condemnable as such a cause is the hatred or contempt of any one, be he who he may. Could the father of lies speak truth, it would be our duty to believe him when he did so.

U.

There are some fine passages, I hear, in that book.

Are there ? Then beware of them. Fine passages are mostly *culs de sacs* ; for even in books one finds

“ Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.”

U.

Few books have more than one thought : the generality indeed have not quite so many.

The more talented authors of the former seem to think that, if they once get their candle lighted, it will burn on for ever. Yet even a candle gives a sorry melancholy light, unless it has a brother beside it, to shine on it and keep it in good cheer. For lights and thoughts are social and sportive; they delight in playing with and into each other: one can hardly imagine a duller state of existence than sitting at whist with three dummies: and yet it is not often that the most renowned philosophers have done any thing else.

v.

We all love to be in the right. Granted: we like well enough to have right on our side, but are not always over-anxious about being on the side of right. We like to be in the right, when we are in it; but we do not like it, when we are in the wrong. At least seldom have persons after childhood been very thankful to those who are kind enough to guide them from the wrong.

to the right. Seldom indeed has any one been able to repeat from his heart the magnanimous profession of Socrates in the *Gorgias*: "I am one of those who would gladly be confuted, if I should say any thing not true, and would gladly confute, if any say anything not true; but would no less gladly be confuted than confute: for I deem it a greater good: inasmuch as it is a greater good to be freed oneself from the greatest of evils, than to free another: and nothing, I conceive, is so great an evil, as a false opinion on matters of moral concernment."

But it is not surprising that abstract truth should commonly kick the beam, when weighed against any personal prejudice or predilection; since even in things of more immediate human interest, we are often beguiled by our egotism into desiring not that which is desirable in itself, but that which we have in some manner identified with our vanity and our credit. If a misfortune which a man has prognosticated,

befalls his friend, the monitor will often cry out to him almost exultingly : *Did not I tell you so? Another time you will take my advice...* as if forsooth any would be willing to take advice from so cold-hearted a counsellor. There are those too, I am afraid, who would rather see their neighbours suffer, than their own forebodings fail. Jonah is not the only prophet of evil, whom "it displeased exceedingly," and who was "very angry," because God "is a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil:" and the beautiful apologue of the gourd is still and, I fear, ever will be of very general application. What are our favorite pleasures, for the loss of which we are angriest, even unto death? but mostly such gourds, "for which we have not laboured, neither made them grow, which came up in a night, and perished in a night." On them we have pity, because they were a shadow over our heads, to deliver us

from our griefs, and because their withering exposes us to the sun and wind. Yet let a man once have turned his face against his brethren, and that not for the wickedness of their hands or of their hearts, but only for their holding some doctrine which he deems erroneous; and it is not unlikely that he will be reluctant to "spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixty thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle." v.

The last words of the foregoing quotation remind me that, in estimating the motives for and against any measure or measures, we rarely, if ever, look beyond the way in which men will be affected. Our lordly eyes cannot stoop to notice the happiness or misery of the animals beneath us; for none, except God, careth for more than a small particle of the creation. In reckoning up the horrors of war, we forget to

mention the sufferings of the cattle. I shall not easily forget a deserved rebuke I once received from William Schlegel. He had spoken of his having entered Leipsic on the day after the battle; and I asked him whether it was not a glorious moment, thoughtlessly, or rather thinking more of the mighty consequences, than of the scene itself. *Glorious!* he exclaimed: *how could any body think about glory, when crossing a plain covered over for miles with thousands of his brethren, dead and dying! And what to me was still more saddening, was the sight of the poor horses lying about so helplessly and patiently, uttering only deep heavy groans of agony, with none to assist them.* U.

A lawyer's brief will be brief, before a free-thinker thinks freely. U.

The most bigoted persons I have known have been in some things the most sceptical:

the most sceptical notoriously are often the greatest bigots. How account for this? except on the supposition that they are trees of the same kind, accidentally planted on opposite hillocks, and swayed habitually by the violence of opposite and partial gusts, which have checked their growth, twisted their tops, and pointed their stag-heads against each other with an aspect of hatred and defiance.

Young men are often told that the first of duties is to render oneself independent. But the phrase, unless it mean that the first of duties is to avoid hanging, is very unhappily chosen; saying what it ought not to say, and leaving unsaid what it ought to say. It is true that in a certain sense the first of duties is to become free: because freedom is the previous condition for the fulfilment of every other duty, the first principle of a rational soul. Until the umbilical chord is severed, the child can hardly be said to have a separate existence. So long as

the heart and mind continue in slavery, it is impossible for the man to offer up a voluntary and reasonable sacrifice of himself; and in slavery, since the fall, we are all born; from which slavery by some act of our own, half-conscious it may be, or almost unconscious, we must emancipate ourselves. By some act of our own, I say: for although we cannot lift ourselves out of the pit, we must take hold, or at least wish to take hold, of the hand that offers to lift us out of it. A person must have cast off the tyrannous yoke of the flesh and its frailties and its lusts, before he can become the faithful and diligent servant of his country and of his God. Thus we perceive that the true motive for our setting ourselves free, is, that we may exhibit that freedom in resigning it, by an act to be renewed every moment, ever retaining it, and ever resigning it; to the end that our service may be entire, that the service of the hands may likewise be the service of

the will : even as the apostle, being free from all men, made himself servant unto all. For according to the great Christian paradox, "who-soever will be great, let him be a minister, and who-soever will be chief, let him be a servant."

Nothing can be more directly opposed to the sublime humility of this precept, than the maxim which enjoins independence. Independence at best is a mere negation, a specious nonentity putting on the semblance of a form amid the indistinct hazy baseless words which have been driven over our language from foreign regions : whereas freedom is something positive and real. If our dictionaries, which however in such matters are very unsafe guides, may be relied upon, the word *independence* in its modern acceptation came into use soon after the Revolution : the earliest instance of it cited is from Pope, but is such as shews it to have already been a common expression. Nor is it ill suited to that age of superficial disjointed broken thought,

when the work of cutting off the present from the past began, and men first took it into their heads that all the evil in the world was the result, not of their own worthlessness and vices, but of what their ancestors had done and established. That such an unscriptural word should not occur in our Bible, is not surprising: for what is independence, when we resolve it into its parts, except a kind of synonym for irreligion. But neither, I believe, is it to be found in any writer of those days, when men were trained by the exercises of logic to think and speak more severely and more exactly. It probably came over to us from France; though the religious sect that chose to set forth in their name their rejection of all authority, may have facilitated its admission. Originally it perhaps belonged to the Latinity of the schoolmen: for the Romans never acknowledged either the word or the thing: and it may have been coined, like some other similar terms, for the sake

of expressing one of those negations out of which Philosophy usually makes up its God ; in which sense Segneri says : *l'indipendenza è un tesoro inalienabile di Dio solo*. In this way Independence may be used significantly : but when applied to man, it directly contradicts the first and supreme laws of our nature ; the very essence of which is universal dependence upon God, and universal inter-dependence on one another. With such a state freedom is not irreconcilable : indeed if our dependence is to be reasonable and voluntary, freedom, as I have already remarked, is necessary to it. Shakspeare in his *Measure for Measure*, (*Act. iv. sc. iii.*) has combined the two words ; the Provost there replies to the Duke, *I am your free dependent* ; where free signifies voluntary, willing. Now in a somewhat different sense we ought all to be free dependents. But nobody can be an independent dependent.

Moreover freedom is susceptible of degrees,

according to the capacity for freedom in the person by whom it is attained. There is one freedom in the peasant who is unable to read, and whose time is almost engrossed by bodily labour, but who humbly reveres the holy words declared to him on his one day of weekly rest ; and there is another freedom in the poet, or philosopher, or statesman, or sovran, who, with a full consciousness of the sacrifice he is making, well knowing what he is giving up and why, and feeling the strength of the reluctancies he has to combat and over-power, increased as it is by the increased opportunities for gratifying them, still in singleness of heart devotes all his faculties to the service of God in the various ministries of good will toward men. There is one freedom in the maiden who in her innocence knows not of sin, neither its allurements nor its perils, and whose life glides onward gently and transparently amid flowers and beneath shade ; and another freedom in the man whose stream must

flow through the haunts of his fellow-creatures, and must receive into it the pollution of cities, and will needs become muddy if it be turbulent, and can only preserve its purity by its majestic calmness and might. There was one freedom in Adam before his fall, and another in Paul after his conversion. And yet, though everywhere different, it is everywhere the same: although it admits of innumerable gradations, in every one it may be entire and perfect; and wherever it is entire and perfect, all lesser distinctions vanish. One star may indeed appear larger and brighter than another; but they are all permitted to nestle together in the impartial bosom of night; and keep journeying onward for ever, one mighty inseparable family: nay those which seem the smallest and feeblest, may perchance in reality be the largest and most glorious; only our accidental position deceives our judgement. But independence neither admits of degree nor of equality, neither of difference

not of sameness. Nothing ever was, or ever can be, or was ever conceived to be independent; except indeed the atoms of the corpuscular philosophy: and even this philosophy was convinced that out of nothing nothing can come, that a hubbub of independent entities can produce only a hubbub of independent entities: so after rarefying the contents of its logical airpump until it was impossible for any thing to subsist therein, it was forced to turn the cock and let in a little air for the sake of giving its atoms a partial impulse, and thus bringing them to coalesce and interdepend.

Nor let it be said that this is merely a fanciful quibble about words, and that independence and freedom mean the same thing in the end. They never did; they do not; they cannot. A minus and a plus quantity may be denoted by the same numeral; but so far are they from being the same, that they destroy one another. Freedom and Independence are no less incompat-

table. The one has the breath of life in it; the other is only the spectral ghost, never seen until Freedom is dead. The essence of the former is love; for it is love that delivers us from the bondage of self: its home is peace, from which indeed it often wanders far, but for which it always feels a homesick longing: whereas the essence of Independence is hatred and jealousy, its home never-ending warfare. It was not until the true idea of Freedom, as not only reconcilable with order and law and the obedience of the soul, but requiring them imperatively and indispensably, was fading away, that the new word Independence was set up in its room: and since that time the apostles of independence in political and social life, and of atheism, that kindred nonentity, in religion, have so bewildered both their hearers and themselves, it is become very difficult to revive the idea of true Freedom, or to make people understand that it is not necessary, in order to their

becoming free, for them to pull down the whole edifice of society, and scatter its stones around them in singleness and independence on the ground.

v.

Ἀυτάρκεια was a virtue among the Greeks : and yet it is self-sufficiency.

v.

Multa fiunt eadem sed aliter. I have alluded to the efficacy of manner in oratory ; and every attentive observer must have remarked its incalculable importance in all the occasions and circumstances of social life. Nay, even where the materials are the same, and where the order of their arrangement is also the same, much will still depend on the manner in which they are combined and massed together. An ice-house is not a nice house ; and a dot turns a million into one.

v.

The prophet who was slain by a lion, had a

better death than Bishop Hatto, who was eaten up by rats. Neither the crab that walks with its back foremost, nor the polypus, that fittest emblem of a democracy, rank so high among animals as to make us very ambitious of imitating them in the construction of the body politic. Indeed there seems to be an instinct among animals, to hang down their tails ; except when the peacock spreads his forth in the sunshine of a gala day, with its rows of eyes tier above tier, like the vista of a merry theatre. Unless Society can effect by education, what Lord Monboddø asserts man has done by willing it, and can get rid of her tail, it will be as well to let the educated classes preserve their natural station at the head.

v.

Philosophy cannot raise the commonalty up to her level : so, if she is to become popular, she must sink to theirs.

v.

It would be somewhat strange, unless absurdities and contradictions were of all things the commonest in the history of mankind, that the operation of mathematical science, proceeding as it does purely from the Reason, should both in England and France have been, by a kind of parricidal act, to destroy the empire of that power from which it emanates, and which alone can make it stable and certain, to abolish its authority, and, if not utterly to extinguish its name, to do worse by debasing it and communicating it to that empirical understanding which at best is only its prime minister and *Maire du Palais*. A man who fashions his conduct so as to fit all the corners and crannies of civilized life, and who moreover has the snow-ball's talent of gathering something at every step, is called a very reasonable man: while he who devotes himself to the service of some idea breathed into him by his Reason, and who in his zeal forgets to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, is by all esteemed most

unreasonable, and by many pitied as half-mad. Perhaps however such was the natural and for a time unavoidable consequence, when mathematics were enlisted among the retainers of Commerce, and when the abstractions of Geometry, being employed among the principles of mechanism, could be turned to account, and were therefore greedily grasped at for purposes of trade. Profitable Science cast unprofitable Science into the background: she was ashamed of her poor sister, and denied her. The multitude, the half-thinking half-taught multitude has always been idolatrous; it requires for its excitement some visible tangible effigy of that which cannot be seen or touched: thus the same perverseness which led men to worship the creature instead of the Creator, also led them to set up utility as the foundation of morality, and to substitute the occasional rules and variable maxims of the Understanding for the eternal laws and principles of the Reason.

Whatever is the object of our unceasing attention, will naturally be the chief object of our interest. Even the feelings of speculative men become speculative : they care about the notions of things, and their abstractions, and their relations, much more than about the realities. Thus an author's blood often turns to ink : words enter into him ; and nothing can obtain entrance except by the passport of a word : he cannot admire any thing, until he has had time to reflect and throw back its cold inanimate image ; blind to every shape but a shadow, deaf to every sound but an echo. Inverting the legitimate process, he considers things as the symbols of words, instead of words as the symbols of things.

v.

The mind is like a trunk : if well-packed, it holds almost every thing ; if ill-packed, next to nothing.

The balance of powers in the human constitution has been entirely subverted by the divorce between the body and mind, occasioned by the seductive influences of civilization. The existence of one class in society has been rendered wholly corporeal, that of the other almost wholly intellectual; but intellectual in the lowest meaning of the word, and so that the intellect has been degraded into a mere caterer for the needs and enjoyments of the body, instead of being itself its own enjoyment and its own end. Moreover the pernicious and enfeebling effects of bodily pleasure can only be counteracted by the invigorating tendencies of bodily labour; while bodily labour without bodily pleasure converts the body into a mere machine, and brutifies the soul.

U.

Literary debauchery is no less destructive of sympathy with the living world, than sensual debauchery. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted

and as heart-hardening as mere sense; and nothing but the union of the two is requisite, to produce an ideal of the demoniacal in our nature: unfortunately too there is no repugnancy between them. Witness Iago, Tiberius, and Borgia.

U. .

The body too has its rights; and it will have them: they cannot be trampled on without peril. The body ought to be the soul's best friend. Many good men however have neglected to make it such: so it has become a fiend and has plagued them.

U.

People have been sounding the alarm all over Europe against what they call *obscurantism* and *obscurantists*; thinking, I conceive, that whatever meddles with obscurity ought to have an obscure name. Their alarm is timely: indeed it would never be out of time: for the true *obscurantists* are the passions of men, the real *obscurantism* is bigotry. And liberals may be bigots; even

as protestants may hold an exclusive faith. They may even be worse than their adversaries, from thinking themselves better. v.

Hold thy peace ! says Wisdom to Folly. *Hold thy peace !* quoth Folly to Wisdom.

Fly ! says Light to Darkness ; and Darkness echoes back, *Fly !*

The latter chase has been going on since the beginning of the world, without an inch of ground gained on either side. I hope it has been otherwise in the contest between Wisdom and Folly. v.

Few minds are sunlike, sources of light in themselves and to others : many more are moons that shine with a borrowed radiance. One may easily distinguish the two : the former are always full ; the latter only now and then, when their suns are shining full upon them. v.

Many expressions once apt and emphatic have been so rubbed and worn away by usage, that they retain as little substance as the skeletons of wheels which have made a tour on the continent. They glide at length like smoke through a chimney, not even impinging against the roof of the mouth ; and after a month's repetition they leave nothing behind them more solid or more valuable than soot. Words gradually lose their character, and from being the tokens and exponents of thoughts, become mere air-propelling sounds. Boyle, we are told, never uttered the name of God, without bowing his head. Such practices are indeed all liable to dangerous abuse : a superstitious value is often attached to the outward act, even when it is separated from the inward and spiritual ; and we know that the eye has often ogled a lover, while the fingers have been telling Ave-Maries on a rosary. It may be too that, among the educated, listlessness of mind is rather encouraged

by any regular formal recurring movement of the body. Still there is a value in every thing that helps us to preserve the freshness and elasticity of our feelings, that enables the heart to leap up at the sight of the rainbow in manhood and old age, as it did in childhood. Even the evils of our much abused climate are thus in many respects blessings: they give a liveliness to our enjoyment of a fine morning in spring, a joy which cannot be felt between the tropics.

How then is our nature to be fitted for the joys of Paradise? How can we be happy incessantly, without ceasing to be happy? How is satisfaction to be disentangled from satiety? which now palls on the heart and intellect, almost as much as on the senses, so that wedded love is a thing people stare and wonder at. A strange and mighty transformation must be wrought within us. Our hearts must no longer be capricious: our imaginations must no

longer be vagrant : our wills must no longer be wilful.

v.

At the close of a hot summer the children in the streets look almost as pale and parched up as the grass in the fields ; and every object one sees may suggest profitable meditation on the incapacity of every thing earthly, be it human, animal, or vegetable, to support unmingled uninterrupted sunshine : a truth which the sands of Africa teach as demonstratively, as the polar ice teaches the converse.

v.

Nothing hides a blemish so completely as cloth of gold. Generally speaking, this is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses learn. Would equal pains were taken to convince them, that the having inherited a good cover for blemishes, does not entail on them any absolute necessity of providing blemishes to cover !

*Quærenda pecunia primum est; Virtus post
nummos.* But that post never comes in, at
least until the Greek Kalends. u.

Messieurs, Mesdames, voici la vérité. Per-
sonne n'écoute. Personne ne s'en soucit. Per-
sonne n'en veut. Peut-être on ne m'a pas en-
tendu. Essayons encore une fois. Messieurs,
Mesdames, voici la véritable vérité. Elle vient
exprès de l'autre monde, pour se montrer à
vous. On passe en avant. On s'enfuit. On
ne me regarde que pour se moquer de moi.
Malheureux que je suis, on me laissera mou-
rir de faim. Que faire donc? Il faut absolu-
ment changer de cri. Messieurs, Mesdames,
voici le vrai moyen pour gagner de l'argent.
Mondieu! Quelle foule! Je ne peux plus
J'étouffe.

C'est une histoire là qui est assez commune.

u.

One sees a number of people nowadays with bills upon them, *To be lett or sold*: They profess also to be furnished: but everybody knows what the furniture of a ready-furnished house is.

v.

The original principle of all lots is confidence in the immediate ever-present all-ruling providence of God, and in his interposition to direct man's judgement, whenever that judgement is at a fault. The same was the principle of trials by ordeal. But here, as in so many other cases, the practice long outlasted the principle that had prompted it: although the soul fled ages ago, the body still cumber the ground and poisons the air. Duels have taken the place of the ancient combats; and having lost the belief which in some measure justified the religious lotteries of our ancestors, we betook ourselves to mercenary lotteries in their stead. The motive was no longer

to obtain justice, but to obtain money; the principle, reliance, not in all-seeing all-regulating wisdom, but in blind all-confounding chance.

v.

We ask, what is the use of a thing? Our forefathers asked, what is a thing good for? They saw far beyond us. A thing may seem, and to a certain extent may be useful, without being good: it can never be good, without being useful. The two qualities indeed always coincide in the end: but the merit of a criterion is to be simple, plain, and as nearly certain as may be. Now that which sincerely seems good to any man in a sound and calm state of mind, always is so: that which seems useful, may often be mischievous; and, I believe, always will be mischievous, unless some reference to good be introduced into the solution of the problem: for no mind ever sailed steadily, without moral principle to ballast and

right it. Besides, when you have ascertained what is good, you are already at the goal; unto which utility will only lead you by a long and devious circuit, where at every step you risk losing your way. You may abuse, you cannot ungood. v.

It is much easier to think aright without doing right, than to do right without thinking aright. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds; but just deeds always beget just thoughts. For when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly any thing which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate concernment: but the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one. You cannot reason or talk an Augean stable into cleanliness. v.

The most melancholy thing about human na-

ture, is, that a man may guide others into the path of salvation, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

U.

One of the wonders of the world is the quantity of idle purposeless untruth, the lies which nobody believes, and which everybody tells, as it were from the pure love of lying; or as if the bright form and features of truth could not be duly brought out, except on a dark ground of falsehood.

U.

The greatest truths are the simplest: so likewise are the greatest men.

U.

Greece is a land of tombs: but every tomb is an altar.

U.

The exception proves the rule, says an old maxim, which has often been greatly abused.

As it is commonly brought forward, it mostly happens that the exception only proves the rule to be a bad one, to have been drawn negligently and presumptuously from scanty premises, and to have overreached itself. Naturally enough it is unable to keep hold of that on which it never laid hold. Else the exception may prove that the forms of the understanding are not sufficiently pliant and plastic to fit the exuberant multitudinous varieties of Nature; who shapes not her mountains by diagrams, nor marks out the channels of her rivers by measure and line. In a different sense however, the exception not only proves the rule, but makes the rule. The rule of human nature, the canonical idea of man, is not to be taken as an average from any given number of human beings: it must be formed from the choice and chosen few in whom that nature has come the nearest to what it ought to be. You take not the idea of a cup from

a broken one, nor that of a book from a foxed and dog's-eared volume, nor that of any kind of animal from one maimed or mutilated or distorted or diseased : in every species the specimen is the best which can be produced. So the idea of man is not to be taken from stunted souls, or blighted souls, or wry souls, or twisted souls, or sick souls, or withered souls, but from the healthiest and soundest, the most whole and wholesome, the straightest, the rightest, the highest, and the purest.

U.

Men ought to be manly ; women ought to be womanly or feminine : they may be masculine ; men cannot ; but only men can be effeminate. For masculineness and effeminacy imply the evident predominance in the one sex of that which is the proper virtue of the other. Not that these virtues are anywise inconsistent. The manliest heart has often all the

gentleness and tenderness of womanhood ; as the most feminine will manifest in time of need all the strength and calm bravery of manhood. But that which is in some measure alien, should be subordinate to that which is the natural inmate. The softness in the man ought to be latent, as the waters lay hid within the rock in Horeb, and should only emerge on some heavenly call : the courage in the woman should sleep, as the light sleepeth in the pearl. For the perception of fitness is a main element in the perception of pleasure : what is agreeable to nature, is agreeable ; what is disagreeable to nature, is disagreeable. And we shall find that our hearts, with all their waywardness, and in spite of all the tricks we play with them, still on the whole keep true to their original bent : women admire and love in men whatever is most manly, as men love and admire in women whatever is womanly and feminine. Wit-

ness, among numberless other proofs, the dislike and disgust with which everybody sees a pair of blue stockings. v.

Congruity is not beauty : but it is essential to beauty. In every well-regulated mind the perception of incongruity impedes and interrupts the perception of beauty. Hence the recent opening of the view upon Saint Martin's church has marred the beauty of the portico : the heavy steeple presses down on it and crushes it : the combination is no less monstrous and absurd than it would be to tack on the last act of Addison's *Cato* to the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles. v.

One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy. v.

If life were nothing more than life, perhaps

the aptest symbol of it would be a Janus, with a grinning Democritus in front, and a weeping Heraclitus behind.

U.

“It is singular (says Novalis) that the real ground of cruelty is lust.” The truth of his remark flashed across me this morning, as I was looking into a bookseller’s window, where I saw *Illustrations of the Passion of Love* standing between two volumes of a History of the French Revolution.

U.

Humour is perhaps a sense of the ridiculous softened and meliorated by a mixture of human feelings. For there certainly are things pathetically ridiculous; and we are hard-hearted enough to smile smiles on them, much nearer to sorrow than many tears.

Not a few Englishmen seem to travel abroad for the sole purpose of finding grievances. They

might just as well stay at home. *Colum, non
animus, mutant qui trans mare currunt.* U.

The most venomous animals are reptiles. The most spiteful among human beings rise no higher. Many a reviewer would do well to remember this: for he belongs to a class who are much too fond of thinking that their business is to be as gall-ing and as malicious as they can. U.

Some would make themselves a way through life, as Hannibal is said to have done across the Alps, by pouring vinegar on them. Or they take a hint from their housemaids, who brighten the fire-irons by rubbing them with something rough. U.

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly will any thing annoy you. U.

Home-made wits are like home-made wines, sweet, luscious, spiritless, without body, and ill to keep.

U.

A teacher is a kind of intellectual midwife. Many of them too discharge their office after the manner enjoined on the Hebrew midwives: if they have a son to bring into the world, they kill him; if a daughter, they let her live. Strength is checked, boldness is curbed, sharpness is blunted, nimbleness is clogged, highth is depressed, elasticity is trodden down, early bloom is nipped: feebleness gives little trouble, and excites no alarm; so it is let alone. How then does Genius ever contrive to escape and gain a footing on this earth of ours? The birth of Minerva may shew us the way: it springs forth in full armour: as the midwives said to Pharaoh, "it is lively, and is delivered ere the midwives come in."

U.

A literal translation is better than a loose one, just as a cast from a fine statue is better than an imitation of it: for copies, whether of words or things, must be valuable in proportion to their exactness. In idioms alone, as a friend remarked to me, the literal rendering cannot be correct.

It is almost peculiar to the Bible, that it loses little of its force or dignity or beauty, by translation into any language, wherever the translation is not erroneous. One version may indeed surpass another, inasmuch as its language may be more expressive and majestic: but in all, the Bible contains the sublimest thoughts clothed in the simplest and most fitting words. It was written for the whole world, not for any single nation or age.

One peculiarity about the translations, is, that the translators have been induced by their reverence for the original, to render it with the ut-

most faithfulness. They were far more studious of the matter, than of the manner; and there is no surer preservative against writing ill; or more potent charm for writing well. Perhaps if other translations had been undertaken on the same principle, they would not so often have dropt like a sheet of lead from the press. v.

What a blessed thing it is that our translation of the Bible was made before the reign of Queen Anne! v.

Classical poetry idealizes: modern poetry individualizes. v.

Philology ought to be only another name for Philosophy. The one usually mumbles the husk, the other paws the kernel. v.

Chaos is crude matter without the formative action of mind. Is not infinity then a Chaos? v.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate nothing but the changeableness of the weather. U.

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow. U.

We hurry through life, fearful, as it would seem, of looking back, lest we should be turned, like Lot's wife, into pillars of salt. And alas! if we did look back, very often we should see nothing but the blackened and smouldering ruins of our vices, the smoking Sodom and Gomorrah of the heart. U.

Γρήθη σκωρρόν, they say, descended from Heaven. It has taken a long journey then to very little purpose.

But surely people must know themselves. Nobody ever thinks about any thing else.

Yes, they think what they shall have, what they shall get, what they shall do, perchance

even what they shall be, but never or hardly
ever what they are. v.

On l'a bien nommé bonheur: ce n'est que
pour une heure qu'on en jouit. v.

In a controversy both parties will commonly
go a little too far. Would you have your adversary
give up his error? be beforehand with him, and
give up yours. He will resist your arguments,
much more sturdily than your example. Indeed
if he is generous, you may fear his overrunning
on the other side: for nothing provokes retaliation,
so much as concession. v.

We have all been amused by the fable of the
Sun and the Wind, and readily acknowledge
the truth it inculcates, at least in that particular
instance. But do we practise what it teaches?
we may daily: the true way of conquering our
neighbour is not by violence but by kindness.

O that people would set about striving to conquer one another in this way! then would a great conqueror be truly the most glorious and the most blessed, because the most beneficent of mankind.

U.

When you meet a countryman after dusk, he greets you and wishes you good night; and you thank him, and call him friend. It seems as though a feeling of cordiality would needs rise up in every heart, as the moment draws nigh when the whole human race are to be gathered together beneath the wings of sleep. Here also Twilight is "studious to remove from sight Day's mutable distinctions," as Wordsworth describes her in his beautiful sonnet.

V.

.. Flattery and detraction or evil-speaking are, as the phrase is, the Scylla and Charybdis of the tongue. Only they are placed side by side: and unluckily few tongues are content with falling

into one of them : such as have once got into the jaws of either, keep on running to and fro between them. They who are too fairspoken before you, are too likely to be foulspoken behind you.. If you would keep clear of one extreme then, keep clear of both : the rule is a very simple one : never find fault with anybody, except to himself ; never praise anybody, except to others.

U.

Personality is the bane of conversation. For experience seems to have ascertained, or at least use has determined, that all personalities are malicious. Evidently then it must be our duty to abstain from them.

But that is impossible. Mixed conversation cannot always settle into the discussion of abstract topics. Nothing is duller or drier. Besides it commonly happens that, in proportion as the topic of conversation becomes more abstract, the tone of it becomes harsher and less

friendly. And what are women to do? they whose thoughts always cling to what is personal, and seldom rise into the cold and vacant air of speculation, unless they have something more solid to twine round. You must admit that there would be very little entertainment or interest or liveliness in conversation, without something of anecdote and story.

Yes, willingly. But this is something very different from personality. Conversation may have every thing that is valuable in it, and every thing that is pleasurable, without any thing that comes under the head of personality. The house in which, far above all others I have ever been an inmate in, the life and the spirit and the joy and the delight of conversation have been the most intense and all but inexhaustible, is a house in which I hardly ever heard a single evil word uttered against any one. And for this very reason was the pleasure so pure and healthy and unmixed : while spiteful thoughts, although

they may irritate and gratify our sicker and more vicious tastes, always leave a very bitter relish behind them. Nay more, even in conversation whatever is most vivid and full of life and of light and of delight, is the produce of the Imagination; now and then, when the occasion seems to justify it, displaying more or less of her majestic energies; but usually, from feeling the incongruities and contradictoriness of human nature, putting on the comic mask of humour. Now the Imagination is always benevolent: all her appetites are for good; all her aspirations are upward; all her visions are fair and hopeful: it is so in poetry; it is not otherwise in real life: looking at men's actions in conjunction with their characters, she can always find out something to say for them; or if she cannot, she will turn away from so painful a spectacle. It is the Understanding which pries into motives without reference to characters, that rebukes and abuses and can see

nothing but what is bad ; and then, to keep it-
self in spirits, would fain be witty, and smart,
and would make others smart ; in other words,
it is the Understanding that deals in per-
sonalities. u.

Sense must be very good indeed, to be as good
as good nonsense. u.

What is one to believe of people ? one hears
so many opposite stories about them.

Exercise your digestive functions : assimilate
the nutritive ; get rid of the deleterious. Be-
lieve all the good you hear of your neighbour ;
and forget all the bad. u.

No present is acceptable to God, except the
presence of the godly. u.

Some persons are so afraid of breaking the
third commandment, that they never speak of

God at all; and to make assurance doubly sure, they never think of him.

Others seem to have a different reading; or they interpret according to the law of contrariety: for they never take God's name except in vain. v.

Few men say grace with good grace. v.

On ne se gêne pas dans cette vie: on ne se presse pas pour l'autre. v.

A sudden elevation in life, like ascending into a rarer atmosphere, swells us out and often perniciously. v.

When I hear or read the vulgar abuse so lavishly poured out, if ever a monk or a convent is mentioned, I call to mind what the Egyptian king said to the Israelites: "Ye are idle, ye are idle: therefore ye say, *Let us go and do*

sacrifice to the Lord." To those who know not God, all worship of God is idleness. u.

There are days on which the sun makes the clouds his chariot, and travels on curtained behind them. Weary of shining before a drowsy thankless world, he covers the glory of his face, but will not quite take away the blessing of his light; and now and then, as it were in pity, he withdraws the veil for a moment and looks forth, to assure the earth that her best friend is still watching over her in the heavens; like those occasional visitations by which the Lord, before the birth of the Saviour, assured mankind that he was still their God. u.

You might as well search out a vessel's path
Amid the gambols of the dancing waves,
Or track the lazy footsteps of a star
Across the blue abyss, as hope to trace
The motions of her spirit: easier task
To clench the bodiless ray, than to arrest
Her airy thoughts: flower after flower she sips,

And sucks their honied fragrance, nor bedims
 Their brightness, nor appears to spoil their stores :
 And all she lights on seems to grow more fair.

U.

Amo, or some word answering to it, is given in the grammars of most languages as an example of the verb ; perhaps because it expresses the most universal feeling, the feeling which is mixt up with and as it were the keynote of every other. The disciples of the selfish school indeed acknowledge it only in its reflex form : if one of them wrote a grammar, his instance would be :

Je m'aime. Nous nous aimons.

Tu t'aimes. Vous vous aimez.

Il s'aime. Ils s'aiment.

And yet the poor simple Greeks did not know that $\phi\iota\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\iota\nu$ would admit of a middle voice.

U.

The common phrase *to be in love* well ex-

presses the immersion of the soul in love, like that of the body in light. v.

Man cannot emancipate himself from the notion that the earth and every thing on it, and even the sun moon and stars, were made chiefly if not wholly for his sake. And yet if the earth be made to supply him with food, he is also made to till the earth. If he would win her favours, he must woo her by faithful and diligent service. There should be a perpetual reciprocation of kind offices. At all events the earth is likely to have the last word. . v.

Two streams circulate through the universe ; the stream of Life and the stream of Death. Each feeds and feeds upon the other : for they are perpetually crossing, like the serpents around the caduceus of Mercury ; wherewith

animas ille evocat orco

Pallentis ; alias sub Tartara tristia mittit.

They began almost together ; and they will

terminate together in the same unfathomable ocean.

v.

The consummation of heathen virtue was expressed in the wish of the Roman, that his house were of glass ; so might all men behold every action of his life. The perfection of christian goodness is defined by the simple command, which at the same time is the most arduous ever laid upon man, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth. For the eye which overlooks the Christian, is the eye which seeth in secret, and which cannot be deceived, the eye which needs not glass as a medium of sight, and which pierces into what no glass can reveal.

v.

Of all drams the most noxious is praise. Be sparing of it, ye parents, as ye would be of the deadliest drug ; withhold your children from it, as ye withhold them from the gates of sin.

Whatever you enjoin, enjoin it as a duty, enjoin it because it is right, enjoin it because it is the will of God ; and always without reference of any sort to what man may say or think of it. Reference to the opinion of the world, and deference to the opinion of the world, and conference with it, and inference from it, and preference of it above all things, above every principle and rule and law, human or divine ; all this will come soon enough, without your interference : more readily will you stop the east wind, or check the progress of the blight which it bears along with it. Ask your own conscience, reader, probe your heart, walk through its labyrinthine chambers, and trace the evil which you feel within you to its source : of the diseases which prey upon your moral being, do you not owe the first seeds of half, and more than half, to your having drunk too deeply of this delicious poison ? At first indeed it may seem harmless : the desire of praise appears to

be little else than the desire of approbation; and by what loadstar is a child to be guided, unless by the approving judgement of its parent? But although their languages are so similar that on the confines they are scarcely distinguishable, you have only to advance a step or two, and you will find that you are in a foreign country; almost singular in your good fortune if you discover it to be an enemy's, before it is too late to escape from it. Approbation speaks with reference to the thing or action: *that is right; what you have done is right.* Praise is always personal: it begins indeed gently with the particular instance, *you have done right;* but soon fixes on permanent attributes, and passes from *you are right,* through *you are a good child, you are a nice child, you are a sweet child,* to what is cruellest of all, *you are a clever child.* For God in his mercy has hitherto preserved goodness from being much flyblown and desecrated by admiration: people who wish to be

stared at, seldom try hard to be esteemed good ! vanity takes a shorter and far more congenial method ; and the fruit of the tree of knowledge is still in a secondary way, one of the baits which catch the greatest number of souls. When a poor child has once eaten of that fruit, and been told that it is worthy to eat thereof, it longs for a second bite ; not however so much from any strong relish for the fruit itself, as from the hope to renew the pleasing titillations by which the first mouthful had been followed : the longing soon becomes a craving, the craving a gnawing ravenousness : nothing is palatable, save what pampers it ; but there is nothing out of which it cannot extract some kind of nourishment. And woe is me ! it is on this appetite that we rely, on this almost alone, for success, in our modern systems of education. We excite, stimulate, irritate, drug, dram the pupil, and then leave him to do his best, heedless how soon he may

break down, so he does but start at a gallop. Nothing can induce a human being to exert itself, except vanity or jealousy: such is our axiom; and our deductions are worthy of it. Emulation, emulation, is the order of the day: and only look at its marvellous effects; it has even turned the hue of the Ethiop's skin; it has set all the blacking-mongers in England emulating each other in white-washing every wall throughout the country. Emulation, it is declared, is the only principle we can trust to: for principle it is called, although it implies the rejection and denial of all principle, of its efficacy at least, if not of its existence, and is a base compromise between principle and opinion, in which the things of eternity are made to bow down before the wayward notions and passions of the day. Nay worse, this principle, or no principle, is adopted as the main spring and motive in a scheme of national and even of religious education, by the professing disciples

of the master who pronounced, if any man desire to be first, the same shall be last, and whose apostle has numbered emulation among the works of the flesh, together with adultery, idolatry, hatred, strife, and murder. We may vociferate as we will about the unchristian practices of the Jesuits: the Jesuits knew far too much of Christianity ever to commit such an outrage against its spirit, as to make children pass through the furnace of the new Moloch, Emulation.

But let me turn from these boisterous and vulgar paradoxes, to look at Wisdom in all her quiet gentleness, as in Wordsworth's sweet language she describes the growth of her favorite ;

“ A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.”

The air of these simple words, after the hot close atmosphere I have been breathing, is as soft and refreshing as the touch of a rose-leaf to a feverish cheek. The truth however so ex-

and it recoils equally from the thought of polluting what is invisible by its gaze, and of profaning what is unutterable by its prattle. Its origin is a mystery ; its essence is a mystery : every pulsation of its being is mysterious : and it is aware that it cannot break the shell and penetrate the mystery, without destroying both itself and its object. For the cloud which is so beautiful in the distance when the sunbeams are sleeping on its pillow, if you go too near and enter it is only dank and dun ; you find nothing, you learn nothing, except that you have been tricked. Often have we been told that love palls after fruition ; and this is the reason : when it has plucked off its feathers for the sake of staring at them, it can never sew them on again : where it is swinish, it is in a double sense guilty of suicide. Its dwelling is like that of the Indian God on the lotus, upon the bosom of Beauty, rising out from the playful waters of feelings which cannot be fixed ; and it

is it with affection: the less there is, the more speedily it sounds and smokes, and evaporates, talking itself at once out of breath and into it. Nay, when parents are much in the habit of showering praises on their children, it is mostly for the sake of the pleasing vapour which rises upon themselves. For the whirlpool of vanity sucks in whatever comes near it: the vain are vain of every thing that belongs to them, of their houses, their clothes, their eye-glasses, the white of their nails, and alas! even of their children.

Equally groundless would be the notion that children need to be thus made much of, in order to love their parents. Such treatment rather weakens and shakes affection. For there is an instinct of modesty in the human soul, that instinct which manifests itself so beautifully by enabling us to blush; and until this instinct has been made callous by the rub of life, it cannot help looking distrustfully at praise.

The very pleasure occasioned by praise is of a kind which implies it to be something unexpected and forbidden, and not more than half deserved. Besides, as I have already said, the habit of feeding on it breeds such an insatiable hunger after it, that even a parent may in time grow to be valued chiefly as he ministers to the gratification of this appetite. Affection, to be pure and durable, must be altogether objective : it may indeed be nursed by the memory of benefits received ; but it has nothing to do with hope, except the hope of intercourse and communion, of interchanging kind looks and words, and of performing kind deeds. Whatever is besides this, is not love, but lust, it matters not of what appetite, nor whether it be of the body or of the mind.

. . . u.

What a type of a happy family is the family of the sun ! with what order, with what harmony, with what blessed peace, do his children

the planets move around him, shining with the light which they drink in from their parent's face, at once upon him and on one another ! v.

How great is the interval between gambolling and gambling ! One belongs to children ; the other to grown up people. If an angel were looking on, which would he think the more rational ? v.

O that old age were truly second childhood ! It is seldom more like it than the berry is to the rose-bud. v.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman : the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man : the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God. v.

It is a scandal that the name of Love should be given by way of eminence to that form of it which is seldome found pure, and which very often has not a single particle of love in it.

U.

What is meant by universal philanthropy? Love requires for its object something real, positive, and distinct; as is proved by all mythology, where the attributes of the Deity are impersonated to satisfy the cravings of the imagination and of the heart: for the abstract God of philosophy can never excite anything like love. I can love this individual, or that individual; I can love a man in all the might of his strength and of his weakness, in all the blooming fulness of his heart, and all the radiant glory of his intellect; I can love every particular blossom of feeling, every single ray of thought: but the mere abstract, bodiless

heartless, soulless notion, the logical entity, Man, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing," affords no home for my affections to abide in, no substance for them to cling to.

But although reality and personality are essential to him whom we can regard with affection, bodily presence is by no means necessary to the perception of reality and personality. Vain and fallacious have been the quibbles of those sophists, who have contended that no action can take place, unless the agent be immediately, that is, as they understand it, corporeally present. Homer and Shakspeare have not ceased to act, and will not so long as the world endures. Nor does this action at all depend on the presence of their works before us: they cannot put forth all the energies of their genius, until they have purged themselves from this earthly dross, and become spiritual presences in the spirit. For nothing can act

but spirit : matter is unable to effect anything, save by the force it derives from something spiritual. The golden chains by which Anaxagoras fabled that the sun was made fast in the heavens, are only a type of that power of attraction, or, to speak at once more poetically and more philosophically, of that power of golden love, which is the life and the harmony of the universe.

True love is not starved, but will often be rather fed and fostered, by the absence of its object. In Landor's majestic language, "Absence is not of matter : the body does not make it : absence quickens our love and elevates our affections : absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty." (*Imag. Cass.* vol. 1. p. 480.) Love too at sight, the possibility of which has been disputed, by men of drowsy hearts and torpid imaginations, can arise only from the meeting of those spirits

which, before they meet, have beheld each other in inward vision, and are yearning to have that vision realized.

U.

Life has two ecstatic moments, one when the spirit catches sight of Truth, the other when it recognizes a kindred spirit. People are for ever groping and prying around Truth ; but the vision is seldom vouchsafed to them : we are daily handling and talking to our fellow-creatures ; but rarely do we behold the revelation of a soul in all its naked purity and fervid might. Perhaps also these two moments generally coincide. In some churches of old, on Christmas eve, two small lights typifying the divine and the human nature were seen to approach one another gradually, until they met and blended, and a bright flame was kindled. So likewise it is when the two portions of our spiritual nature meet and blend, that the brightest flame is

kindled within us : when our feelings are the most vivid, our perceptions are the most piercing ; and when we see the furthest, we also feel the most. Perhaps it is only in the land of Truth, that spirits can discern each other, as it is when they are helping each other on, that they may best hope to arrive there. u.

The loss of a friend often afflicts us less by the momentary shock, than when it is brought back to our minds some time afterward by the sight of some object associated with him in the memory, of something which reminds us that we have laughed together or shed tears together, that our hearts have trembled beneath the same breeze of gladness, or that we have bowed our heads under the same stroke of sorrow. So may one behold the sun sink quietly below the horizon, without leaving anything to betoken that he is gone ; while the sky seems to stand

unconscious of its loss, unless its chill blueness in the East be interpreted into an expression of dismay. But anon rose-tinted clouds, call them rather streaks of rosy light, come forward in the West, as it were to announce the tidings of a joyous resurrection. v.

Nothing is further than Earth from Heaven :
nothing is nearer than Heaven to Earth. v.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

P. 107. l. 6. read, and *are* important.
P. 223. l. 12. read, than that lying . . .

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

LONDON

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

GUESSES AT TRUTH

BY

TWO BROTHERS.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

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1827.

Hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us: but the things that are in heaven who hath searched out?

Wisdom of Solomon, ix. 16.

Ὡραξ δὲ τὸ μαντῆιδεν ἔστι τὸ ἐν Δελφοῖς ὅτε λέγει ὅτε κρύπτεται ἀλλὰ σημαίνει.

Heraclitus ap. Plutarch. de Pyth. orac. p. 404.

Vasta ut plurimum solent esse quæ inania: solida contrahuntur maxime, et in parvo sita sunt.

Bacon. Inst. Magn. Præf.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

It may seem inconsistent with some foregoing observations, to quarrel with a jest; nor would I, so long as it pretends not to be something else. But wit will not keep; jokes to be good ought to be fresh; the airy particles which give them flavour, evaporate as they pass from mouth to mouth, and they grow so stale and vapid and mawkish that every man of taste nauseates them. Hence, to continue current, they must have a nominal as well as a real value: they must appear at least to be more than mere jests; they must represent some

truth, or mimic it. In this manner what was originally perhaps thrown off in harmless gaiety, being repeated as a proverb and retailed as a maxim, may become mischievous ; inasmuch as Wit, which delights in heightening and deepening all contrasts, is nearly allied to that sophistry which thrives by perplexing and confounding all relations : and after a saying has thus been abused, one is loth to sully one's lips with it. Of such a kind is that vulgarest of street-walking vulgarisms, that smart, pert, tawdry, trickish cheat : *Why should I do anything for Posterity ? Posterity has done nothing for me.*

The sophistry here is so shallow, one should be unwilling to expose it, did not continual experience teach us that the shallows cause many more wrecks than the depths. People may grumble about dark and deep mysteries ; it is not among them that men make shipwreck of their souls ; it is on some jagged rock or flat sandbank near the shore. The saying I have

cited, begins with utterly perverting the ideas of duty and moral obligation. Several words expressive of these ideas have been derived from words expressive of debt : *duty* itself for instance is that which is *due* ; and I *ought*, as every one knows, is only the preterite of I owe ; although according to the usual practice, where a word has at once two forms and a double signification, of dividing the property between them, *ought* is now used exclusively in the moral sense ; and that even as a present, since the affinity of sound connected the old present *owe* more closely with the other preterite *owed* : so important did the distinction of meaning appear, that grammar was violated to preserve it. All this is convenient enough, so long as the original notion is allowed to lie in the back-ground, not thrust obtrusively forward and unseasonably substituted for the derivative. But it cannot supplant, without overthrowing it. To assert that a duty nowise differs from a debt in the commercial sense of

the word, that what I ought I owe, just like a guinea which I have borrowed, and that unless I have incurred such a debt, unless I have actually borrowed the guinea, I am under no moral obligation ; an assertion of this kind is no less irrational than to insist that the water when it springs out of the earth, filtered and purified and impregnated by the substances through which it has passed, is still nothing but snow and rain, because once perchance it may have been so. In one way of regarding it indeed, the primitive meaning is a very just one : whatever I ought to do, I *owe* : I owe it to the God who made me and gave me the power of doing it. I owe it, as a tree owes or ought to bring forth fruit after its kind, in obedience to the law of my nature, and in discharge of my debt for whatever gifts I may have received. Here too our language has most philosophically hit the truth : whatever I owe or own or possess, I owe ; whatever is my own, is owed : *own* also is only

another form of the participle *owed*, from which, as from *ought*, a new present has arisen. Therefore to say I owe no duty to such a man, because I have received nothing from him, is rank nonsense and perverse confusion. I owe him, whatever I can do for him ; and I owe it, because I can do it : that is of course, when it interferes not with other obligations ; but the secondary question need not be considered here.

Now this may be called an idle piece of work about what all the world knows. Would that it were ! But that proverb is too often quoted, alas ! not irrelevantly ; and when one casts one's eyes around, it would almost seem as if everybody were acting upon it. At least one very remarkable characteristic of our age, is the absolute want of any care for posterity. We have well nigh forfeited all claim to that noble description of man, as looking before and after. Short-sighted people, it has been observed, increase daily : short-thoughted people have multiplied

far more rapidly. Providence has been contracted into prudence: so, having squeezed up the name, we think ourselves bound at least proportionably to contract the span and scope of the faculty. Indeed if there be any Gospel precept to the accomplishment of which we have recently made any considerable approach, it must be that of taking no thought for tomorrow: only I am afraid one should have to read *after tomorrow*; the truth being that we think so much about the morrow, we can find no thought to spare for the day beyond it, or even for the day behind it. Look at the buildings of the men in ancient times, their temples and their amphitheatres, their minsters and their castles: were they not also, like their writings, κτήματα ἐς αὔριον; while our houses are already many of them biennials; and if we mind well what we are about, we may at last contrive to make them ephemeral. We are become the purveyors and jackals of Destruction, bargain-

ing however that we shall have our share in the booty: whereas our ancestors wrought in a magnanimous spirit of rivalry with Nature; or in kindly fellowship with her at other times, as when they planted, choosing out her trees of longest life, the oak, the chesnut, the yew, the elm, trees which it does us good to behold, while we muse on the many generations of our forefathers whose eyes have reposed within the same leafy bays. Amongst them are trees by gazing on which Milton or Shakspeare may have enriched his imagination with visions of beauty, trees under the shade of which Philip Sidney or the Black Prince may have slumbered, trees which may have witnessed the wars between the Norman, the Saxon, and the Dane. Now oaks, thank God, cannot be made to grow faster: it would take from the countryman his most capacious measure of Time, who creeps over them so softly that his progress is scarcely discernible, except by some new beauty ever

springing up beneath his gentle beneficent tread. What we can do however to be beforehand with Death, we do: we plant the trees of quickest growth, and such as promise the speediest return, trees which we may ourselves hope to cut down and to put the money into our own pockets; thus degrading that most liberal and farsighted and least selfish employment, in which we most intimately consult and commune with Nature, and subordinate our wayward wilfulness to her unerring will, into a vulgar and mercenary trade. The commonest trees in our modern plantations are the horse-chesnut, the Scotch elm, the sycamore, firs of various kinds, above all the larch, that apt type of the age, brittle, thin, perking, premature, outgrowing, upstart, monotonous, with no massiness of limb, no variety of outline, no prominences and recesses for the lights and shadows to play in. It has little beauty save of the lowest kind, mere symmetry, the beauty which most captivates all

such imaginations as have not strength enough to combine and harmonize a greater diversity of elements : if any other trees come near it, even this vanishes, and it becomes dry and rugged, and careless about all other things, if it can but lift its head above its neighbours : when you have seen one larch, you have seen all ; for every deviation is a deformity ; nay, when you have seen a single side of one : for however you may change your point of view, it still presents the same insubstantial self-satisfied appearance, as if Nature for once had meant to shew that she could have kept pace with man even in poverty of invention. Then we have our companies and associations, in which brocade is only the first step toward breakage, and which fall to pieces, so to say, long before they are put together. Who can tell how many of them existed yesterday ? or how many will exist tomorrow ? you might as easily count the swallows on their passage, or the worms that crawl out after a

shower. There is no petty corporation, which will not outlive them all : it was established in an age when men knew rather better how to fix the holdfasts of society. Our ancestors legislated : we write treatises on legislation. Without knowing how, they made laws which have lived for centuries, and promise to live for centuries to come ; we know how, at least we do not doubt it ; and yet one seldom expects that any law enacted during the last session will escape without either revision or repeal the next ; beyond which, it would be invidious to ask how many members of our legislature have projected their minds. If the law of the Medes and Persians was justly characterized as that which altereth not, the law of England in our times may no less justly be characterized as that which altereth. Consider too the governments now in being throughout Europe : are not the oldest the most likely to endure ? and of the new ones, those where, as in Wirtemberg, innovation has had the

wisdom to content itself with being renovation ? As for our literature, a large portion of it has taken the name of journal, and nine-tenths of the rest might without the slightest impropriety. Few authors expect to outlive the season, any more than partridges ; many meet their end on the first day ; hardly two or three in a large covey see a second winter, hardly one a third. It matters not to them : the reputation of the day is so clamorous and deafening, they cannot listen amidst it to catch the distant voice of Fame. In short we seem to have made up our minds that we will leave no *souvenir* to Posterity, except our debts. Posterity will be even with us, and will reward us as we deserve ; by forgetting that such a selfish, voracious, trivial, inch-eyed, minute-minded generation ever trod the earth. Nor will the earth remind them of us : those monuments which she displays with the fondest pride as memorials of what her children have done, are the monuments of those

whom she has long since taken into her bosom ; and she does not seem likely to find any new favorites soon.

This indictment may be deemed overdrawn by those who make their boast of their age, as of their cravat ; I only ask whether the several counts are not true. But to turn to the sophistical proverb, let me take it by the horns. You, whoever you are that make use of it, assert that you owe nothing to Posterity, because, as you assert, Posterity has done nothing for you. You are ignorant then of your greatest earthly benefactor. Posterity has cast her shadow before, and you are at this moment reposing underneath it. Whatever good, whatever pleasure, whatever comfort you possess, you owe mainly to Posterity. The heroic deeds that were done by the men of former times, the great works that were wrought, the great fabrics that were raised by them, their mounds and embankments against the powers of evil, their

drains to carry off mischief, the wide plains they redeemed from the overflowings of barbarism, the countless fields they inclosed and husbanded for good to grow and thrive in : for whom was all this achieved, but for Posterity ? Except for Posterity, it never would have been achieved : except for Posterity, except for the vital magnetic consciousness that while men perish man survives, the only principle of prudent conduct must have been, *let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die*. We toil, because we die not, because we live to reap the harvest of our toil, if not in ourselves, yet in Posterity. All this, I say, was done for Posterity : not for you, or for me, or for your next neighbour, or for any single generation, but for Posterity, that dim, majestic, multitudinous idea, with the broad earth for its throne, and illimitable time for the period of its dominion, with the sweet light of Glory ever radiating from its face, and the sweet

voice of Fame ever gushing from its choral lips. To this idea they brought their most precious offerings, and laid them at its feet : this invisible light cheered them, when they would otherwise have desponded amid the gloom ; this inaudible voice often comforted and heartened them, when they were on the eve of abandoning their task. That same light will cheer you too, if you but look curiously for it ; that same voice will comfort you, if you hearken for it diligently ; and you will then incur a far goodlier and prouder obligation to Posterity, an obligation you will rejoice to acknowledge. But even as you are now, inhabiting a civilized land, eating the bread and drinking the wine of social life, your obligations to Posterity are inestimable ; you are warmed by its reflected light ; and unless you go forth into the woods, and strip yourself, body and heart and mind, of all you have and feel and know, and turn a homeless, heartless, reck-

less, thoughtless, godless savage, Posterity will still have done far more for you than the service of your whole life can repay.

I know not how to close these observations more fitly, than by reminding the reader of the last words written by Lady Jane Grey on the table-book which she gave to the constable of the Tower, when about to lead her to the scaffold. They may serve to put him in mind of the greatest among all the great blessings which he owes to Posterity, the most precious of all his heir-looms, the virtues of his ancestors. That meek and heroic lady thus expressed what had upheld her, and what has in like manner upheld many others: *If my fault deserves punishment, my youth at least and my imprudence are worthy of excuse; and God and Posterity will shew me favour.*

U.

Sic vos non vobis, said the old poet somewhat querulously; and many since have echoed his

complaint. For it is not the privilege of bees and birds and sheep and oxen only : it is the common lot of mankind ; and the greatest men have the greatest share in it. But is it indeed so grievous ? Ask a mother. u.

One saves oneself much pain, by taking pains ; much trouble, by taking trouble. u.

The indolent are seldom the strong, either bodily or mentally. It is the man with only one talent, who wraps it up in a napkin and buries it ; while they who have more, make increase in proportion to what they have received. Indeed few men have ever hoarded money, who have not some time or other felt the want of it. u.

Let not your field or your mind lie fallow too long : they will produce a large crop of weeds ; and weeds are much readier to take

root than to leave it. The most profitable husbandry, that which best works the land without exhausting it, is by a change of crops. Longhi, the great engraver of Raphael's lovely *Marriage of the Virgin*, told me that he made it a rule always to have two prints in hand, and that turning from one to the other was the only relaxation he needed. For relaxation means loosening, not untying; and when you have loosened your faculties, you may soon tighten them again: but if you let them lie on the ground, they get entangled and knotted, until it is often no easy task to bring them into order.

v.

When you pluck up a weed, take it up by the root: when you pluck out a vice, shew no mercy; extirpate it. If you only tear off the head of the weed, for the sake of making your garden look neat, ere long it will come up again, with

a new head sprouting from every fragment of the root. Can there be a more complete illustration of the parable in which the unclean spirit after going out of the man, takes with him seven other spirits worse than himself, and returns into his house from whence he came out? The weed even finds the place empty, swept, and garnished: but worse than vain is all labour of which the sole aim is a decorous outward seemliness; and the last state of that garden is worse than the first. A relapse is still more dangerous in a spiritual disease than in a bodily.

U.

What is the great blessing of a very forward state of civilization? That there are no highwaymen; and ... and ... and plenty of pick-pockets.

Perhaps this may hold in other senses besides the literal.

.¶.

In former times people were put into the stocks ; and, as we learn from Shakspeare, there was at least one honest man amongst them. Now-a-days people put into the stocks ; and . . . but Mercury in more than one of his capacities forbids my divulging the secrets of his wards. u.

Men who feed on nothing but meat, contract a gross habit of body. Men who think of nothing but money, contract a gross habit of mind : or usurers have been scandalously belied.

u.

The wealthy Jews scarcely intermarry but among themselves. Would that this were true morally and spiritually, as well as physically !

u.

The division of labour is the application of *Divide et Impera* to matter ; and in this sense alone ought that maxim ever to have been ut-

tered. In its common acceptation it is grossly and mischievously false. The first principle of politic wisdom is the exact reverse : *unite and rule* : let that which was scattered be gathered together, and let order be the cement of union. Assimilation is the great mean of organic growth, not only in particular bodies, but in states : and except as facilitating or preparatory to combination, division is altogether inefficient and good for nothing. You cut up your ox into joints, in order that you may the more easily dress them : you cut up your sirloin into morsels, in order that you may swallow and digest them : in both instances the latter is the important process, and without it the former is of no use. Yet politicians have seldom learnt this : they usually stop short in the slaughter-house : they hack and hew and chop, and then they carve and mince ; and then, when the pieces are at their smallest, they look out for another body to serve after the same fashion ; marvelling all the while

why their strength does not increase prodigiously.

And even with reference to matter, one must beware of carrying the principle too far : even here it ought to be secondary rather than primary. As secondary, it will procure for us everything that appertains to man's legitimate sway over the world he is placed in : if this leaves us discontented, and we aim at establishing a despotism, we may set it up as primary ; and we shall then fall under that curse from which, through the blessing of God, no despot has ever been exempt, of becoming our slave's slave. Unless the mist which the thought calls up into my eyes deceive me, there are symptoms of such a destiny to be detected in England at this day : I refer not to the events of the last twelvemonth : that were to confound the disease with the pain which warns us of it, and which, if we heed it, may lead us to seek for a remedy before it is too late. v.

Everybody has laughed at the old woman killing her goose that lay the golden eggs. All our master-manufacturers have laughed at it : all our political economists have laughed at it : England herself, had she a mouth to laugh with, would distend that mouth into a grin at it. For they tell you, laughter makes people forget themselves.

v.

It is rather droll that the unquenchable laugh of the Homeric Gods should be at their brother who has turned himself into a mechanic. The gods of this generation would deem him the only sensible person amongst them all : in him alone can they find nothing to laugh, or, as their way rather is, to sneer at. No matter that he fell from Heaven : Heaven must be a very idle useless place, if no manufactories are to be found there. No matter that he limps : what is the use of walking straight, or having two legs of the same length? Man's busi-

ness is to sit and work, not to walk about like an automaton that has nothing better to do.

Homer however has made him some amends, by giving him a Grace for his wife ; thus intimating that even the mechanical arts, of which beauty is not the animating principle, as it is in the cycle that Apollo presides over, ought still to be wedded to beauty.

Oh ! there's not much sense in that. Beauty is of no use. But you know, Homer was a poor blind heathen.

v.

There has been much controversy about the true reading of the Good Friday cry. The sticklers for accuracy and meaning in little things, insist at their peril that it ought to be : *One a penny, two for twopence, hot cross-buns !* On the other hand the pure lovers of antiquity, who love a thing all the better for its being somewhat unreasonable, turn with disdain from anything so punily arithmetical, and uphold the

authority of all the oldest women in favour of *One a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns!* : Mr. Bentham has decided the dispute: for he, I am credibly informed, is in the practice of walking about crying, *One a penny, two a penny, constitutions!*

U.

Whatsoever you do, do thoroughly: never divide your forces, as poor silly Argus did, and lock one half of them up in sleep, while the other half are to watch at their post: let the whole man be seen in every action of your life: do it with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind. And tell me not that I am profaning sacred words. If you were duly conscious of God's omnipresence, you would not make so frivolous an objection.

But are we then to do evil with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind? It is impossible. Were there no half-doers, there would be no evil-doers. It is the want of

unity in our nature, that causes the want of integrity in our conduct. The father of evil has outwitted us: he was crafty enough to anticipate the arch maxim of our statecraft: he divided us, and thereby made us his slaves. u.

Scarcely anybody has a whole heart. A few may have some three-quarters of one; a good many, half; still more, about a quarter; the chief part of the world, a little bit of one. No human being, I trust, has ever yet lived without any heart; for his senses without feelings leave man the nethermost of animals; although in some it may have been like the figs one sees on a tree late in autumn, a starveling, with a kind of promise that it will come to something; but the winter intervenes and nips it.

By heart, I mean the complex of all such feelings as look outward, whatever may be their object, whether spiritual or sensuous, whether inanimate or animate; and I believe I only go along

with common usage, in extending self-love from the heart. For self-love is not a part of it, but its disease, preying upon it, and ossifying it as far as it reaches over it: and nothing but self-love is the cause why our hearts are only fragments and little more than splinters and shivers of what they ought to be: it is that, instead of loving ourselves in others, in God and his world and our brother men, we love ourselves in distinction and separation from them, and therefore in opposition to them; that, instead of finding our chief happiness in the utmost expansion of our feelings, we shut them up within our own breasts, where they waste and crumble and moulder and rot. u.

There is only one thing which people cannot endure to hear.

Falsehood?—O no! there is not much harm in that.

Plattery?—The sweetest thing in the world; only pray don't over-sugar it.

Nonsense?—How could one get through one's time without it?

Reason?—I have nothing to say for it. u.

An honoured friend is fond of asking, *Don't you know the pleasure of finding one thing, when you are looking for another?* And verily few pleasures are sprightlier and more enlivening. It is satisfactory to meet with what you are seeking; but still sweeter is the surprise of lighting on something unsought, that appears as it were to answer a lurking yet indistinct unuttered wish, and to gratify it ere it excites it. Is it not just the same, when you have been awaiting somebody, and another friend comes up to you instead? you shake hands with him more heartily than you would otherwise; and your spirits seem on tiptoe to welcome him. Nor are intellectual searches less privileged.

When you let your faculties go a wool-gathering indeed, they bring back nothing besides wool: But if you set to work in right earnest, and diligently trace some dark question among the mazes of ancient learning, though you may still perhaps miss it, you will find abundant diversion and entertainment, and many things, it is likely, more profitable and instructive than what you had fixed your heart on. And still more certainly, should we embark in a vessel of speculation, duly rigged and trimmed, and fitted out with all needful implements of knowledge, and thus voyage into the yet undiscovered hemisphere of thought, although we may not fall in with the gold mines or reach the Eldorado we dream of, we shall yet gain things of higher worth and of more diffusive utility, even as Raleigh did when he brought home the potato. For while in active life the result very seldom comes up to our expectations, in speculative life it almost always surpasses them.

It has often been asserted that to give is more delightful than to receive. I doubt it. Do you feel more pleasure in giving your dog a bone, or in his coming and licking your hand? Is not her child's smile the mother's ample and most precious reward? Much of the pleasure in the mere act of giving, consists in the anticipation of the return; while every gift we receive is a token of love, the one thing for which the heart hungers insatiably; of man's love, if it be the gift of man; of God's love, if it be the gift of God.

Surely the poet feels a far loftier and purer rapture at those thoughts which his genius breathes into him, than at anything his conscious understanding under order of his will can manufacture.

No! said a man of understanding: it is impossible for you to derive pleasure from anything except the consciousness of your own deserts, from being quite sure that what you have done is your own doing.

Very well: then pray dismount and walk through that ditch, while my horse carries me over it. I shall not grudge you the satisfaction of having waded across the mire, even though you should enhance it and make the feat still more your own, by taking off your shoes and stockings, lest they should share in your merit. For my own part I always feel steadier and more comfortable when I am leaning on something stronger and mightier than myself. v.

I call that operation miraculous, wherein the moral predominates over the physical more perceptibly than we are wont to find it. That all the laws of nature are intellectual and spiritual, that the phenomena of the universe are only the outward forms of the workings of these laws, and no more the laws themselves than a block from Portsmouth is, I will not say the block-machine, but the steam-engine, or perhaps the steam which gives the

machinery life and motion; all this is evident to a considerate mind. When a philosopher then calls a miracle a *suspension* or an *alteration* of the laws of nature, I cannot understand him; except indeed on the supposition that he is talking loosely, and cheating himself, or us, with words. Yet if the laws of nature are to be introduced at all into a statement of the difficulty, *suspension* and *alteration*, bad as they may be, are clearly better and less unphilosophical expressions than *violation*, Hume's term, which begs the question at starting.

But if we mend the definition, and describe a miracle to be such a new and unaccountable appearance in an object of common note as cannot have been produced by ordinary human agency, the objector will find it hard to deduce from such strangeness the incredibility of the fact asserted; until by comprehending the laws of nature in their full extent, he has ascertained

with exactness all their possible phases of operation. What you are startled by as contrary to the laws of nature, may be only the phenomenon which under the particular circumstances those laws are framed to present; like the unforeseen changes in a great firework, which from a fountain becomes a ship first perhaps, and then a temple of glory. Could you demonstrate the reverse, you might on your own principles establish the impossibility of the miracle: till you can, you have no pretext for rejecting the evidence of the phenomenon, as contradicting laws of which in fact you know next to nothing. The aloe, they say, blows once in a quarter of a century: supposing the earth to be the aloe, why should not the miracle be its flower? But for our immersion in sense which stupefies and blinds us, we should rather wonder that it appears so seldom. To say nothing of the obstinate misgivings at

the extent of evil, the triumphs of brute force, the desolation of innocence, the sufferings of goodness, which excited such deep questionings among the best and wisest heathens; almost every thing supernatural, providential, and extraordinary in works of fiction, and indeed the whole notion of poetical justice, points out that such is the appetite of our minds.

If however a philosopher abides by the first definition of a miracle, as a suspension of the laws of nature, he ought to discern in it only a new object to be answered by so wonderful and spirit-stirring an event. That which we esteem desirable to authenticate Christianity, will be welcome to him, as it disproves Fate, and thus tends to keep men from deifying Nature, by shewing that the succession of operations designated under that name, as it was first ordained by God's wisdom, so continues ever subject to

God's will, being the result neither of chance nor of necessity, but an order in a double sense, of regularity, and also of appointment.

It has been argued that man cannot conceive any notion of God, because what comprehends must be greater than that which is comprehended. Yes! just as that pane of glass is greater than the cluster of stars you see through it; just as the binding of that Shakespeare is greater than the spirit it incloses. v.

The seventh day has been specially hallowed: is that a reason for unhallowing the other six? A large portion of literature in every Christian country must be exclusively religious: is that a reason for altogether excluding religion from the remainder? And yet the press brings forth volumes without number, which you can only infer to be writ-

ten by a Christian, from its being clear that they are not written by the believer in any other religion. Were Christianity diffused as it ought to be through the nation, circulating through all our actions and amalgamated with all our thoughts, this would not be. Whatever is current among a Christian people, ought to bear the distinct effigy of its king. Not however that it belongs to religion to be impertinently obtrusive: this is no more a sign of its depth or sincerity, than it would be a sign of your wealth to keep chinking your few guineas in every body's ears: a practice which on the contrary would lead the shrewder to divine that he who makes so much of a little, can have but little to make much of.

v.

The lame stamp: the deaf scream.

v.

The art of saying nothing is often as difficult

for those who have something to say, as the art of saying something is to those who have nothing.

If you pull up your window a little, it is far likelier to give you a cold or rheumatism or stiff neck, than if you throw it wide open; and the chance of any bad consequence becomes still less, if you go out into the air and let it act on you equally from every side. Is it not just the same with knowledge? Do not those who are exposed to a draught of it blowing on them through a crevice, usually grow stiff-necked? When you open the windows of the mind therefore, open them as widely as you can: open them and let the soul send forth its messengers to explore the state of the earth. Although the unquiet raven may fly to and fro, and the home-loving dove may return once disheartened; yet if the dove, that emblem of all kindly affections,

goes forth a second time, she will bring back the olive-leaf of peace: for *charity*, when it is indeed such, and has the patience and perseverance of true charity, *never faileth*. Nay, if you have the power, draw forth the spirit from its dark cell, and bathe it in knowledge as in an atmosphere: let it strip itself of all its habits and plunge in; as soon as it comes out it will resume them. Let the butterfly, by which ancient philosophy typified the soul, emancipate itself from its chrysalis and take wing: the readiest way to clear the head of maggots, which sleepy brains always breed, is by such a metempsychosis. The best, indeed the only method of guarding against the mischiefs which may ensue from teaching men a little, is to teach them more. Knowledge is the true spear of Achilles: nothing but itself can heal the wounds it may have inflicted.

U.

The ideal aim and end in a perfect scheme of education, so far as concerns the intellectual part of man, is to produce a classical and catholic mind ; classical from the refinement, the justness, and the orderliness of all its perceptions ; catholic from the range of its comprehension, as well as from the cordial affectionate welcome and acknowledgement with which it receives and entertains every form of existence. Such a spirit will venerate all things, yet nothing will enslave it : thus is it the direct antipode to the *liberal* spirit now in vogue ; for of the latter it is not exaggeration to say that it venerates nothing, yet is the servilest of slaves to every shifting gust tossing about amid that heap of dead leaves which a misplaced courtesy terms public opinion.

The foregoing definition is a sufficient answer to the advocates of professional education. v.

The first object of education is to shape and discipline man, the second to teach him. You must build the house, before you furnish it. The communication and developement of power is of infinitely greater importance than the communication and infusion of knowledge; even as it is more wholesome and beneficial to give a person a good appetite and a good digestion, than to cram him with food however choice or nutritive. This proposition is so evident that I should not have repeated it here, unless the line of argument pursued in most of the recent discussions on education, had seemed to imply that it is forgotten. The problem considered in them has been, how to convey the greatest quantity of knowledge in the least time; and not, as it ought to have been, in what way are good and able men, or, to speak more precisely, good and able Englishmen, to be trained, with the greatest likelihood

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of success. I say *good and able Englishmen*: because every useful system of education must accord with the spirit of the nation to be educated. True, it should promote and help on that spirit; but the only method of doing so, is to go along with it: if you take another road, you will affect it very little; if you pull it the contrary way, you will hardly help it on.

Here however we find a new verification of the truth which Bacon after his custom has uttered in all its naked universality: for here too do knowledge and power coincide. It is by the judicious communication of knowledge that the faculties of the mind are to be elicited and nourished: in the very act of tilling the ground the seed is also sown. U.

Is it as a memento of the first offence, or as a punishment for it, or out of pure spite for having been unable to resist the tempter, that man ever

since has set his heart on keeping woman in ignorance? How successful his endeavours have been in some instances, the following conversation will shew.

What are beef-steaks, mamma? said a pretty miss in her teens to her mother, who had locked up her own and her daughter's understanding with their silk gowns, through fear lest some chance spot might soil them irremediably.

Ey? don't talk about them, Imoinda; things which people eat at inns.

But do pray tell me how they make them, dear mamma?

I don't know anything about them, my sweet darling; but I suppose they grow.

This darkness on matters of housewifery may perhaps be unrivalled; but it would be easy to find parallels on subjects of almost equal importance.

Knowing men know little : teach them more,
and they will know how little. v.

The ignorant man is ignorant of his own
ignorance : the wise man is aware of his. This
perhaps is the main difference between them. v.

To know the hight of a mountain, one must
climb it. v.

A. (Everybody knows A : he is as common
an article as the indefinite article itself ; and he
seems to resemble it in being unattached to the
soil : he is always to be found on stage-coaches,
in steam-packets, in travellers' rooms at inns,
and in every other place of resort for such as
think that Cain was a gainer by becoming a va-
gabond. He is a whimsical medley : disgusted
with every thing strange, yet always running
from place to place ; longing for companions

if alone, and when he has got them as uneasy amongst them as a fish among his comrades in a net ; very fond of home, whenever he is away from it ; assuring you that his servants are the best in the universe, provided they are too far off for him to swear at them ; always out of his element, or, as the phrase is, always in the wrong box, or, like the weights in a balance, always in the empty scale ; and yet getting on well enough through the crowd from keeping his arms ever folded, and making up for his incapacity of pleasure by the redundance of his self-complacency.) What will become of the world, if it goes on for the next fifty years at the same rate it has gone on for the last fifty ?

B. It must go on faster still ; its velocity must increase at every step : for I suppose you mean that it is going downward.

A. Downward ! How can that be ? Is not every thing improving ? The world must be go-

ing upward ; if ups and downs have any thing to do with the matter.

B. People seldom go very fast up hill, especially where the hill is a long one : the horses would soon be blown.

A. We shall have done with horses soon ; and when we are drawn by steam, the faster we drive it the livelier it will become. So that a four-horse power is worth a dozen horses.

B. Without question ; particularly in point of beauty and safety. You are sure then that the world is improving ?

A. Perfectly sure : are we not driving twelve miles an hour, where fifty years ago we should not have driven six ?

B. This certainly proves that stage-coaches are better, or at least that they travel faster.

A. Well, sir ! stage-coaches are the best part of the world. How should I have seen every

thing in the world, if it was not for stage-coaches?

B. Have you then really seen every thing in the world? You must have a well-stocked head.

A. To be sure: I have got it all in there: if you like to try me, you will find me as good as a road-book.

B. Still I cannot help doubting what you say. There are some tiny parts of the world, all Asia for instance, and all Africa, and almost all if not all America, and the bigger half of Europe, in which nothing like a stage-coach ever set wheel.

A. Who cares about such outlandish holes? By the world I mean England, the only bit of it worth a farthing. Once indeed I took a trip across the water; but the moment I landed I put my handkerchief to my nose, and did not take it away till I was aboard again. How can any Christian live in a country where one's

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hands must be always keeping guard before one's nostrils? I have heard say that the French language "is constructed upon stinks;" and sure enough they have plenty of ground to build it on.

B. Perhaps something might be said in their favour; only I am much more anxious just now to see the bottom of our first question: hitherto we have only muddled it by our stirring. The world then which has improved so prodigiously, consists in the first place of stage-coaches, and next of England.

A. Right, sir. What have you to say to that now?

B. Did you ever hear of Penelope's web?

A. No: what is she? a sort of spider?

B. She was the wife of Ulysses.

A. And what had she to do with a web? and what can her web have to do with the world?

B. You must let me take a run before I jump.

She used to spin it every day, and to unravel it every night.

A. The greater fool she. Had I been her husband, I would have taught her better housewifery; she should have left spinning to the Jennies. But I suppose, sir, it must have been before Sir Richard Arkwright's time.

B. Her husband was far from home; and this was her way of spending her time during the ten years of his absence.

A. Why, it was not worse than reading and writing. But ten years! there can have been no stage-coaches running in those days.

B. He was on the sea.

A. No matter: it is all one: he ought to have had a steam-boat. But how does all this concern the world's growing better or worse?

B. It sometimes seems to me as if the world were, like Penelope, in a state of widowhood, divorced and separated from her lord; and I

fancy then that like her she is whiling away the sorrowful and unprofitable time in weaving and unravelling a web which can never be finished. Now and then comes a short interval of daylight, during which she sets all her faculties at work, and appears to be or conceives that she is approaching to something like a completion of her task ; when darkness comes over her, or a new whim lays hold on her, and she undoes all she has been doing, to begin the next morning after a new fashion.

A. But did not Penelope ever finish her web ?

B. Yes ; when her enemies, pretending to be her lovers and suitors, forced her. I hope this is not to be the destiny of the world : when her web is spun out, God grant that it may not be at the instigation of the devil.

A. There is no fear of that. The devil would never make people comfortable : on the contrary I am sure he would have everybody as uncom-

fortable as himself. Now all the improvements in England are making people more and more comfortable every day.

B. Be it so: I will allow it for argument's sake; although for my part, if I wanted to ruin a person, body and soul, my bait should be what we call comforts. However let that pass. Are all orders of society equally or anywise proportionably sharers in this increase of comforts?

A. I can't go quite so far as to say that.

B. Is the advance in morality equal or anywise proportionable to the advance in luxury?

A. I am afraid the judges and gaolers and Jack Ketch to boot would cry *No*.

B. Are we in fine become at all better morally, at all kinder, more charitable, honester, more orderly, more temperate, chaster, more obedient, more dutiful, more pious, during these last wonderful fifty years.

A. Somehow I never thought of all this; and

now you put the question to me, I am not the man to say *yes* to it. All the old people tell me men have grown worse ; and for myself, I certainly do not find so much kindness in other places, as I used to find thirty years past in my father's house. Others are not quite so kind to me as my father and mother were.

B. You see, much remains still to be done, in order to make even England quite perfect, and all Englishmen like one family.

A. But when that is accomplished, what shall we have to do ?

B. If that ever be accomplished, (and, though I discern no sign of its nearing, I would not pronounce it impossible) people will feel no want of work. They will go forth and make all the rest of the world as perfect as England.

A. And when that is done, what will remain ?

B. To go to heaven.

A. It will be hardly worth while changing

our quarters, after they have become so pleasant.

B. Perhaps not. Who knows what may happen then ! But at all events we shall not soon be turned on our heavenly parish for lack of employment. God, when he laid on us the command to labour, supplied us with plenty of materials : he gave us a world to people, to cultivate, and to humanize : we had to imprint man's image on the whole earth, and to renew God's image within ourselves. When all this is achieved, and nothing is left, should such a time ever arrive, we may perhaps expect that he, who in his wisdom gave the command, in the same wisdom will revoke it. U.

Man's labour is half spent in doing over a second time what was ill done at first.

Pouvoir, c'est vouloir.

U.

Follies like comets have their periodical returns. v.

Surely men must have been Centaurs originally. At least it is on horseback they seem to enjoy the full perfection of their nature : so that the argument by which Aristophanes in Plato's *Banquet* demonstrates the primeval existence of Androgynes, is equally cogent here. v.

Barrow, in a letter to Skinner about the treatise *de Doctrina Christiana*, warns him against having any concern with *one Milton*. This was several years after the publication of *Paradise Lost*. He who calls to mind how eminent a man Barrow himself was, may learn hence rightly to estimate the worth of contemporary reputation. v.

No two pairs of eyes see the same thing in the same thing. v.

What do people mean by being jealous of one another's fame? Are they afraid of such a run upon Glory, as may bankrupt her before they can get their due? Sooner will two rogues have to fight for the last halter in the world, than two great men for the last crown of glory. Sooner will the stars jostle against each other in the sky, than any shall be wronged for want of room in Glory's illimitable firmament. Glory is not a mistress or wife, that her affections should be monopolized: her love is as a mother's love, which spreads equally over all her children, and seems almost to grow in capacity and intensity, as if her heart expanded, with the increase of her family. Do we wish to be received into that family? let us begin by treating all its members as our elder brethren. Man's

powers of admiration, like all his spiritual faculties, in proportion as they are congenial to his nature, are enlarged and strengthened by exercise. Let us then exercise them constantly, by helping him to discern whatever is admirable in others : so may we hope that, as he becomes familiar with the aspect of excellence, he will the more readily recognize it, if there be anything excellent in us.

U.

Many persons seem to keep their hearts in their eyes : you come into both together, and so you go out of them. Others are wonderfully fond of you, when at a distance, but grow cold on your entering the house ; as if the meaning of representing Love blind, were, that he cannot see and love. With the former the imagination is a mere footman to walk behind the senses and hold up their train ; in the latter the imagination has quarrelled with the senses,

never alert save when they are sleeping, sulky and speechless the instant they awake. The imagination I say ; because the activity of the imagination is indispensable to all affection. It is not the bare object, as it strikes our vision at the moment, that is the object of affection : it is that object arrayed in all the attributes wherewith the imagination invests it, in part from recollection, in part creatively by inference ; or rather it is the person to whom the imagination, the only personifying faculty, the faculty which combines qualities into character, assigns all those amiable attributes. Fortunate then and precious are those hearts in which the imagination and the senses move in harmonious unison with each other and with the affections, which care not about the accidents of time and space, the love of which can neither be undermined by absence, nor overturned or shaken by presence. u.

No book has ever been read and interpreted in so many different ways as the book of life : and no wonder, seeing that all other books are only transcripts from some part of it. It contains not a line, but one man will tell you it is straight, another crooked, a third forked, a fourth curved, a fifth zigzagged. It contains not a passage, but one man sees mischief crouching at the end of it, while his neighbour perceives joy there echoing back his smiles. Every volume is like the Herculanian : if you touch it rashly and presumptuously, it crumbles : but unfold it with care and reverence, you find it inscribed with the characters of wisdom.

What can be the origin of these differences ? Is life, as God's gift, multiform, and the mind which receives and contemplates it, simple and single ? or is life one and the same, while it is the mind of man that " makes a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven ? " The question is akin to

that which has been so vehemently agitated about the nature of light, whether the ray is complex, every coloured object imbibing only a portion of it, or whether the ray is simple, and the differences of colour arise from differences in the object illumined. On a matter so much disputed among far abler judges, I presume not to do more than guess that, whatever may be the true solution in the one case, the true solution in the other will be similar. The analogy between light and life almost convinces me that it must be so.

U.

It is curious to observe how some men's thoughts gravitate upward, some downward. Brutes can apprehend and have the affections of humanity : why should brutes be less than men ? Beasts can apprehend and have the affections of humanity : why should men be more than beasts ?

The history of philosophy is the history of a game at cat's cradle. One theory is taken off; and then the taker off holds out a second to you, of the same thread, and very like the first, although not quite the same. According to the skill-of the players, the game lasts through more or fewer changes: but mostly the string at length gets entangled, and you must begin afresh, or give over; or at best the cat's cradle comes back again, and you have never a cat to put into it. v.

Truth, they say, lies at the bottom of a well; and few, I suppose, have not once in their life sighed: *If I could but get her out of it!* Now the greater part of the world never make out which is the well: they think it must be some very marvellous fine one, a long long way off: their own, they are sure, contains nothing of the sort. Very many look down into it, and see nothing.

and pass on. A good number begin to draw her up; but after a turn or two find it hard work, and stop. A smaller number, more determined, pull rather longer; till growing faint they wish to ascertain their progress, and beholding a dazzling light are frightened, think the earth must be on fire, and run away: it being a well, they had inferred that Truth must be a kind of water, and fancied she would be the very thing for their flower-pots, or for their plants. Some hold out till they get a sight of her features; when finding little likeness to what their glass had assured them the face ought to be, they make no doubt of Truth being an impostor, and tumble her down again. A very few have brought her up near the ground: but having her there they begin to parley, and bargain that she shall say just what they bid her; and on her laughing and exclaiming *Oh no! that's impossible!* they call her a pert ungrateful slut, who,

for all they care, may roll back to the bottom and be drowned.

In short, people seem to be nearly all of one mind, that where Truth has lain since the beginning of the world, she may continue to lie till the end of it. If she is at all nearer the top now than she was four thousand years ago, it is chiefly by reason of the rubbish which has fallen into the well and choked up the bottom.

As for going down the well, I never heard of any except Aristotle who tried it: he did it, they tell you, to look at a star: perhaps he had other purposes also; and who knows how many of his works he found there! U.

A philosopher is Truth's minister: he usually fancies himself her favorite, forgetting that she has none, or thinking that she must make an exception in his behalf. U.

One of the greatest benefits which a wise man in these days could bestow on mankind, would be by inventing a safety-lamp to work the mines of Truth with. But have we not already got one? I dare say we have; and it only needs to be discovered and applied. u.

Does anybody really believe that the sun is as big as the little plot of ground he is standing on?

u.

The worst person one can think about, is oneself.

u.

Men harm others by their deeds, themselves by their thoughts.

u.

How often one sees people looking far and wide for what they are holding in their hands! Why! I am doing it myself at this very moment.

u.

Truth is our intellectual Canaan. The children of this world are only to be enticed thither by the fruit of it, the grapes, pomegranates, and figs; yet even these baits cannot overcome their dread of the giants, the children of Anak, whom they suppose to dwell there. The wise man ascends the steep mountain, and views the promised land, and when he has fully seen it, his body can no longer hold his spirit, and he passes into it, as Moses did, through death. v.

We scoff at the men of old as gross and sensual and carnal-minded, because they were for ever seeing the devil. Is it quite certain that we do not manifest a mind yet coarser, a spirit yet more beset and besotted by sense, in never seeing him? One may grow so familiar with one's chains, as to forget that one wears them; nor is insensibility to dirt an infallible criterion of cleanliness. At all events the devil

has enough of the fox in him to keep out of sight, unless we unearth him. v.

Some people are content to be ignorant of what they do not know ; others are not. The former may be called negative ignorance, the latter positive. The first is commonest among the men who know the most, the other among those who know the least. It may be recognized at once like a horse's age by the mouth : for it is always big-mouthed and foul-mouthed. It immediately concludes that what it knows not, is not worth knowing ; and hastens to tell the world so, and that this is the reason of its having neglected the study. Thus for instance, the abuse squirted upon the middle ages has mostly come from those who were strangers to them, or at least from those who could not comprehend them : for, as everybody is aware, the difference is important between the

entrance of an object into the mind, and the entrance of the mind into the object. v.

When any one declaims against the schoolmen, I would hold up the *Somma Theologicæ* of St. Thomas Aquinas, and desire him to read and to understand it, before he presumed to assert that there is nothing in the schoolmen. This argument would knock him down as effectually, as Johnson's folio knocked down the poor bookseller. v.

The Greeks and Romans were citizens; the English, French, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, are subjects: and no enterprise in the history of the world, since that which was confounded on the plain of Shinar, has been so signally discomfited, as the attempt to introduce citizenship amongst us. The ancients perhaps, at least the Spartans and the Romans, drew too tight the

bonds which attached the man to the state, and thereby at once thwarted his growth and cramped the freedom of his action. Much to be sure was gained by this : but the damage was not less. Sparta was full of great Spartans ; Rome was full of great Romans ; and yet there was hardly ever a great man either at Sparta or at Rome. For a great man is a man of God's making, not of man's making ; if man meddles too much with it, he is sure to mar his maker's work : he should be content to bring out the original colours, by cleaning the picture and by varnishing it ; and even this ought to be done cautiously and charily. Whereas the Romans had too many marks of human workmanship about them. They stood like yews in a clipt hedge, forming indeed a solid impenetrable mass, admirable above all things for defence, deadening whatever lay beneath them : but you could not disengage one tree or distinguish it from its

neighbours ; hardly could you tell where the first ended and the next began. The ploughshare of civil institutions had been driven once and again over the whole nation ; and its aspect was as monotonous and featureless as the surface of a furrowed field. You pass through their history as along their roads, in one straight uniform never-ending dreary despotical line : start where you will, advance far as you will, the same boundless length of trodden barren road still presses upon your eyes, and almost pierces them. In truth I know nothing more wearisome than a Roman road : *Propria quæ maribus* is lively to it : if it saves you, as they say, a few minutes by the clock, it doubles the time by the dial within the breast. I have never landed at Dover, without recurring in thought during the first stage to those fine lines of Schiller :

The road of Order, even though it bend,
Is never devious. Straight on goes the lightning ;

Straight is the cannon-ball's terrific path ;
Rapidly, by the nearest way, it comes,
And shattering rushes onward, still to shatter.
My son, the road which human beings travel,
Along which Blessing journeys, ever follows
The river's turns, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property.

My version of this passage from the *Wallenstein* (Act I. Sc. IV.) has been helped out by an imperfect recollection of Coleridge's excellent translation, which, like many of the best books published a quarter of a century ago, is become a great rarity. The last two lines belong entirely to him ; and I have retained his epithet *holy*, as better suited to my purpose than Schiller's expression, *the measured bounds of property*. Yet this change in its original place, where the words come from Octavio Piccolomini, is clearly injurious. No man knows better than Mr. Coleridge that what may be ideally the best, may not be dramatically or characteristically the fittest ;

a distinction however which only few poets have duly perceived, and very few have not frequently lost sight of: for the observance of it requires an imagination that never slumbers. A meditative man, accustomed to contemplate God's workings in man's doings, may discern a holiness in the institutions of property: even the Romans in their religious age venerated Terminus as a deity. Or had the speech belonged to the younger Piccolomini, *holy* might have been appropriate: but a subtile intriguing statesman like his father would look only to the interests of this world, and behold the good of order and measure, rather than anything holy, in the strict observance of civil rights. Would that such men could always see even this!

To resume the former discussion I cannot remark the striking contrast between an English highway and a French, I cannot turn round the corner of some poor man's field, or see the road, as it does in some places, almost recoiling upon

itself, without rejoicing, and blessing the country in which "the holy bounds of property" have been thus "honoured." Our modern improvements indeed are busily doing away with such idle useless incumbrances upon the public, that amorphous many-carcased idol to which the pleasure and happiness of every body are now so anxiously sacrificed: but, thank Heaven! all traces of a better time cannot be easily obliterated. We must still be the children of our ancestors, not our own: fortunate will it be for our children if they are so likewise, if the blood of their forefathers prevails in their veins over that of their fathers. For the tendency in modern Europe has on the whole been to "honour the holy bounds" of individuality, the landmarks of property in character. At least it has been so, as I noticed some time since, among the nations of the Teutonic race: and even among those whose language indicates

that in the confluence of the two mighty streams the Celto-Latin was predominant, in earlier times, before the conquerors had been fused and dissipated among the conquered, and before they had learnt that they ought to be ashamed of their own features, and to paint them over, and to mimic the nature of another people instead of perfecting their own, we find abundant evidence of individuality and originality, that is, of genius, which makes us proud of belonging to the same family. When reading Montaigne or Rabelais or Cervantes or Dante, we feel more akin to them, more as if we were reading English authors, than when we look into their later countrymen : and the reason is, that in the former the human spirit is more powerful than the national, the genial than the formal : for our heart makes answer to every voice of nature, while our intellect, unwearied in devising artifices of its own, fences itself

in against the intrusion of any artifices from without.

The contrast between the two characters is illustrated in its various bearings by the contrast between the armies of the two periods ; between the legionary service of the Roman *miles*, whose name told him that he was only one of a thousand, and the feudal services of the knights and their retainers, every one of whom was a *man-at-arms*, surrounded by his friends and neighbours, and never passing out of his domestic circle or losing the thought and presence of his home, not even when fighting on foreign ground. “ There cannot easily be any so degraded, (says the chivalrous Fouquè), that his heart does not swell within him, when in the moment of glorious danger he hears the name of his dear home. *The Brandenburgers to the charge !* cries a general galloping up ; *Brandenburgers on !* cry the officers : and the town of Brandenburg

and the whole beloved country rise up together in the souls of the brave soldiers, and the former too of wife and child and mother, or of her who in hope is as a wife, of all the dearly loved gentle helpless ones, they too rise up and look at us affectionately and intreatingly and with an eye that minds us to do our duty : of a truth one fights well then :” (*Gefühle, Bilder und Ansichten*, v. I. p. 213.) There was nothing like this in the Roman armies, that is, in the later times of the republic : the expedition of the Fabii belongs to its chivalrous age, and seems to imply that much then was otherwise. But the Roman people, such as we best know it, might have answered with the demoniac, that its name was Legion. It was possessed by one spirit, a spirit made up of the spirits of all the Romans : and no man could bind it, no, not with chains ; neither could any man tame it. At last however, when it saw Jesus in the glory of his doctrine, the holders of

the spirit were become as a herd of swine, and the herd ran violently down into the sea of destruction, and were choked in the sea of destruction.

In modern times on the contrary the great difficulty has been to infuse any thing like a national consciousness into the people, to induce the individual to consider himself as a member of the body politic, as an integral part of the one great integral whole. Many persons, I am afraid, have never found out that there were any bonds connecting them with the state, until they made the discovery in a prison. Now although the architecture of a state should, I think, be of that kind which is called Cyclopian, in which the large blocks are craftily and mightily made fast, without being squared and shaven of all their knobs and ruggednesses, as the Romans squared and shaved them for their wall, where every stone was a mere facsimily of its neigh-

bour ; still they ought to be combined in some way ; they ought to strengthen and comfort each other : whereas too often in modern history all the great stones are seen to lie scattered about the ground, the walls, such as they are, being made up of pebbles and rubbish.

If we wish to know the prime reason of all this, we must trace it up, as we must trace up whatever is most extensively and permanently influential over human nature, to religion ; in its action, or in its inertness. The only thing which can uphold man against the world, which can preserve his principles from growing tortuous and his genius from being benumbed, is religion. But the religion of the Romans was too weak to contend with the power of the state. Rome was a greater deity than any that inhabited the heavens. So long as they wrought together, all went well, at least in outward seeming. But when the earthly god deposed the heavenly, it

signed the forfeiture of its own franchise ; it became a mere nothing and fell to the ground. There was no vital indestructible essence in heathenism, to enable it, as Christianity has so often, to revive in the very season of its greatest oppression, and to shoot out most healthily and vigorously, just after the world fancied it had cut it down. Thus the religious consciousness of the Romans was weak, when at variance with their political consciousness. Christianity has reversed this : it has set up the spiritual law of God in all its simplicity and purity high above the complicated machinery of human legislation : we are not merely to do what man commands ; we are to look into our own hearts ; we are to commune with them ; we are to bring them into accordance with the Bible and into communion with God. In this way men have naturally been led to a stronger discernment of their own individuality, and a more scrupulous

development of the gifts which God has given them, without reference to their political value. But that such contemplations, unless they be followed with the utmost meekness and humility, may easily mislead those who pursue them, to form very irregular notions of their civil duties, is apparent; even without the evidence to be derived from the conduct of the Anabaptists, of our own fifth-monarchy men, and of other religious fanatics. Still, as in the days of Christ, one of the hardest things for men to persuade themselves of, is, that the Kingdom of Heaven is not the Kingdom of Earth. v.

I knew a man who went to church once a year, on the Martyrdom of Charles. v.

Heliogabalus is said to have calculated the size of Rome from ten thousand pounds weight of cobwebs amassed within it. Mr. Colquhoun

and the Reports of the Police and Mendicity Committees have furnished us with similar materials for estimating the grandeur of our own metropolis. Only the dirt is moral. U.

Good criticism is nice. U.

Positive Law is the shield behind which we are to wage battle in the cause of Duty. If our souls were of adamant and invulnerable by the powers of Evil, we should not need it. And our instructions are like the charge of the Spartan mother, *η γὰρ, η̄ ἐπὶ γὰρ*. The fate of Sandt at once illustrates and confirms this. U.

Life is the hyphen between matter and spirit. U.

L' Homme a le droit de raisonner, et la liberté de deraisonner. Mais il tient à ses libertés, plus

qu'à ses droits. L'une est privilege, l'autre est
devoir. v.

C'est bien vrai : Platon est visionnaire, car il
voit. v.

Veritatis zonam nulla solvit manus nisi Amo-
ris. v.

What is possible ? What you will. v.

"A man's errors are what renders him amiable,"
says Goethe in the last number of his *Journal on
Art*, that is, in his seventy-seventh year.

I said one day to a girl of fourteen : *If you
were but as good as your brother !*

Well ! she replied, with something of a bash-
ful sullenness. *I don't care. You would not be
so fond of me, if I was.*

This coincidence between the aged poet and
the child just emerging from childhood—laugh

not, reader! Goethe himself would be delighted to be told of it—might suggest many reflexions on the waywardness of the heart and the perverse nature of affection. But I will not pursue them, having only brought these sayings together, that they may explain and support a remark in the other volume. (p. 211—214.)

U.

L'amour est un bien, ou un bonbon.

U.

People can seldom brook contradiction, except within themselves.

U.

Some thoughts are acorns. Would that any in this book were!

U.

A child must be borne long, before he is born.

U.

Suspect the wisdom which is always blaming.

R.

The crown of martyrdom is the only honour which men are fonder of bestowing than receiving.

R.

When a gainful wrong is to be done, a man's charity forbids his leaving it as a qualm for the conscience of his neighbour.

R.

Is it truth or satire, that nothing is condign but punishment?

U.

On veut toujours être quelque chose : c'est dommage qu'on n'y réussit point. On ne veut pas être soi-même ; on y réussit. La personnalité ne s'acheve que par nous-mêmes ; mais nous ne pouvons nous en débarrasser.

U.

The sorriest proof of your being in the Faith, is, asserting that your brother is out of it. Many Roman-catholics call Protestants heretics ; many

Protestants call Roman-catholics heathens. God grant both may be wrong ! v.

After wading through a treatise to prove that man is only an animal in whom selfishness has put on a mask, how heartening it is to read the second commandment, and to find that the motive, by which, as being the most powerful, we are deterred from idolatry, is the love of our children. v.

I love to gaze on a breaking wave. It is the only thing in nature which is most beautiful in the moment of its dissolution. v.

Coleridge ought to have written a poem on the falls of Schaffhausen, as a companion for his hymn on Mont Blanc. To me that fall was certainly the most majestic sight I had yet seen ; and so awakening were the images and emotions

it called up, that I could not refrain from attempting to embody them in words, at the very moment when I was possessed with the fullest consciousness that no words could represent to myself, much less convey to others, the rushings and whirls and flashes and roar, the mountains of foam and columns of spray, which had just been surrounding and amazing me. We are too lavish of strong expressions in speaking of little things, to have a sufficient store of them in reserve for great. What is louder than thunder? what more momentary in brightness, more awful in rapidity, than lightning? And yet these two superlatives of nature are called in day after day, to give consequence to cracks and sparkles, until we reach this mighty waterfall without an image or allusion left to impart a notion of what the eye and ear are feeling.

The Rhine at Schaffhausen is already a considerable stream, some hundred feet in breadth.

Between the town and the fall, which is about half a league from it, the river, after making two right angles in its course, turns abruptly and makes yet another, to plunge headlong down a precipice of seventy or eighty feet. We crossed it at Schaffhausen, and followed the left bank through vineyards, until the walls of Laufen Castle, which overhangs the fall, prevented our proceeding further. We then mounted the rock on which the castle stands, and while waiting for the key of the door that was to admit us to a sight of the cataract, I looked out of a window in the court, and saw the Rhine already emerged from the fall, but still one stream of foam, flowing on and gradually changing colour, until it disappeared betwixt two quiet banks of green, itself also by that time as green and quiet as if it had never been disturbed. The door was now unlocked, and we descended a steep winding path, until we found ourselves in a little jut-

ting gallery, opposite to the cascade, and within its spray. Then opened on my eyes and ears (which hitherto I had deafened purposely, to avoid getting accustomed to the roar of the fall, before I saw it), a scene wherein sensation for a while absorbed me. When at last I became collected enough to distinguish the sounds and sights which had astounded me, I perceived that on my left hand, very near as it then seemed to the right bank, two rocks broke the stream. Of these, one stood perhaps thirty yards before the other, and the torrent rushed furiously through the opening between them. On the left bank, just above the fall, the waters had scooped out a large basin, the issue from which into a narrow channel produced on that side of me the same violent cross-current, as the passage betwixt the two rocks produced on the other. Between these two cross-currents the main body of water fell, or rather, to speak as it looked,

turned on its axis. For as the bottom of the descending stream was lost in its own vapour, this part of the river, from incessantly rolling down an unbroken mass of foam, seemed an ever-revolving avalanche crested with snowy spray. But how give an idea of the depth of sound, when the two cross streams, which had been prancing along sideways, arching their necks like warhorses that hear the trumpet, broke upon the main stream and forced their way into it! From the valley of thunder where they encountered, rose a towering misty column, behind which the river unites unseen, as though unwilling that any should witness the awfully tender reconciliation of its waters. In returning up the path, contrasting in my mind the confusion I had just left, with the comparative tranquillity of the stream above, and its subsequent beautifully gentle stillness as it winds between its green banks, I found it re-

mind me of the one day of terror which is to separate time from eternity. The idea was strengthened, when looking back on the scene of turbulence from a summer-house immediately over it, I saw the glorious sun, that visible eye of God, not only smiling on the river in both its states of quietness, but beautifying the very fall itself with the colours of a perfect rainbow, thus brightening the depth of the extremest uproar with a gleam of light and peace, and a sign of hope.

After fully examining this side of the waterfall, we got into a boat to cross over. In our passage I discovered that what I had taken for nearly the whole stream, was little more than a third of it, and that between the right bank and the two rocks before spoken of, was a third, which divided the remainder of the river into two unequal parts, so as to make three cascades in all. One has been already described. The

middle fall is perhaps the broadest, and, though not so interesting as either of its brethren, brings its waters down with great dignity in one straight unbroken flood. The fall adjoining the right bank is the smallest. To this we approached very near by means of a mill which is built close to it. Here I perceived to my great delight that what previously and at a distance seemed a savage contest between the currents, is only a fiercer joyousness and the fury of mimic war. The waters, after rushing to the onset, leap back from it with a laughing exultation and boyish alacrity incompatible with hostility or hatred. The third fall is very beautiful indeed, the whole stream on that side running aslant over a bed of rocks till it tumbles forward in vast masses like enormous blocks of crystal, with edges so white and brilliant, so sudden in appearance, and following

one another with a speed so glancing, that they gave me the idea of frost lightnings.

On my return home, overflowing with admiration of the Rhinefall, I was told that I must be mistaken, for that most English travellers are disappointed by it. Perhaps this is owing to people's fondness for reading detailed accounts of the spots they are to visit, thus learning to look through other eyes instead of with their own; especially as most descriptions mean to embellish or magnify, and if a man sees a serpent a hundred feet long, the odds are he will tell you it was a hundred and fifty. Else tourists form in their own minds notional conceptions of what this and that object must be; and then, because Nature's Rhinefall is not a copy of their's, they blame her for differing from their pattern, forgetting that her's was made first:

“ For when we are there, although 'tis fair,
It is another Yarrow.”

All these things, and the flutter incident to expectation, render the mind unapt for receiving that new, vigorous, and exact impression, which alone is beautiful or lasting. Surely, the best way of taking the bent of a thing, is, to yield to its sway and there fix. But should not the imagination in studying poetry—and a tour in Switzerland is nothing else—be active? Yes; when it has first been passive. To do anything worth doing, we must have suffered. The quality most fatal to a general, says Napoleon somewhere in his *Memoirs*, is a propensity “*de se faire des tableaux.*” It is to this propensity, equally destructive of knowledge and of taste, that I would attribute the disappointment of my countrymen at Schaffhausen.

Widely different from this picture-making are the modest anticipations of the true poet. He too perhaps dreams of rock and wood and yawning depths, and the restless might of an

imprisoned river, or, it may be, of noble waters struggling for precedency down the rush of danger ; but all this while he knows himself to be dreaming, and knows moreover that he can only dream a dream. Truth, the presence of the desired object arouse him : he opens his senses and mind wide to the spectacles which nature has prepared, and submits his visions dutifully to her realities. His perceptions of beauty are too quick not to discover in a thousand points the justness and harmony of her workings ; and his imagination, flexible as well from practice as from inherent powers of modulation, readily takes its tone from hers. Not even in those extreme cases where the anticipation had been so long fostered in the fancy as to have taken root, is the reality excluded by it from the poet's mind : his spirit is large enough for both ; and they flourish together in it like two brotherly trees that unite to make one great

tree between them. But why say in prose, what has been already said much better in verse? Wordsworth, who in 1803, sang of *Yarrow Unvisited*, eleven years afterward sang thus of Yarrow visited :

“ But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.

• • • • •

I see; but not by sight alone,
Fair region, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives,
Her sunshine plays upon thee.

• • • • •

And yet I know, where'er I go,
Thy *genuine* image Yarrow,
Will dwell with me, to highten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

To translate La Fontaine's fables is as idle, as to decant a bottle of Champagne: the spirit evaporates; and there is not much else. U.

Hardly any odour is so noisome as that of a perfumer's shop; if some friend would but hint this to the author of *Lalla Rookh*. I have known that poem give a head-ache, just like the *Passage Freycan*. v.

One often hears of characters being *white-washed*. *Yellow-washed* would be an apter expression: for in such cases gold has about twenty times the potency of silver. Indeed the Stock-Exchange would lead one to suspect that the yellow fever must be the healthiest state of man. All are so eager to catch it. v.


Few are very ready to give, except to those who want nothing. They conceive, I fancy, that they are fulfilling the promise: *unto every one that hath shall be given*. That the second part of the same promise should never fail, has

been the prime care of all the governments which have ever existed. U.

Never tell a person, you mean no offence. If you really mean to give none, it is an insult to suppose he will take it. Much oftener however your very defence implies the consciousness of having offended. People seldom wrap a rag round a finger which has nothing the matter with it. But hollow things sound readily.

U.

I believe the correct definition of a busybody to be : a person who has nothing to do, and who therefore does nothings. It is natural that such characters should be so common among old maids ; where they find not a kindlier vent for their activity and for the great female instinct of busying themselves for others, in educating the children of their relations or friends, or in the



superintendence and management of charitable works. v.

Some minds cannot boil, without boiling over. Let Coleridge devise any vessel for his thoughts, however eccentric its shape, however manifold its convolutions, still it will not hold them. He seldom says enough on any subject, because he always says more than enough. His works are like a forest: you are for ever losing the main road, from the number of stately allies beneath which you must pause and contemplate, the number of pleasant by-paths which lure you along them, the number of wild dingles which you cannot choose but explore. v.

Second thoughts are best, says every second person you meet; fitly enough; for second thoughts are always second-rate ones. A second

thought is only a half-thought ; or, according to Hamlet's more correct analysis,

The craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which quartered hath but one part
wisdom,
And ever three parts coward.

No second thought ever led a man to do anything generous, anything kind, anything great, anything good. By its very nature it can suggest nothing ; except difficulties and hinderances. It objects, it demurs, it pares off, it cuts down. *I must not do this : who knows what may be the consequence ? I must not engage in that : it is impossible to see the end of it. I must not go this way : there may be a precipice across it : nor that way : there may be a puddle, and I may wet my feet ; and people have died of wet feet ; or there may be a pebble, and it may get into my shoe, and men have been lamed for life by pebbles in their shoes. What will A say ? what will B think ? how*

will C look? will not D laugh at me? But it is endless to enumerate the doubts, the cavils, and the quiddities, the *ifs*, the *should's*, and the *may's*, the marks of interrogation, and the marks of admiration, wherewith that father of all pettifoggers, Nothingness, barricades himself against the assaults of Enterprise.

Second thoughts, I have said, are only fragments of thoughts; that is, they are thought by a mere fragment of the mind, by a single faculty, the prudential understanding; which, though highly useful as a servant, is too fond of putting on its master's clothes, in spite of its mean carriage when wearing them. Now man, as I have before remarked of his actions, that is, of his outward thoughts, so also in his thoughts, which are his inward actions, should studiously preserve the unity of his being: his every motion, whether spiritual or corporeal, whether simple or complex, should be single as the flight of an arrow: it

should be like the motion of that cloud so majestically described by Wordsworth,

Which heareth not the loud winds when they call,
Or moveth altogether, if it move at all.

For this is the only way to preserve its consistency and integrity: if any portion of it strays from the main body, the Cossack winds are ready to disperse it, even as the Cossacks with their windlike fleetness destroyed every straggler from the great army of Napoleon. Our first thoughts, as was observed before, though in a somewhat different point of view, (Vol. I. p. 143.) are much likelier to be just: for they are the expression of our whole being; or at least, if the feelings have a somewhat undue predominance, they still act in unison with the intellect; and moreover they have been fashioned by the intellect, and trained by the experience of our whole lives, until they have acquired that

kind of discrimination which is called *tact*, from its approach to the certainty imparted by the least fallible of the senses. But when the understanding lifts up its head, grumbling because it has not been appealed to, and mutters, *this must not, may not, cannot, should not be*, the mind is no longer at one, but at six and seven; it grows as it were drunk with prudence and sees double, and falters, totters, reels, tumbles, and falls asleep.

Are we then always to halt at our first thoughts? Yes: if we cannot go beyond our second thoughts. These are only good as a half-way house to bait at in the progress to our third thoughts; which in consonance with a foregoing remark are mostly found to chime with the first, like the third line in the *Divina Commedia*, that magnificent spiritualization of all sensuous things, the very title of which declares the harmony between earth and heaven. For

while great practical minds anticipate their second thoughts in their first, great speculative minds take up their first and second thoughts and reconcile them in their third. The horses of the former are harnessed as before a Grecian chariot, all four abreast, and they advance vehemently and impetuously, though not without some peril. Second-thoughted men take off their feelings, that is, their two outside horses, for fear of their kicking and plunging, and are content to plod along at a foot's pace with the heavy wheelers of the understanding. The third-thoughted man resumes his feelings, and places them as leaders in front, where they are more manageable and less likely to run foul. v.

No earthly light is without smoke; no earthly fire but leaves embers: so is it with human virtues. Only good men have fumivores, to keep their smoke from annoying their neighbours,

may sometimes even to fuel their flame with it : they gather up the cinders, and throw them into the fire, which never burns so clearly and steadily and quietly and durably, as after this has been done. Such is one of the many precious lessons we learn from that peerless book St. Augustin's *Confessions*. U.

The crab is among the very few native English fruit-trees. I hope the qualities it has given name to, are not likewise natives of this island. And yet one may suspect it, one may even suspect we are vain of them, from the outcry English travellers set up against the French, for not being equally ill-favoured. We are fond of bragging that they have no *comfort* in their language or in their country: they, I believe, might reply that they have no *ill-nature* in either. If so, not having the latter is a greater bliss than having the former. Nay, the

former in its modern sense has a tendency to produce the latter: at least the chief effect of what we call comforts, that I know of, is, teaching people how to be, and how to make all around them, uncomfortable. So strangely do words change their meaning: a nervous arm, as Coleridge has noticed, used to be vigorous; it is grown feeble and imbecile. Comfort used to strengthen and uphold: it now relaxes and weakens and lays us prostrate on a sofa. U.

The only place where one rarely sees anybody acting a part, is on the stage. The practice there is to play double or quits, and either to act an actor, or to act oneself. U.

We are, the better sort of us, all Adams. We all have love begotten for us, not of the

flesh but of the soul, sent to us we guess not whence, leading us we see not whither, garrisoning our vacant hearts against the assaults of approaching manhood, with admiration, self-forgetfulness, devotion, purity, in a word with all true nobleness, and whispering to us its own eternity if we are faithful to it and to ourselves. But the fruit is fair to look upon, and the serpent suggests that it will be pleasant to the taste, and from impatience and curiosity we eat thereof, and love becomes mortal.

Faultiness or pravity and perishableness are correlatives. The last enemy therefore must needs be Death ; and he, when all others are destroyed, will fall without a struggle.

All the elements minister to man, even in their simplest unorganized state. The Earth is his abiding-place ; Water supplies him with drink ;

he breathes Air; and such is the beneficence of Fire, that the ancients represented it as the greatest of the goods bestowed on men by their greatest benefactor, by that intelligence which enables them to look before and after, that Prometheus who at once

Τυφλὰς ἐν αὐτοῖς ὀλπίδας κατέκισιν,

Μνήμην θ' ἀπάντων μουσομήτορ' ἐργάτιν.

So manifold indeed is its utility, that hardly anything material can vie with it, even if it were not the chariot in which the spirits of the martyrs had mounted into heaven. υ.

The impression left on the mind by the contemplation of some heroic deed, is not unlike that image of light which abides for some time on the eye after looking at the sun. And, alas! it too seldom does more than dazzle and vanish. υ.

We are most of us Absaloms, caught and inextricably entangled by the beautiful locks which are our pride: and when so entrapt we fall an unresisting prey to the enemy. u.

The bitterness of heaven is sweet: how sweet then its sweetness! The sweetness of hell is bitter: how bitter then its bitterness!

Whence arises the pleasure, the eagerness, wherewith men, and women too, unless their natural appetites have been checked and refined into a nicer delicacy, if not into a fastidious daintiness, flock to the aspect of danger? What collects such a concourse around a scaffold? surely it is not a mob of vultures gathering about the carcase. What renders a ship in a storm one of the most interesting and sublimest and most fascinating spectacles? Surely it is not, as the Epicureans assert, "quibus ipse

malis careas, quia cernere suave est," or, as Hobbes expresses it, because "there is Novelty and Remembrance of our own security present," (*Humane Nature*, Chap. IX. 19.) The pleasure comes rather from the arousal of the imagination, from the impetuous rush of the feelings, which ever swarm like bees at the sound of the alarm-bell, and of which the intensest and most fervid activity is always the most delightful. There is a solemn assemblage of emotions, breathless and leaning forward to listen like a devout congregation to the eloquent voice of the preacher; there is an awfulness in the turmoil of the elements upheaving wave after wave as it were sword after sword, and firing blast upon blast, to destroy their victim; it is at once fearful and joyous to behold man battling with powers to which his own, materially considered, are nowise comparable, and holding out against them, if not vanquishing and subduing them, by

the courage and wisdom of his soul : we sympathize with the conflict which our brother is waging ; the honour of our own spiritual natures is concerned in it ; and so long as the result is still uncertain, we hope and trust that man will be victorious.

In the weak indeed, where their own personal safety is at stake, and where their fears for themselves are strongly awakened, the pain of such a situation will often overbalance the pleasure ; and thus a seemingly plausible pretext is afforded for the assertion of Lucretius, that danger is only pleasant to those who are out of it. But the brave and truly human heart, be it the manly or the womanly, is distressed to witness a peril in which it cannot share ; it longs to be in it, either for the sake of fighting or of helping : it rises higher and higher with the emergency ; and, as I have seen eyes which have seemed to be bright with excessive darkness, so may it be

said of honorable danger, that the very excess of its darkness brightens it.

In the case of an execution, it is true, most of the finer excitements are wanting; and that therefore is relished only by coarser palates, by those who feel not duly the atrocity of Crime or the majesty of Law, and who are little interrupted by such appalling thoughts while they are gazing upon the struggle between Life and Death.

U.

What is material is immaterial: what is immaterial is material.

U.

Μὴ ποιεῖς ἀ ποιεῖν ἡδὺν, ἀλλ' ἀ ποιοιῆκέναι. U.

A true knight wishes only for two allies, the prayer of Earth, and the blessing of Heaven. Let him be slain: he cares not: he is sure to live. Let him be conquered: it matters not:

he is sure to triumph. For the cause of good is the cause of God. v.

Is not the burning bush seen by Moses an exact type of the devout heart? It too burns as with fire; and it is not consumed: for the fire is the presence of God.

Hence also we learn that destruction and mortality are of the earth earthy. The heavenly fire consumes not. The rays of the sun do not burn, unless the glass they shine through is darkened. v.

The idea of the introduction to Goethe's *Faust* is evidently taken from the introduction to the book of Job. Pope had noticed long ago, that

Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

This is the natural progress of society. The first danger is from distress, which may some-

times drive a man into crime : the second and greater is from prosperity, which helps him to slide down into sin. The former may numb the heart, until it ceases to clench its hold ; the latter too often relaxes it, so that it lets virtue drop. Even this however furnishes a very inadequate notion of the temptations by which Faust is beset. The last century had taken rapid strides toward Hell. The sons of God, man's intellectual and spiritual faculties, saw the daughters of men, their animal and sensual propensities, that they were fair ; and we are not yet delivered from all the foul progeny that spawned from the unnatural concubinage. This state of being is what the great poet of our times undertook to represent, in which " every imagination of the thoughts of the heart was only evil continually." The snares which Faust falls into, are within him as well as without him ; his enemy is himself ; and the strength of that enemy makes

•

him the more formidable: every feeling of his heart, every talent of his mind, every aspiration of his soul, is leagued in conspiracy against him. No wonder then he falls, and that his fall from such a height is terrible.

Many good people, I understand, are shocked by *Faust*, and cry out that it is very profane. How loudly the same good people would have cried out against many passages in the Bible, if only they had not been in the Bible! Weak eyes may be disabled for seeing by the excess of light, no less than by the absence of it. To repeat a remark which is forced upon one daily, it would be well if these exclaimers were to bear in mind, that being easily shocked is no proof of standing fast. . . .

U.

“Toleration (says Landor) is an odious word.” (*Imag. Conv.* Vol. I. p. 318.) Perhaps it is so; and yet the intolerance of men has made it the

name of a virtue, nay even of a very rare one. Many may boast of it: few truly possess it, or practise it, except toward themselves. U.

The most heinous kind of blasphemy is persecution. U.

Drunkenness is usually followed by sickness: so is spiritual intoxication by spiritual depression. U.

Society every now and then wants a little bloodletting: this may be the use of wars. U.

Pour s'élever, il faut se lever. U.

Peut-être, c'est le mot de celui qui ne peut faire. Napoleon ne s'en servoit pas. U.

Forte ne agas, at fortiter: fortibus nihil est fortuitum. U.

Rivalry among men usually begets aversion, if not hatred. We forget that we cannot press down our competitor, without sinking ourselves. We forget that every moment employed in attacking him, is so much lost from the pursuit of the prize. We might take a lesson from a race-course: if the horses run against each other, they are likely to bolt. The sound of feet, whether behind or beside or before them, only redoubles their efforts to reach the goal. Nay, the very word *rivalry* might teach us wisdom. One cannot frame a conception of a more loving neighbourhood, than that between the opposite banks of a river, as they fix their smiling faces continually upon each other, although they vie in striving which shall convert the fertility, they both suck from the same stream, into the greatest richness and beauty.

v.

What a fine vision of Honour had Aristotle

seen! when he declared, Δοκιᾷ ἡ τιμὴ ἐν τοῖς τιμῶσι μᾶλλον εἶναι, ἢ ἐν τῇ τιμωμένῃ. (*Ethic.* I. 3.) Nothing can be truer: as the same thought is nobly expressed by Landor, "Glory is a light that shines from us on others, and not from others on us." (*Imag. Conv.* Vol. II. p. 585.) And surely the happiness of possessing something upon which we can look admiringly, something wherewith we can always refresh ourselves as in an Oasis, after wandering wearily through the wilderness of fallen man, something to uphold and stay our best resolves when they begin to faint and droop and hang down their heads in despondency, something whereon to pour forth all that love for our brethren which is ever rising and seeking an outlet in the generous heart, threatening, if we keep it shut up, to turn sour,—this happiness surely is far loftier and more deeply rooted than any pleasure which grows in the rotting swamps of vanity.

There is satisfaction indeed in receiving the acknowledgement that we are worthy of honour: our conscience is often fearful of even whispering its approval, until prompted by some voice from without; wherefore men, as Aristotle pursues, *δοῦναι τὴν τιμὴν δίδκειν, ἵνα πιστεύουσιν ἑαυτοῖς ἀγαθοῖς εἶναι*. Moreover it is gladdening to see homage paid to Virtue, to see her majesty recognized, and to feel that the only reason which forbids our joining the chorus of her admirers, is, that she has vouchsafed to take up her abode in us, and to make our spirit her shrine. But, woe is me! what mortal can feel this! Admiration is human: self-complacency belongs only to Deity.

Admiration ennobles and blesses those who feel it. The lover is made happier by his love, than his mistress can be. Like the song of a bird, it cheers his own heart; and any pleasure it communicates to another, is only incidental and

secondary. Why are we so imperatively commanded to give glory unto God? unless that we may ourselves be made godly by our worship. Nor, if in divine things one may speak of motives, is it easy to conceive any worthier motive why God should have revealed his glory, than that man might be glorified by contemplating it. Therefore is it our bounden duty to give thanks to him for his great glory. u.

Philosophy is the love of wisdom: Christianity is the wisdom of love. u.

Vita hominis magna sit instaurationis. u.

It was a strange fancy for the man who declared that admiring nothing is the only way of being happy, to take it into his head that he was born to be a poet, and of all poets a lyrical. For while other poetry is the portraiture of

feeling, lyrical poetry is the utterance of it : and our feelings cannot rise into the ethereal regions of poetry, until they are refined and purified and borne upward by admiration. v.

It is not the subsequent seriousness that is hypocritical, but the previous air of carelessness and levity; an air not only more likely to be assumed from being less congenial to our nature, but also more capable of being put on for an occasion, as blasphemy is more easily feigned than prayer.

Many pretend to be better than they are. One can understand this : it may serve their turn in this world, although in the next it can only deepen their damnation. But society in course of time growing high, breeds a strange race of vermin, a set of people who pretend to be worse than they are, a if they were pay-

ing court to the Devil, and making interest with him against their being received into his household. Fearful is the peril of such men; incalculable is the mischief of their example: and yet there is more hope of them than of the others.

U.

Fine ladies paint. . . just like savages.

A.

One sees a number of people sunning themselves in the moonshine.

U.

A person given to barefaced flattery, will usually balance the account with interest in your absence.

A.

He who amuses his guests by satirizing their friends, pays a poor compliment to the understandings which selected them.

A.

Unbelief is the offspring of refinement. The fool might have said in his heart *there is no God*; but even the fool would have kept it to himself, unless he had hoped to make a noise in the world by divulging it. a.

Timid persons are afraid of learning and science and knowledge, as leading to atheism, or at least to infidelity. And yet the Psalmist has pronounced that it is the fool, who says in his heart *there is no God*. This should be the text for a sermon on the divine and godly tendencies of knowledge. In these days, when many are doubting whether Truth be Truth, people need to be especially and frequently reminded of the distinction so accurately laid down by Bacon, that "a little Philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, but depth in Philosophy bringeth men's minds about to Religion. For while the mind of

man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no further : but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." No finer proof of this can be given, than Bacon's own *Confession of Faith*, that magnificent outpouring of the " understanding which is the knowledge of the holy." U.

When philosophers tell us there will be no time in Heaven, I conclude they mean there will be no measure of time, that is, of succession ; for time essentially is nothing more. That after a happy resurrection of the body there will be no succession of sensations, that in a happy life of any kind there will be no succession of emotions, is certainly unimaginable, and, I fancy, is nowhere revealed. True, the succession of emotions may be imperceptible ;

but to render it so, we must strip our eternity of reflexion.

The eternal *now* of Hell is much more conceivable; and it strikes me as being the most terrible form under which the idea of Hell can be presented to us. To be for ever buried, or rather suspended alive, in the same dark atmosphere of pain, able to see, hear, and touch, but neither seeing nor hearing nor even touching, deprived of all capacities of action, that the whole man may be more entirely given up to suffering,—who would bear the burthen of this bodiless tomb, that could fly from it to the flames and ice of which Milton has composed his Pandemonium?

A Christian preacher ought to keep in mind that he is not a heathen philosopher, that he is not a political orator, that he is not a

stage-player ; the last especially, if he is called to preach in a fashionable chapel. v.

Affectation is offensive in all places : in the pulpit it is noisome. The twang of the conventicle is not the twang of Apollo's silver bow. v.

Coxcombical indolence makes many infidels : stupid indolence keeps many Christians.

Few are aware that they want any thing, except pounds shillings and pence. v.

Seeking is not always the way to find ; or Altamira would have found a husband long ago. A.

It is natural that affluence should be followed by influence. v.

Henry's chief fault is having too humble an opinion of himself.

Do pray let him keep it then ; if it be only as a rarity. v.

The human soul, if holiness is to abide in it, ought to grow up, like the temple of Jerusalem, in silence. The stones of which it is constructed, the materials employed to edify it, should be " made ready before they are brought thither." v.

How well it were if we knew nothing of evil, except that it is the opposite and the adversary of good ! This perhaps is the definition of innocence. v.

The ultimate tendency of civilization is toward barbarism.

The spirit of colonies has in all ages had a

democratical bias. Nations seldom think of sending out colonies, until they have reached a certain pitch of civilization, and of that practical knowledge which springs from a familiarity with the forms and circumstances of civilized or congregated life. Now Despotism finds it difficult to establish its throne, except on the flats of Ignorance, even as the Pyramids arose not among the mountains of Upper, but among the sands of Lower Egypt: at least the only other soil which does not shake it off as with an earthquake, is the putrid pestilent marsh of a people in its decrepitude. Again, in a colony all institutions are modern and as it were of yesterday, so that their utility must be palpable and immediate: they cannot possess the suitability and expediency consequent on long usage, which make the abandoning old habits and customs, even mischievous or evil ones, an affair not only of difficulty but of danger alike

to nations and individuals ; neither can they excite that reverential affection which twines its evergreen foliage around all things ancient, blending with and hightening their beauties, veiling their weaknesses, and concealing the footsteps of decay, which it too often hastens even by its own action, as well as by preventing timely repairs. A recently founded state has no such feelings : it is not enough there for a practice to exist : every citizen wants to know some good reason for its continuance. Besides, colonists are mostly men of ambition, always of enterprise : among them are to be found many of those whom their own restlessness or the pressure of circumstances has irritated into discontent with the government of their native land. In their new home intellect and industry must be the means of eminence ; and intellect will hardly raise a man to any considerable height above his fellows, except where an army or a

mob heave him up on their shields or on their shoulders. Now a mob is the settlement to be found in none except an old state of society. Colonies too from their situation, from the purposes which dictated the choice of it, and from other causes, are generally commercial: but Commerce holds no commerce save with the free.

These remarks, it is clear, apply not to the military colonies of the Romans. They were things of a different kind, mighty engines of stifling oppression, cities of police-officers keeping watch and ward against the struggles of independence, the craftiest device of the craftiest politicians whom the world ever saw. It is not easy to estimate their importance: the laws and languages of half Europe bear witness to it; but in themselves they were little or nothing, and rather machines than beings.

.U.

Use begets use.

v.

Professional education might entail on our posterity all the evils of Indian castes. R.

None ever appropriated like the Romans. They incorporated into their empire not only provinces, but gods. R.

Men have in all ages been readily brought to mortify their bodies much ; as the penances, wearisome pilgrimages, and tortures, which fill every superstitious code, attest. But scarcely can they be induced by any means to mortify their minds a little. So much fonder is man of his soul than of his body ; in other words, so much nearer is the soul to him, so much more essentially himself.

Can we then be really fond of that about which we are so negligent ? How do we shew ourselves to be so ? as the fondest of all fond things, a foolish mother, does, by spoiling it.

Augustus made Tiberius adopt Germanicus, "quo pluribus munimentis insisteret." (*Tacit. Ann.* I. 3.) He was too strong to be afraid of his strongest support, and too wise to distrust where security was safety. But few sovereigns have been equally politic. In Asia they seem to think that relations are only suckers which weaken the royal stem and must be cut off, and that the only use of a king's brothers is to garnish a coronation with heads. Even Tiberius, although he had among men a pre-eminence like the serpent's, that was "more subtile than any beast of the field," made haste to forget this lesson, the best thing his stepfather ever gave him.

v.

Other animals war against the animals of other kinds. It is the prerogative of man to war against his own kind. Among animals too,

I believe, fratricide prevails in proportion as they become domesticated. u.

It is a most mischievous notion that allowances are to be made for lofty and powerful minds: such indulgence encourages evil, and flatters it and fomenta it. Let allowances be made for the weak, in proportion to their weakness: but to whom much is given, from them let much be required. v.

We are tardy in finding out the beauty of Order: our upstart will cannot be readily brought to acknowledge the sublimity of Law. On the contrary, we prate about the uncontrollable vehemence of Greatness, the excursive vagaries of Genius: as if forsooth the uniformity of the sun's march detracted from its glory, as if the orderliness of the universe, by which the Greeks were so charmed that they called the world

Κόσμος or Order, and made the endeavour to conform thereto the regulative principle of their minds, could in any wise lessen its majesty or loveliness. None but a madman would wish to turn the former into a comet, or to melt and stir up the latter in the yawning caldron of chaos.

U.

If Genius overflow, it is, like the Nile, to fertilize.

U.

Experience is the best of teachers. Doubtless: if anybody would go to her school. But hardly one person in a hundred can learn anything from the experience of others; and hardly will one in ten learn much from his own. Let a father have ruined his fortune, his health, his character, by indulgence in any bad propensity; let him have repented and reformed his life, and been diligent in warning his

son against the sins of, which he retains a painful consciousness: the chance is that the son will still try to pick his way through the same mire in which his parent foundered. Though we scorn the moth for returning to the flame it has just singed its wings in, the moth might with more justice scorn and jeer at the gigantic folly of the creature gifted with reason, who in defiance of exhortation, in spite of suffering, keeps fluttering about the flames of hell, until he falls into them.

v.

The effects of human wickedness are written on the page of history in characters of blood: but the impression soon fades away; so more blood must be shed to renew it.

v.

Few take advice, or physic, without wry faces at it.

v.

Who is fit to govern others ?

He who governs himself.

You might as well have said : nobody. v.

Christianity requires not only acts but dispositions, not only virtuous deeds but virtues. This is decisive of its practical disinterestedness. Selfish alms-giving is possible ; but the Gospel enjoins love, and selfish love is a contradiction. Why then does it hold out punishments and rewards as motives ? Among other reasons, to keep men from being over-weighted by the world, and in the first instance to induce the acts, a perseverance in which, if sanctified by prayer, at length superinduces the disposition. The motives which in childhood made us learn to read, are not the reasons why we now love reading ; but it is plain that, to love reading, we must first have learnt to read. As Coleridge says philosophically : “the mind and con-

science may be reconciled to such motives, in the foreknowledge of the higher principle, and with a yearning toward it that implies a foretaste of future freedom. The enfeebled convalescent is reconciled to his crutches, and thankfully makes use of them, not only because they are necessary for his immediate support, but likewise because they are the means and conditions of exercise, and by exercise of establishing *gradatim paulatim* that strength, flexibility, and almost spontaneous obedience of the muscles, which the idea and cheering presentiment of health hold out to him. He finds their value in their present necessity, and their worth as they are the instruments of finally superseding it." *Aids to Reflexion*, p. 23.

And after all the being directly influenced by what the Bible has promised and denounced, is in itself wise and good. It is not only a higher and wiser, a more patient and liberal and far-minded interestedness, than

any other the world can shew, (though even as such it appertains to the perfection of our prudential nature); but it must also have been preceded by a pure act of Christian virtue: for it is a preference of faith to sight, a practical acknowledgement of God in his characters of lawgiver and judge, and a manly humble seeking him as such in spite of contumely and temptation.

Like Ixion, we often embrace a cloud, and can only be awakened from our trance by a thunderbolt exploding in our arms. v.

In the moment of our creation we receive the stamp of our individuality; and much of life is spent in rubbing off or defacing the impression. v.

There is only one tempter whom we are very studious to withstand . . God. v.

On doit bien aimer de perdre : on passe la vie à la perdre, et à se perdre soi-même ; et il y a peu de jours où on ne fait mille choses à pure perte.

v.

Why do critics make such an outcry against tragicomedies ? is not life one ?

v.

I have been told that Lord Byron is quite as great a poet as Shakspeare, bating his universality. So Buonaparte in St. Helena was quite as powerful as Buonaparte at Paris, bating the empire of the world.

v.

Jeremy Taylor's gleaming fancy plays over his deep reasoning, like the sunbeams on the sea, converting it into a flood of light.

v.

The tree of knowledge is the tree of the knowledge of evil, no less than of the knowledge of

good. Now if we were always certain which we got hold of, if we always knew good to be good, and evil to be evil, things might go on better. But their outward appearance is often such as to beguile those who are so ready to be beguiled; and there never is wanting a troop of conjurors and jugglers who play tricks with them, and offering us the one put the other into our hands, sophists, as the prophet denounces them, "wise in their own eyes and prudent in their own sight, calling evil good, and good evil, putting light for darkness, and darkness for light, putting bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter." As society thickens and knowledge spreads, these blind guides multiply a hundred-fold: for while great men come forth almost like lions, singly from the womb of Time, the meanest and most noxious creatures will often have plentiful broods. Hence, while at an earlier stage great authors

have to deal chiefly with men as men, with their passions and feelings, at a later they must deal with them in great measure as readers and writers, or at least with their opinions and principles. Those familiar with Goethe, and able to compare his works with Shakspeare's, will easily perceive this distinction; and when a person complains that Goethe's views of life and manners, his way of treating and representing things, are not the same with Shakspeare's, he only shews that he understands not what he is talking about. It is indeed a common practice in matters of taste, among those who have not apprehended the principles of right judgement, to judge of a thing, not by itself, but by another thing, and to condemn it because it is not something else: but this is like shooting a horse, because he has not got the horns of an ox. Goethe in 1800 does not write just as Shakspeare wrote in 1600: but

neither would Shakspeare in 1800 have written just as he wrote in 1600. For the frame and aspect of society are different; the world which would act on him, and on which he would have to act, is another world. True poetical genius lives in communion with the world, in a perpetual reciprocation of influences, imbibing feeling and knowledge, and pouring out what it has imbibed in words of power and gladness and wisdom. It is not, at least when highest it is not, as Wordsworth describes Milton to have been, "like a star dwelling apart." Solitude may comfort weakness: it will not be the home of strength. The piety which mingles with the world and passes through it, as a great river passes through a lake, preserving the integrity of its waters, is of a far purer and mightier, as it is of a more beneficent kind, than that which shuns observation like the Niger, and goes and buries itself in a desert. Now

if Religion be rather social than eremitical, surely the same holds of Genius: surely he is a greater poet who can plunge into the world, and stem its flood, and ride upon its waves, than he who loiters about the little pool of his own fancies, throwing crumbs to the gold and silver fish he has put into it. In short, Genius is not an independent and insulated, but a social and continental, or at all events a peninsular power, with a Corinthian acropolis at once connecting it with and protecting it against the main land: it must suck in its nourishment drawn from the bowels of the earth, before the strings are cut and it is launched on its voyage through time and space.

Now, without entering into a comparison of Shakspeare's age with our own, one thing at least is evident, that, considered generally and as a nation, we are more bookish than our ancestors. The mere scholar may not be so mere

a scholar; but literature is more extensively diffused, and more operative on society. Our feelings come not to us directly from their objects, but through a number of mediums which have been interposed. Their wildness has been tamed; their free play has been checked; they have been taught their paces, and move in some degree according to rule: all contrasts have been softened; and we seem as it were to have passed from an uncultivated country, with its high mountains and wide dreary moors, and here and there a lovely dell lying like a smiling infant in the arms of its mailed father, into an inclosed plain, gay and prosperous and laughing, with all its fields looking one much like another. While the conflict and tug of passions supplied in Shakspeare's days the chief materials for poetry, in our days it is rather the conflict of principles: the war now is underground; the mine is dug, and we

must countermine it. This appears not only from the works of Goethe and others of his countrymen, but from the course taken by our own greatest poets, by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Landor. They have been rebuked indeed for not writing otherwise: but they have done rightly; for they have obeyed the impulse of their nature, and the voice of their age is heard speaking through their lips. In a like way our poetry has become sentimental. This too has been found fault with: but it was inevitable. A sentiment is different from a thought and from a feeling; it is a mixture of both. In its old sense it is not a mere opinion, but an opinion influencing and influenced by the character: in its modern sense, as denoting what is implied in the much abused adjective *sentimental*, a sentiment is a reflective self-conscious feeling, a feeling aware of its own existence, nursing itself, feeding itself, and too often pampering and spoiling itself.

Various considerations might arise out of the foregoing remarks: we are already in the chamber where they are sleeping; one has only to raise the coverlet, and they will jump up and beg to be dressed. Let me take the first I come to. Since knowledge, like all other earthly things, is "of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," since too at any particular time the ill is likely to be more plenteous than the good, they who enlist under the banner of literature, have a twofold duty, to extend the dominions of Truth, and to fight against and subdue the retainers of Error. Whatever may be man's chosen line of action, it lies under the operation of the original curse, and there is no doing without also undoing: not only as members of the church, but in every other capacity, while here on earth, we are militant. There are always idols which must be overthrown, and superstitions which must be rooted out; and although it may be a wholesomer and more genial

employment to set up than to pull down, to produce than to destroy, still intellectual like other warfare is necessary; is unavoidable. Falsehood will lift up its impudent head, and must therefore be cast down and crushed: weeds and thorns will sprout up, and, unless they are cleared away, will choke any good seed that may be sown. But warfare, of whatever kind, is a perilous trade: even though it be undertaken in the cause of humanity, it can hardly be carried on without some inhumanity: nor is literary war less slippery than any other; nay, rather it is inwardly more dangerous, in proportion as it is less dangerous outwardly. For the immediate bodily presence of danger strengthens and elevates and therefore humanizes: but it is a fearful thing, to have the power of wounding a fellow-creature without looking him in the face, and of poisoning him with the nightshade which trickles from the pen. Nowhere is it more need-

ful that every thing should be done calmly and temperately and deliberately, without anger or personal animosity, and with an unceasing watchfulness lest the blow fall on the offender instead of the offence. When thus waged in the spirit of love, war is not alien from poetry : for what is poetry but the language of Love ? of that harmonious harmonizing spirit which looks on all things with an eye, dispassionate indeed, yet kind and complacent, not as they stand alone and may often seem to be purely mischievous, but as they spring from the abysmal sources of nature, and even when worst have still “ a soul of goodness.” For this reason the wisdom of the Imagination is far wiser, as it is far gentler, than the wisdom of the reflective understanding : the speculation of the latter is narrow and fragmentary and minute : but in the visions of the former all things are bathed in Love, as the stars are in the crystalline bath of the sky ;

all are members of the one indissoluble universe whereof inexhaustible Love is the radiant centre.

What then is the proper fashion of literary warfare? The end being not personal, but the exposure and destruction of falsehood, the desirable thing must be, to apply some solvent, at the touch of which it shall crumble. Now there are two intellectual solvents: logic, which acts externally and step by step, eating away one morsel after another; and ridicule, which penetrates within, and spreads itself through every part, until by a sudden explosion it shivers the whole. In each kind the most admirable specimens are to be found among the writings of the Athenians. The demoralizing sophistry which infested and worried their republic, was assailed by the analysis of Plato and by the laugh of Aristophanes: and although they could not get rid of the disease, fomented as it was by the strongest and most

irritating diet, and confirmed by the constitutional tendency of the human soul to breed in its fairest part a cancer that shall consume it, yet they must have done much good even in their own days, some nationally, more perhaps to individuals whom they startled and admonished ; and their works have sounded through all after ages like warning voices of inspiration, proclaiming the dangers that encompass the unchecked aberrations of the intellect, and calling back the prodigal son to the home of his father, from feeding swine, where " he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him," any more than the philosophical swineholders give nourishment to the poor people who feed their swine.

These two polemical powers may be combined in various proportions : the philosophical disputant may have more or less wit ; the poetical may at times introduce more or less of

argument; whereof the *Clouds* furnish a classical example. Yet, if judicious, he will try to keep as much as may be within the region of the ridiculous, and not to manifest his skill by delineating what is loathsome. Prodigious cleverness may be displayed in such a delineation: it may make one turn half sick with disgust: but the poet's aim is not to disgust, but to delight, to exhibit what he alone duly sees and thoroughly feels, the everlasting indissoluble alliance between beauty and truth, between goodness and gladness. We have been told over and over again, that the business of poetry is to please: it is so, and this is the cause: the wisdom of the Imagination is clothed in smiles; she leaves frowns to the weekday faculties of the soul. A purely hateful character, such as Shelley has represented in his *Cenci*, a work surpassingly excellent for the chaste beauty of its diction, is an un-

poetical character. The poet averts or rather diverts us from evil, not by stamping on it and treading out its venomous entrails, but in a quieter and pleasanter way, by widening that smile of rapture which it is his high privilege to excite, into a laugh ; by shewing the weaknesses of human nature, but without uncovering its nakedness or disgracing it : on the contrary he leaves us with an intenser love for what is good therein, and a more ardent devotion to its welfare. The historian may drain and strain the English tongue, and write till his style cracks and his orthography gets the cramp, in abuse of the Athenian commonwealth : Aristophanes neither strains nor grows hoarse, but awakens the jocund spirits of laughter. No one so powerfully exposes all that is bad in Athens ; and yet who ever loved Athens more than Aristophanes ? what image is the presiding hearth-god of his works, what

idea is breathed into us by every line he has left, but that of the city which, with all its failings, none else can rival or approach? So again the essayist, with a mind as plain although it may not be so spacious as Hounslow heath, and with thoughts as distinct and perchance as numerous as his fingers, will declaim against the silliness of chivalry, if he can think of no fresher topic on which to vent his bile and his self-satisfaction. He will talk about ignorance, and darkness, and absurdity, and folly, and the like, such being perhaps the qualities he is most familiar with; and he will congratulate himself on being born in an age when knight-errantry has been supplanted by author-vagrancy, when magazines contain anything but armour, and when a youthful aspirant after renown, instead of breaking a lance in a tournament, wears a quill to the stump in a review. It was in a far different spirit that

the chivalrous Cervantes, when the light of chivalry was expiring, put his extinguisher on it, and drove away the moths that alone still fluttered around it. He loved chivalry too well, to be patient when he saw it parodied and burlesqued; and he perceived that the best way of preserving it from shame, was, to throw over it the sanctity of death. And yet, when he set up his scare-crow, how many chivalrous virtues he could not refrain from investing him with! Here again we are won away from an error, and still retain our admiration of the principle which in its decrepitude so corrupted itself.

U.

Dwarfs strut : giants stoop.

U.

What is the use of ridicule? To point out the deformity of foolish things to the fancy; as the use of reasoning is to demonstrate their

foolishness to the understanding. That a mere intellectualist should object to such a weapon, does not surprise me. He who would proscribe a sense of beauty for attracting without formal proof, may consistently condemn ridicule, because there too the proof is informal. But for poets to cry out against it—and many do—only shews them to be nothing more than half poets.

It was a matter of boast to the Romans, that they invented a new species of poetry, the satire. The fact, I believe, is so; and the reason is plain. The Greeks were incapable of inventing anything so unpoetical. Their Satyrs haunted the woods, and were beings among whom the Imagination could be content to abide, even as Una abode amongst them, without disparagement to her heavenly purity, taming their wildness and softening their ferocity, and breathing something of a human soul into these anti-genii, or

concentrations of the animal nature. Whereas the Roman satires have no scent of the woods ; their haunts are the purlieus of sin : in Juvenal they reached their full impurity, and in him they are the toadstools that spring up in the hotbed of corruption. v.

A good razor never hurts or scratches. Neither would good wit, were men as tractable as their chins. But instead of parting with our intellectual bristles quietly, we set them up and wriggle. Who can wonder then if we are cut to the bone ? and however ridiculous lather alone may make us look, lather shot with blood makes us look much more so.

After all, wit is an edged tool. It is well to have it : but take care how you use it. Else it may wound your neighbour ; it may cut your own finger, or even your throat. v.

Nobody can be such an enemy to another,
as almost every body is to himself. U.

Far the greater number of mankind spend
their lives in making themselves miserable. A
great many are chiefly employed in making
others miserable. Not a few, thank God ! busy
themselves a good deal about making others
happy. The only rarities are the persons who
make themselves happy.

This is very odd : for everybody says, nobody
thinks of or cares about anybody half so much
as himself.

What if that should be the very reason ?

U.

You love good : shew your love, by your ac-
tivity and unweariedness in wooing and try-
ing to win it, by watching all its motions
and slightest gestures, by laying wait for its
going out and its coming in, by sitting all night

long under its window, if perchance you may hear its voice or catch the light of its face, by diligently seeking for it in every thing that befalls you, by aiming at it and keeping its image before you in every thing you do, by tracing its footsteps and its spirit in every thing your neighbour does.

There is hardly anything which you may not turn to good, even as there is nothing which the sun cannot illuminate. It is the simplest of all metamorphoses, and, when you are used to it, almost the easiest : only set about it heartily. *L'appetit vient en mangeant*, as the French say. This in short is the true philosopher's stone ; it changes all things into what is far more precious than gold, into that of which gold is only one of the utensils ; and it may be found. u.

Certain mathematical theorems hold equally as moral truths : only few people acknowledge,

and still fewer discern, their evidence and unquestionableness, when they are applied to spiritual things. Men are very slow to believe that the right road is the right road, or that the straight path to any point is the shortest: everybody whispers in your ear that he has found out a short cut of his own, and is ready to shew it you, if you will but follow him and keep his secret: for else all the inns will be full, and there will be no getting horses. In spite of this, everybody is angry with all the rest of the world, for not treading in the same track with himself, for not doing exactly as he does. In this most reasonable anger all agree; but in few things besides. Yet I cannot feel sure that this world would be a much better place, although men were like pins or nine-pins, multiplicates of each other. True, we are or ought all to be moving toward the same point; but that point is a centre toward which we are converging:

for the present we stand at different points in the circumference, it matters not whether of the same, or of divers concentric circles; and although your business is to make for the goal along your radius, your neighbour's nearest way lies along his. Therefore quarrel not with your neighbour because his temper is not your temper, nor his understanding your understanding, nor his pursuits your pursuits: rather admire the inexhaustible opulence of nature, bringing forth such a crowd and throng of creatures all differing in kind, but all precious and wholesome, if so be they fulfil the duties of their kind.

But you wish to give your brother your arm, and to help him on? Perhaps during a long journey men walk better with their arms free. I say men: because I know not that it is true of women: their arms seem to seek a resting-place; and the comfort thus given to the

heart, may more than make amends for any trifling hinderance to the body.

But you want to have your brother near you, and to shake hands with him? Make haste then and get to the centre, and be ready there to welcome him on his arrival.

U.

Finding fault must have something strangely agreeable, seeing that so many spend in it the largest part of their lives. Success to be sure encourages them: in hunting for faults, nobody is ever at a fault. The odd thing is, that, the employment being so delightful, no one ever thinks of carrying it on at home, where it would cost far less trouble. Perhaps people are used to see so much good within doors, that when they go abroad it sickens them, and they want a little refreshing variety. They warm themselves before their own fire, but can only wind the smoke out of another's chimney. And yet a person may turn his own dung-

hill to some profit, while his neighbour's can only annoy him, especially if he thrusts his nose into it. For my own part I would rather go into my neighbour's garden, and smell the choicest flowers or taste the choicest fruit there : they are likely to be pleasanter and sweeter.

U.

Learned men have objected to deriving *lucus* *a non lucendo*, from the want, they say, of any like etymology. That suggested by a celebrated divine, of *pancake* from *πᾶν κακόν*, is not quite certain. But surely *scandal* is an instance in point: for it means what nobody stumbles or takes offence at, what on the contrary every body picks up and pockets, unless indeed he rather hang it to his watch-ribbon and jingle it against his seals.

U.

It is the beam that is censorious : the poor little mote is shame-faced and silent. I think

of this, when I hear the men of the eighteenth or nineteenth century inveying against the follies of the twelfth or the sixteenth. They did not treat us so. v.

The intellectual soul has many senses or members, by which it communicates with the outward world, but which yet are no more the intellect itself, than the limbs of the body are the life. Such are memory and attention, which last however is rather a habit than a faculty; such also are the powers of expression and perception; fancy, with which, as with an eye, we see similitudes; apprehension, with which, as with a hand, we lay hold on objects and notions; and lastly sense, as it is familiarly called, by which we practically discover of two instruments which is the more suitable, of two actions which is the more expedient. Each of these faculties is susceptible of various excellencies, and these excellencies are all so many talents.

Genius on the other hand is a perfection of the soul itself. But what perfection? For the soul not only thinks, it also feels and wills. Now these its parts should not live in un-neighbourly separation, but should endeavour to become one, as far as may be, by interpenetration and interfusion. The condition of the soul is then most perfect, when the intellect is impassioned, the passions intellectualized, and both are elevated, refined, controuled, actuated, and directed by a master principle. And this interpenetration and interfusion, I conceive, form the essence of Genius. Its most remarkable property or organ is its digestion, whereby it assimilates all things; and its chief instinct is to realize an idea.

Let me follow out my brother's remark: for he seems to me to have caught sight of the truth, in a matter of no little obscurity and perplexity. Coleridge has often tried to lay down cer-

tain distinctions between Talent and Genius, in *the Friend*, (*Vol. i, p. 183. Vol. iii, pp. 78, 85.*) and elsewhere; and has displayed his usual ingenuity for discovering the invisible and tracing the furthest and finest ramifications of an idea. Yet, so far as I can judge, he has not satisfied others of the essential difference in their nature: and this want of success I would attribute to his having chiefly delineated what is remote and derivative, if it be not accidental, without digging into the ground and pulling up the root. It is true, the common eye best distinguishes a tree by its leaves; but the scientific eye would see the root, would examine the seed, would search until it discerned the miniature of the oak in the acorn. If you want a person to possess an idea fully, put him fully in possession of it. What we have once known thoroughly, we never lose; what we have not, was never ours. The light on the glow-worm passes away: the light in the diamond endures as long as the diamond.

Nay more, I cannot help doubting whether Mr. Coleridge himself ever reached the origin of the difference: had he done so, he would hardly have talked about *talent*, or used the vulgar phrase *a man of talent*. Landor, although no professing metaphysician, yet guided by that tact for propriety in language, which characterizes him almost above every other writer I am acquainted with, has reproved this expression in his interesting and instructive dialogue between Johnson and Tooke (*Imag. Conv.* Vol. ii. p. 213.) which all desirous of writing English ought to know by heart. In this instance, as in others where a word has been fingered and thumbed until its meaning is effaced, a thing especially frequent in abstract terms and the names of spiritual things, since the commonalty, never having framed a precise notion of their value, let them rub against the larger and harder copper coins, and are often glad to pass them off, as the Irishman

passed off his guinea, between two half-pence ; in such cases, to restore the original impression, one must try to recover the original die. He who wishes to define an ambiguous word, ought to shew that the signification he assigns to it is not arbitrary, by shewing it to be consistent with etymology, or with analogy, or with primitive usage.

Now there is little question that the common use of the word *talent* to denote a faculty of the mind, is traceable to the parable of the talents in the New Testament : just as many other words. *lazar* for example, spring from the same source : just as *parole* and *pulabra* (whence our *palaces*, in derision perhaps of what was deemed a Spanish peculiarity) are only forms of *παραβολη*, and must at first have meant the word of the Saviour. The true sense of the parable was evident : the talents were spiritual gifts or endowments : so wherever any spiritual or intellectual faculty existed in a high degree, it was

called a talent. A good memory was a talent; an eye for painting was a talent; a musical ear was a talent; readiness of speech was a talent; a man might have a talent for raillery, a talent for logic: "Horace (says Dryden,) is to be considered in his three different talents, as a critic, satirist, and writer of odes." All the other instances cited by Johnson prove that this is the old and right usage. The original meaning of the word in France, whence we probably imported it, was the same. All these talents were so many gifts, so many *dons*, names often applied to them. They were, so to say, the particular features or members of the mind, when any-wise eminent or remarkable: so that the excellence of any faculty is a talent. But as a face may have fine eyes without a handsome nose or mouth, so the possession of one talent implies not the possession of another. Hence it is a blunder to club them together, and denominate the whole

flock by a singular noun. A man may have a talent of a particular kind; he may have several talents of particular kinds; amassing them we may say he has talents, or is a man of talents; but he can no more have talent or be a man of talent, than he can have pound or be a man of pound, than he can have letter or be a man of letter.

Genius on the other hand is one and whole and indivisible. We cannot say that a man has geniuses, as we ought not to say that he has talent. Shakspeare was a man of genius; but even Shakspeare was not a man of geniuses. Genius is the excellence of the soul itself as an intelligence. It is that central pervading essence which modifies and regulates and determines all the particular faculties; it is above the soul and in the soul and one with it: as the talents are its executive ministry and may be many, so genius being its legislative principle can only be one. And as, when go-

vernments are disordered, the harmony between the administration and the principle of law is at an end, so in the diseased and broken state of our nature the harmony between its genius and its talents ceases, and the voice of genius seems to speak to us from without, even as the voice of conscience seems to speak; or rather the voice proceeds from a self within ourselves, from that holy place which we have forfeited the privilege of entering, and into which we can only obtain admission again through the reconciling blood of the atonement. Hence it is that men of genius have looked on their genius as something distinct from themselves: like conscience, it is seated behind the veil which our will by its wilfulness draws across the soul; and the will cannot controul it, cannot add to it or take away from it, cannot command it to do this or that; it is what it is, and such it continues to be: let it act freely, and its might is almost boundless, and its offspring are almost ever-

lasting; chain or curb it, and it is nothing. Hence was it that Socrates spoke of his genius as of a *δαίμόνιον* or supernatural power. Hence too the very name of genius.

But alas ! while talents are things which can be handled and talked about, I feel that genius can only be fully understood or intelligibly described by him who possesses it ; and he perhaps must rather represent than describe it. Yet these scanty observations may help some to more accurate notions on this difficult subject. Nothing can be vaguer or more turbid than the common use of the two words. People feel that there is a difference between them : the most slovenly writer would hardly call Milton a man of talent, or Waller a man of genius : but this feeling gropes about blindly, without seeing its own reasonableness : so, after the usual practice of our helpless understanding, which, when at variance with the imagination, likes to bring all things under the simplest category, that of quantity,

and knowing nothing of the essential dogmatizes about the formal, and incapable of recognizing any distinction of nature, will hear of nothing but a difference as to *more* or *less*; here likewise the general opinion is, that talent is a lower degree of genius, and genius a higher degree of talent, even as monkeyhood is a lower humanity, and humanity a higher monkeyhood. u.

There is no commoner stopgap in conversation than such questions as *Which do you think the best play of Shakspeare?* or *the best novel of Waller Scott?* Yet among all the questions which the schoolmen tried to solve in their logical crucible, and wherewith the modern scornors of logic have stilled the cravings of their vanity and tickled themselves into a dull forced laugh, none, not even the famed one about the number of angels who can dance on the point of a needle, is not quite as rational and answerable. Indeed the paralogism in the two cases is the same:

the modes of space and number are applied to things with which space and number have nothing to do. The pinnacle of Strasburg Minster may be a certain number of feet higher than the cross of St. Peter's; the cubic content of St. Peter's may exceed by a certain number of feet that of Strasburg Minster: these are points which may be ascertained by measurement. But where shall we learn that intellectual trigonometry which will determine whether Lear or Macbeth be the sublimer tragedy? whether a Gothic cathedral or a Grecian temple be the grander building? or, to make the absurdity more palpable, which is the most beautiful, the Iliad, the Parthenon, Cleopatra, Mont Blanc, the vale of Tempe, a palm-tree, or a rose-bud? A different idea of beauty, or, if the idea be one, a different modification of it, has become manifest in every one of these objects; and ideas or manifestations of ideas differ not quantitatively, but specifically or generically: so that the office

of the Judgement or Critical Faculty is to examine with what completeness any particular idea is embodied and revealed in its earthly form, not to weigh or measure different ideas against one another. In other words, every object is to be judged of by itself, not by others ; and the business of Judgement is with the positive, not with the comparative or superlative.

Landor indeed, in his dialogue between Southey and Porson (p. 69), speaks of such intellectual trigonometry, only however as a thing desirable, not as having actual existence : nor is it likely to have any, seeing it is a notional nonentity. He also complains more than once that " no critic has ever been able to fix the exact degrees of excellence above a certain point : " the failure is owing to the impossibility of the thing attempted. But impossibilities are not to be attempted with impunity : the teeth which gnaw at a piece of iron, wear themselves away. Criticism would not be in its present

deplorable reptile state, unless critics had wasted their faculties in striving to do what is not to be done. Nor are books the only sufferers by those odious things, comparisons. We seem incapable of admiring anything, without at the same time disparaging something else: even Wordsworth in some fine lines already quoted says that "the beauty of promise sets the budding rose above the rose full-blown." The rose-bud would blush with shame at the preference: true, it has this peculiar beauty; still it cannot be said that in every sense youth is more beautiful than age. promise than fulfilment, the bud than the flower. morning than day and evening and night, spring than summer and autumn. We are indeed forever exalting some one of these above what we are pleased to deem its rival, although nothing like rivalry severs them; but our reasons for doing so are altogether arbitrary, and depend on the casual changing whim of the mo-

ment. Hear Wordsworth again in an autumnal sonnet :

This rustling dry
Through the green leaves, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew
Mid frost and snow the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

It is really hard that winter cannot be praised, without abusing summer in the same breath; that they cannot be allowed to exist side by side in our thoughts, as they exist in nature, in sisterly beauty and amity; that we cannot smile on the favorite of the moment, without frowning askance on every other woman in the room. But so it is: we are the slaves of a domineering egotistical understanding, which will not let us wander freely, enjoying the flowers as they bloom beside our path, and alive to every joyous impression, but compels us to make a choice, to subscribe certain articles of faith, and then re-

.

solves that everything, except that whereon it sheds the light of its countenance, must be worthless.

From these considerations it appears, that precipitancy in pronouncing one book better or worse than another, indicates not superior discernment of their relative merits, but a feeble discernment of their positive merits. u.

The reason why many people are so fond of using superlatives, is, they are so positive that the poor positive is not half positive enough for them. u.

Poor Richard ! all his geese are swans.

Doubly poor Robert ! all his swans are geese.

u.

How many merits one sees in those one likes ! how many faults in those one dislikes ! Yet people fancy they see with their eyes. u.

All our senses have their imported prejudices, and adopt and lay aside and alter their tastes at foreign example and suggestion : a proof that even in ordinary men the mind modifies the senses more directly, not to say (which I believe I might so far as appears) more, than the senses modify the mind.

Hardly a writer does not use a magnifying glass.

U.

I once heard a woman say to her husband, after several little controversies playfully carried on and prettily declined : *Je ne sais pas comment il arrive, mais tu as toujours raison*. This speech delighted and surprised me : others I hope will only be delighted by it.

The opposite speech in the play is well known ; and that would never have surprised anybody.

U.

Doribert is the first person in the universe.

Are you quite sure of it?

To be sure. . . . By the by, do you know, there is not a question on which we do not think exactly alike.

I heard him speak slightly of your favorite Johnson the other day.

Oh! I was always certain that he did not know a good book from a bad.

This barefacedness of our self-love thrusting its head through our esteem for others, may be rare : cover it up a little, and nothing is commoner.

U.

Time delights in contradictions. When it passes slowly, it is gone very fast; and when shortest in its presence, it is longest in the retrospect.

U.

Physical objects are lessened by distance; moral objects are often magnified by it. Most

pleasures are greater in forethought or afterthought than in enjoyment ; and a danger anticipated is far more dreadful than a danger encountered.

v.

Puppies are blind : I suppose, because their eyes are looking inward.

v.

Vanity is vanity.

v.

You who prate so glibly and so thoughtlessly about giving a nation a constitution, believe me, you might as reasonably talk about giving a man a constitution. It were a lighter matter to transport London with its double cathedral into Africa, than to carry thither our constitution with its two houses of Parliament. A constitution is the child of Time, the mate of Life, the disciple of Necessity, the ward of Providence. If none but God can breathe a soul into a man, neither can any but God breathe a soul into a people.

v.

It was the original sentence on mankind, that whatever we bring forth should be brought forth with pain, that the human race should be fed by the labour of the man, and should increase and multiply by the labour of the woman, that our bread should be moistened with the sweat of the brow, and that we should come into the world amid groans and tears. So is it likewise with the human race. The sweat must have run down the cheeks of a nation, before its condition can be bettered : the world must be in labour, before it can bring forth happiness : and unless our own sins render our pains abortive, every succeeding revolution will be as it were a throe of childbirth.

v.

Light, when suddenly let in, dazzles and hurts and almost blinds us : but this soon passes away. and it seems to become the only element we can exist in.

Statesmen ought to define their objects fully and conclusively within their own minds, before they engage in active life. Else their actions may get to shape their principles, instead of their principles shaping their actions.

The knowledge of one's strength doubles it :
the ignorance of it halves it. v.

On peut savoir tout sans savoir faire. u.

At the wonder-match in the fairy tale, the prince produces a nut, out of which he draws I know not how many yards of muslin. Any Spaniard five years since would have beat him hollow: he would have pulled out of his waistcoat pocket the whole constitution of his country, perhaps still more finely spun, and almost as durable.

The business of a statesman is to deal with

men. This has been lost sight of by most of our recent legislators and constitution-mongers : or they must have drawn their notion of men from the chess-board, and have fancied moreover that they were themselves playing both sets... a kind of game which commonly ends in a puzzle, and in both parties having the worst of it: so unbecoming is it to other things as well as the Thames, to have their two sides on one side. Would you see how men are not to be dealt with ? read any of the French Constitutions, or the Spanish. They are all based on the same fundamental error, the fancy that a forest will spring up if you only mumble over a few pages of Linneus. Would you on the other hand behold how a true statesman deals with men such as they are, having flesh and blood and all the good and evil that flesh and blood are heirs to ? how he breaks them in and manages and controuls them, but without maiming their strength or quenching their spirit ? with how gentle a hand he disentangles the fruit-bearing plant from the

noxious creeper that is stifling it? how he searches for every little islanded spot of good ground to sow his good seed in? how kind he is, how condescending, how indulgent, and how he displays the consciousness of his own superiority chiefly by the silent acknowledgement that he has no right to expect from others what he has a duty to exact from himself? how in fine he prepares and accomplishes the blessed task of bringing the confused elements of society into order, and where hatred and rapine and bloodshedding and terror have been raging, there makes peace grow and joy and confidence and that love which arises when families dwell together in amity? would you see and understand how all this is to be done, read Sir John Malcolm's *Instructions to his Assistants and Officers*, and his account of his administration in Central India: read and see how much may be effected, even in four short years, when a man sets about it rightly and wisely. U.

Tibi impera. Deo pare. Hominibus, sicuti
Naturæ, parendo impera. v.

Dieu seul peut commencer par le commence-
ment. v.

Is not straitening the best way of straighten-
ing? Look into a foul clothes' bag and see:
it will serve just as well as a crowded prison
or an election mob. True, clean linen packs
closely: but then it is clean. And though
ironing and mangling are good for shirts, I am
not sure that they are equally good for the
wearers; notwithstanding the authority of sun-
dry rulers, who seem to have served their
apprenticeship in the laundry. v.

People cannot go wrong, if you don't let
them. They cannot go right, unless you let
them. v.

The great discovery of modern statecraft, is,
that policy means police. v.

I hate to see trees pollarded . . or nations.

v.

Lisping must be very common: so many
people call royalty loyalty. v.

The very idea of lawful Power involves the
prior existence of Law, through its conformity
with which alone can Power become lawful.

v.

It is quite right that there should be a heavy
duty on cards: not only on moral grounds; not
only because they act on a social party like a
torpedo, silencing the merry voice and numb-
ing the play of the features; not only to still
the hunger of the public purse, which, reversing
the qualities of Fortunatus's, is always empty,

however much you may put into it; but also because every pack of cards is a malicious libel on courts, and on the world, seeing that the trumpery, with number one at the head, is the best part of them, and that it gives kings and queens no other companions than knaves.

—U.

When the spirit of good is busy, the spirit of evil is not idle. This has been made manifest at every momentous epoch in history. So likewise has the converse, expressed in the German proverb:

When need is highest,

Then aid is nighest.

—V.

Even folly has its use. The cackling of geese has more than once saved the capitol. Tetzels awakened Luther.

—V.

What would be the state of the world, if God did not bring good out of evil? He may do

this: man cannot. It is true, man tries, or would persuade others and even himself that he tries: but it is like a wasp's trying to fly through a pot of honey.

v.

Oxenstiern's son, on his arrival at the congress of Munster, dismayed by the gravity of the Spanish plenipotentiaries, and by the quickness and ready confidence of the French, wrote to beg that his father would send him some sage and experienced adviser. The great chancellor's answer is well known: *Mi Fili, parvo mundus regitur intellectu*. He spake with reference to the policies and ordinances of man: and the histories of two thousand years are comments on his remark. But men, in their conscious intelligent agency, have not much more to do with the government of the world, than they have to do with the motion of the earth; whereat if all its inhabitants amassing their whole strength were to push for a century, they could not even shake it in its steadfast course.

In the mighty watch of our world, which hath the moon for its month-hand, and the sun for its year-hand, man at the utmost is only the mainspring, needing to be perpetually wound up as the chain of life runs out, going right only so long as he meekly fulfils the purpose of his maker, but evermore liable to be disordered by the strain or shock of his passions or the intrusive dirt of his sensuality. Oxenstiern spake truly, inasmuch as he spake of man; whose intellect, seldom very strong, save in his own conception, has usually grown giddy on mounting any lofty eminence of power. Had Oxenstiern spoken with reference to the true Governor of the world, he would have said: *Magno mundus regitur intellectu*. Wherever science has traced his footsteps, it has discovered that Infinite Power is the executive of Infinite Wisdom. It has perceived this in all those lower orders of things which it is better able to survey: and if the same is not equally evi-

dent in contemplating mankind, it is because the object is so gigantic that the eye cannot comprehend it, and thus cannot discern the relative proportion and reciprocal adaptation of its parts ; because man collectively, as individually, cannot see the whole of himself. All that we behold is a mere fragment, as it were a Torso of the colossal statue ; and the beauty of such a fragment is hardly perceivable, except where the Imagination can supply what is wanting.

Let me observe here that the contrast between Oxenstiern and the contemporaneous minister of France, Mazarin, aptly illustrates the difference remarked above between third-thoughted and second-thoughted men. Mazarin was palsied by his prudence. Oxenstiern was no less prudent ; but his prudence combined with his generosity to constitute magnanimity : and as he reconciled his first and second thoughts in his third, so Gustavus Adolphus may perhaps

serve as an example of one who anticipated his second thoughts in his first.. Hardly any other hero has been so politic : hardly any other politician has been so heroic : nor can any rhyme in Terza Rima be more perfect than was the harmony between the great king and his great minister.

v.

When we skim along the surface of history, we see little but the rough barren rocks that rise out of it.

v.

Did we duly consider how far the goodness of a single individual may be influential in his neighbourhood, how that influence may be propagated in ever-widening circles, and may ultimately in no small degree promote the welfare of his country, it would surely be a great support and strengthening to our weak faltering virtue. If ten righteous men had been found in the city, Sodom would have been spared : indeed it could hardly have been Sodom :

but among ten every unit is important. The kingdom of heaven, we know, is as a grain of mustard seed; and whatever belongs to that kingdom, is in like manner fruitful. U.

Nothings bears interest to a wise man, except principle.

To be sure! says a broker: what else should?

U.

Où trouvera-t-on des gens comme il faut?

En Paradis.

Mais il n'y a là que des parvenus.

A la bonne heure: donc à Paris. U.

Heroism would not be heroism, did not half the world mistake it for superstition or infidelity or treason or madness or folly.

The only way of undoing the Gordian knot of circumstances is that which Alexander tried, by decision. He knew it to be the rapidest kind of

resolution. That single deed marked him out as the man born to cut through not only the twisted policies of Greece, but also that still more thickly ravelled complication in which the destinies of Greece and Asia had been involved for two centuries, and wherein the swords of Marathon and Salamis and Platea had only made a rent. As soon however as the disentangler was gone, the entangling began anew; only the thread was finer and still brittler. At length the iron foot of the Romans stamped on it and mashed it.

By the only way, I mean the only way in action, not in speculation: for the actor finds, the thinker seeks: the former lays hold on one thing, the latter takes a survey of many. Alexander's teacher went otherwise to work: his *Organon* was not the sword: he tried to analyse, that is, to untie the knot, and his writings are the journal of his progress. The legend indeed tells that he at last bethought himself of copying

his pupil, but that like most copyists he marred his model, by throwing himself into the inextricable Euripus. If there be any thing like truth in the story, it must be interpreted differently. The ebb and flow which puzzled him, were not the ebb and flow of waters : his Euripus was upon the earth ; its current was fate ; the same current into which Demosthenes plunged in the selfsame year, and into which three centuries afterward the last of the Romans plunged at Utica for the selfsame reason.

No less emblematic than what Alexander did, as well of his character as of his destiny, was Napoleon's behaviour at Milan, when he took the iron crown from the archbishop and himself placed it on his own head. He took everything ; he would receive nothing, not even a blessing : so he had to fight foes against which nothing but blessings can prevail, curses ; and they were too much for him.

U.

What ought to have been done, and what shall be done, often stifle doing between them.

I doubt whether the Duke of Wellington himself could move a company of ordinary persons rapidly from the drawing-room into the dining-room : nobody will go first. Were it so in the world, society would be always at a standstill. A master-mind is wanted to shew the way.

Que doit on faire dans ce bas monde ?

On doit diner.

Et puis ?

Badiner.

U.

Hors d'œuvres become made dishes in England ; in the drawing-room and the library, as well as in the kitchen.

V.

It must be very unnatural to be natural ; few people being so, except naturals.

V.

How easy it is to pass sentence against a work ! All we understand in it, is common-place : all we understand not is nonsense. u.

What are the books of philosophers ? Mostly windfalls from the tree of knowledge. u.

Some vermin are begotten and born and beget and die in a day. Literature has similar vermin. One might indeed doubt about the third point : but like breeds like. u.

There can be no shade without light. Ignorance would never have been discovered to be among us, had it not been pointed out by knowledge. So is it with negatives universally : they owe, many of them their existence, all of them our perception of it, to the qualities of which they are negations. But if positives lead us to observe negatives, they in return best teach us the nature and value of positives. This is one

reason why the perfection of male virtue is likely to be stronger than the perfection of female. It has added to truth knowledge, and is not only founded on a conviction of the goodness of what is good, but is likewise guarded on every side by the discernment of the evil of what is evil.

There can be no shade then without light. Now what is shade? The exclusion of light from a given spot by the accidental intervention of a dark body; the dimness, for example, of a room from which the sun has been partially shut out, or of a deep and narrow glen obscured by an overhanging mountain, or of a wall running east and west where one side is sacrificed to the other. But that which is accidental, is also temporary. After a time the windows will be thrown open, the glen will be lifted up, and a vertical sun will shower his rays on both sides of the wall equally. For though there can be no shade without light, there may and hereafter will be light without shade.

When you speak to a stranger, how are you to address him? I suppose you must *Sir* him. And yet there is something so startling and repelling in that trilateral monosyllable, with its initial hiss and closing rumble, that, used between equals, if it stand alone or prominently, and be not softened down into a scarcely distinguishable enclitic, it seems well-nigh to portend a challenge. I hate the ugly Johnsonian word, and can hardly use, or hear it without repugnance. I would almost as soon throw myself into the vacuum of abstract humanity, and call my neighbour *Mun*. The French, with that delicacy of social tact which belongs to them, never separate their appellative from the pronoun, which seeks the individual out of the mass, bringing him into some kind of personal relation to the speaker: and the assaults of jacobinism upon individuality were in this respect vain: *Citoyen* and *Citoyenne* were soon replaced by *Monsieur* and *Madame*.

Would it were as easy to restore all the other good things devoured by that polypus preying on the heart of the body politic! In like manner among the Germans, the friendliest of nations, the vocative *Herr* is seldom uttered without the individualizing humanizing pronoun. And even we use the pronoun to persons of rank. Its absence in Italian might be deemed a type of the disunion which has in all ages distracted that unfortunate fratricidal and suicidal country, where every man is always fancying that he feels his neighbour's hand at his throat or in his pocket, and where the phantasies and schemes of the Unitarians, as they style themselves, even if all hinderances from without were removed, appear about as feasible as giving consistency to a heap of needles. Only Spain offers the same phenomenon. In both countries it is connected with the want in the national character of those gregarious qualities, by the operation of which in England

France, and Germany, has been gradually developed what by way of eminence we call society, that is to say, a happy conformity and free circulation of manners, customs, and habits, throughout the people, every domestic circle intersecting with numberless others: which same cause explains why the novel of society and manners has no existence in the South of Europe, whereas among the central nations it now forms the chief staple article of fine literature. At all events however there is something in *signor* and *señor* for the voice to dwell on, and by its intonation to indicate sentiment; they have a fulness of sound and a capability of modulated expression, very different from the affronting abruptness of our vowel-less unchangeable *Sir*.

Indeed one can hardly help wishing at times, to be a Southron, for the sake of being called by a southern name. Listen to the names which meet you at every turn and winding in a Spanish

chronicle: many of them come upon you with a sweeping sound, like a full peal of bells, while others have a depth and a solemnity as if they were brooding over the glory they had inherited from "Pelayo and the Campeador." Look at the names of the historians themselves, Juan Mariana, Geronymo Zurita, Antonio de Herrera y Tordesillas, Vicente Bacallar y Saña, Antonio de Solis y Ribadeneyra. Such names are worth having; the breath that pronounces them is not wasted. But as for the mincing, minikin, make-believe sounds, David Hume, William Robertson, Edward Gibbon, one might as well be denominated by numerals or algebraic symbols, and called 155 or xz^2 . What a name has Shakspeare given to his lover! Romeo: and how Juliet loves it! how she "makes Echo's airy tongue grow hoarse with repetition of her Romeo's name!" The first sounds in which she breathes her passion into the ear of night, are, "O Romeo, Romeo.

wherefore art thou Romeo !” It would be a mistake to suppose that nothing is meant in this and the following lines, except a wish that her lover had another name : the name that drives him from her, is not Romeo, but Montague. She would not have it changed for the world : while pretending to chide it, she is regaling herself with its luscious melody : it rests and lingers on her lips, “ never ending, still beginning.” But what can even the sweetest and fondest voice make of William, or Henry, or Charles, or John, or Smith, or Thompson, or Simpkins, or Bankes ? Many a time must the *dearest Robert*, the *beloved Wiggins*, the *adorable Ash*, have wished that he belonged to that numerous family of *Anon* who wrote half the *Elegant Extracts*. Change only a few letters in Romeo, and let Juliet exclaim, *O Thomas, Thomas, wherefore art thou Thomas !* and I would stake a ducat to a denier that not one mouth in ten would preserve its rigidity. This

is not owing merely to the latter being a common, and therefore a vulgar name : *Mary* is one of the commonest in the world, as common as roses, and still must always be one of the most beautiful. The reason is rather, that in the change the vowels are lost ; and a pack of consonants may indeed be arranged rhythmically and harmoniously, but have still less melody than a pack of hounds. Hence also even our best names, such as Herbert, Percy, Pembroke, Talbot, Stanley, Gordon, Campbell, owe far more of their value to the associations and recollections connected with them, than to their sound ; although the liquids or, as they are not unaptly termed, semivowels, which in all these names are the emphatic letters, admit in some degree of prolongation and intonation. It is the same in our sweetest female names, Emily, Emmeline, Ellen, Fanny, Margaret, Dorothea, Genevieve, Rosalind, Imogen, Miranda, Ophelia, Perdita : the important conso-

nants are all liquids ; as they are likewise in *ἄσπερ*, *amor*, and its modern derivatives, in *minne*, *liebe*, *love*, in order that the sound may have something in accord with the feeling.

It seems to have arisen from some kind of instinctive consciousness, that admiration and reverence and love, and all our higher and purer feelings, delight to dwell and repose on their objects, and to linger about them, thereby intimating their original and ultimate union with eternity and infinity and peace ; while hatred and arrogance and every base and malignant passion are *abrupt* and *concise*, that is literally, break themselves off and cut themselves short, and thus bear witness of the nothingness from which they are struggling to escape, and into which at the same time they appear impatient to return : it seems to be from some instinct of this sort, as well as for the sake of distinction, that in speaking to royalty we have adopted the longer form *Sire*. I might here

observe that a like instinct has led the French to address persons of rank with the unabridged *Monseigneur* ; I might proceed to notice, that, in spite of the ridicule cast lavishly, because at little expense of thought or wit, on the long German accumulative titles, *Hochgeborner*, *Hochwohlgeborner*, *Edelsthuchwohlgeborner*, and the rest of them, at least they were not the produce of an age and nation whose greatest trouble was how to put themselves to the least trouble ; I might further inquire whether any and what qualities in the English character correspond with or illustrate that most inhospitable word *Sir* ; and Simond's account of what he saw at the fall of Schaffhausen might serve in lieu of a thousand similar anecdotes : but I remember that, notwithstanding the example set by Berkeley, the inverted pyramid is not yet become an approved style of architecture.

It is said by Milton, that “ we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a southern tongue ; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward.” (*Of Education, Works*, Vol. 1. p. 278). To perceive the truth of this, you need only see an English and Italian singer side by side. The chief study of the former seems, to waste as little breath and to distort her face as little as may be ; while the latter unfolds the gates of her mouth and lets the full torrent of sound stream forth. But the operation of the same cause is discernible throughout our language, which it has stript of vowel after vowel, yearly taking from it something of its melody. To be sure, we gain compression : and this would be something, were our thoughts so copious that we could not house them except by squeezing them up closely : but it is not everything : and even in speech it may be doubted whether ice do not take up more

room than water, Seneca than Plato; not to mention that water finds readier admission. Sometimes the vowels are utterly got rid of: when one sees *ἐλεημοσύνη* doubled up into *alms*, one can hardly help thinking of the picture where the devil folds up and pockets Peter Schlemihl's shadow. But more commonly, although we retain the form of them, we throw away the substance, slurring them, and hurrying on to the next consonant. Me-mo-ri-a with its four vowels, becomes mem-o-ry or rather mem'-ry with only the final short one: so i-ma-gi-na-ri-us is converted into im-aj-in-ar-y; and poor *knowledge* goes alipshod as *knolledge*, that it may rhyme, I suppose, with its favorite abode. The like process of envowelling words goes on daily: one hears people beginning to call le-gend lej-end, and te-net ten-et. So that in time we shall perhaps adopt the practice of the Semitic nations, and take to expressing that indistinct ill-defined breathing which keeps our

consonants from falling into a heap, by points instead of by characters. Formerly it was denoted in many words by an apostrophe; in giving up which I know not that we have done wisely: a character is an unapt symbol of that which has no character.

The last word reminds me that such peculiarities and idioms in language always correspond with and indicate something peculiar and idiomatic in national character. Every language must be the print of the national mind. No thought can be taken up permanently into that mind, but it will stamp its image in words. De Maistre says well, when maintaining that the languages of savages "*sont et ne peuvent être que des débris de langues antiques, ruinées, et dégradées comme les hommes qui les parlent: toute dégradation individuelle ou nationale est sur-le-champ annoncée par une dégradation rigoureusement proportionnelle dans le langage. Comment l'homme pourroit-il per-*

dre une idée ou seulement la rectitude d'une idée sans perdre la parole ou la justesse de la parole qui l'exprime? et comment au contraire pourroit-il penser ou plus ou mieux, sans le manifester sur-le-champ par son langage." (*Soirées de St. Petersburg*, Vol. 1. p. 82).

Hardly any work would be more instructive and entertaining, than one to illustrate the proposition, if executed by a man of learning duly under the discipline of judgement. All thoughtful minds are pleased to detect traces of the way in which habits and manners and opinions imperceptibly frame for themselves exponents in words. Every indication of spiritual action is congenial, and therefore delightful, to the soul. Why is physical science so fascinating? because it breathes order and law and intelligent obedience into what at first sight looks like a confused unruly incomprehensible chaos. Thus in all departments of study there is a joy in catching a glimpse of a prin-

ciple, in discovering a rule, in beholding things as they stand in the sequence of causation, so that what we have been wont to make use of without knowing how or wherefore, we can now deposit ticketed in the cabinets of the understanding. To take an instance of the connexion just referred to between alterations in practice and in language: how emblematic, as has been remarked, is the modern transfer of *speculation* from philosophy to commerce! it has led me into discussions seemingly interminable, and wherein we only receded from each other, when at last it came out that we had taken different courses, and that while Pythagoras or Leibnitz was my pole-star, my companion was looking at M. Rothschild. So again at a time when the personality of God was an idea almost evanescent in our theology, his name too was going into disuse, except in swearing; and many divines became delicately scrupulous about speaking of him by so familiar

a term, and chose rather to hide their shrunken faith within the folds of some misty abstraction, talking about Heaven, or Providence, or the Deity, or the Divinity, and resorting to other such phrases to which neither they nor their hearers or readers could attach any definite meaning.

But not only in the sense and spirit of words, are types to be detected; their outward form and sound are significant. To revisit the point whence we started, even the proportion between the vowels and consonants in a language will shew the relative influence of the feelings and of the understanding over the people who speak it. German grammarians have called consonants the objective, vowels the subjective element of language. As the end of human speech is twofold, to utter feelings and to communicate thoughts, we may reasonably look to find the organs of speech adapted to this double purpose. And we do so find them. The vowels express

what is felt: they come more immediately from that part of the body which is less under the dominion of the will: they make the whole melody of speech: the interjections in which our bursting emotions find vent, consist chiefly of vowels, repeated sometimes over and over again, and occasionally kept from running and melting into each other by some recurring consonant. Thus they resemble the notes of beasts and birds, which are mainly vocalic, with the admixture of a consonant or two. Much like these are the languages of savage nations, especially where the climate fosters the luxuriant growth of the feelings. In Hawaii or Owhyhee, the very name of which is a mass of vowels, one meets with such words as *tarovovovo*; and Mr. Ellis gives the following sentence, *e i ai oe ia ia ae e ao ia*, which he renders *speak now to him by the side that he learns*. In consonants on the other hand, fashioned as they are by those organs about the

month over which we have a fuller and readier controul, one beholds something like the operation of the formative principle on the raw material of language, the shaping and modifying and combining or syllabbling action of the intellect. Now if the natural excellence of man lie in the perfect balance or rather the perfect union of the heart and the head, then surely no nation has ever come so near it as the Greeks: and accordingly in no language is the distribution of the vowels and consonants so fair and equable as in theirs: infinitely various and plastic, it runs over every chord of melodious combination, stopping just where strength becomes too harsh and rugged, and sweetness too cloyingly luscious. The Latin, as was to be expected, has not only substituted a stately monotonousness for the ever flexible rhythm and changing accentuation of the Greek: the consonants also begin to predominate; *λέγει* becomes *legit*, *λέγετε* *legitis*, *λέγουσι* *legunt*.

Quintilian himself says : *Latina facundia est ipsis statim sonis durior, quando jucundissimas ex Græcis litteras non habemus, Y et Φ, quibus nullæ apud eos dulcius spirant ; et velut in locum earum succedunt tristes et horridæ, quibus Græcia caret. Quid ? quod pleraque nos illa quasi mugiente littera cludimus M : at illi N jucundam et in fine quasi tinnientem illius loco ponunt.* (xii. 10). Latin is sonorous however and dignified and imperious, and worthy of the kingly senate : it is the language of all others to write laws in. Even the mugient M, the bull's letter, was not ill suited to a people whose chief business was to strike terror. By the modern Italians the speech of their forefathers has been diluted and effeminated, until it has become as feeble as themselves. One hears it called indeed the language of love ; but then it must be of sensual voluptuous unstable transient love, not of loyalty and chaste constancy, not of that love in which the imaginative reason consecrates

and gives permanence to the animal passion of the moment. These feelings receive their consistency from the intellect; and they are not to be uttered by a mere flux of vowels, but require consonants to hold and bind them together. Now as in English the consonants are too predominant, so are the vowels in Italian. Almost every final consonant has been removed, not always after the usual mode, by rubbing them off, but often by subjoining a vowel, or, what amounts to the same, by setting one of the oblique cases in the place of the theme: *sedes* becomes *sedia*, *parens* *parente*. Termination too after termination is appended, until one gets to such words as *piacerolissimamente*, with tails as long as the train of a lady's court-dress, and about as unfit for the household business of everyday life; in which moreover the substance is so lost in the attributes, as greatly hinders clear straightforward independent thought. Where every word is in the superlative, it matters little

which is chosen : one cannot mean a great deal more or a great deal less than another. In Dante's time this process of unmanning and degradation was still incomplete : he put forth his mighty hand to arrest it : he tried to lift up the prostrate body of his country, to nerve her flaccid limbs, and enable her to stand firmly and lastingly : but he tried in vain. The poison of pleasure spread through her whole frame, relaxing every fibre and sinew, now that it was not resisted by the healthful check of political activity, now that she was become, as he calls her, "Non donna di province, ma bordello." It is interesting to see how Dante likewise strives to brace and strengthen the language, to counteract its luscious softness, to give it something of manly dignity and wholesome asperity, and to form it into a car fit to bear brave and noble thoughts on the field in which Good and Evil are battling, instead of what it now is, a cushioned velvet-lined coach for women and men

more womanish than women to loll in down the Corso. The French on the contrary have clipt and trimmed their tongue so that all fulness and majesty and variety of sound have passed away from it: they have broken up their words, as Macadam breaks stones, to make a road for conversation to glide along easily. And they have achieved what they wished: as at their *restaurants*, whatever you can want is ready in a moment: but all is so disguised, you are puzzled to tell what it may once have been: there are no solid substantial joints; and if anything is served up in its natural shape, it is overdone. They never accentuate their words or their feelings: all is in the same key: a cap is *charmante*, so is Raphael's Transfiguration. Admirably adapted for all the ends of society, so as sometimes even to put *bon mots* into the mouth of those, who in their own language had always kept good things at a distance, it is of little worth for any other purpose. But then society is all in all.

with the French. I was once pointing out the features of a beautiful prospect to a lady: she listened listlessly, and replied, *Oui, mais il n'y a point de maisons*. She spoke as the representative of her nation. In Spanish one finds a dignity not inferior to the Roman, and at the same time a sweetness ennobled by its alliance with that dignity; even its gutturals give it an inwardness of tone, so that it seems fitted, as Charles the Fifth said, above other languages for the outpourings of the spirit to Heaven. The primary character of all the Teutonic dialects is different: in them the consonants always assert their preeminence; and the wildness and complexity of their intellectual combinations answer well to the constraint of the vocal organs when twisting the uncouthest knots of consonants. It is true, sundry distinctive shades are found in particular nations: we for example have not only cast away from us the euphonous vowels of the Latin, but also in many instances, as in *night* and the like, the

accumulated consonants of the German. That is, we endeavour to keep a sound judicious mean, shunning equally the vagrancy of sense and the vagaries of intellect. How far we have been successful, let others determine. U.

A practical maxim results from what has been just said. Inasmuch as vowels, like feelings, may be indefinitely prolonged, while consonants are yet more fleeting and momentary than thoughts; English poets who write for song, should study to introduce as many syllables as they can with full distinct sonorous vowels, especially in those places where the voice is meant to dwell. The neglect of this sometimes throws our singers off their balance, just as if they were trying to support themselves by the leaf of an acacia. U.

A minute may be minute; yet every moment is of moment.

Would it not be more appropriate to call articles particles, and particles articles? U.

Our will, when at twain with reason, lessens all things down to its own littleness. Whatever it insists on, it makes a point of. U.

People are hardly so tenacious of any rights, as of those which are wrongs. U.

It is an old remark that we talk less of our good than of our ill health. Perhaps generally we are less talkative in pleasure than in pain ; it being the essence of satisfaction to enjoy in peace and tranquillity, while dissatisfaction is ever querulous and garrulous : one cannot grumble without grumbling. When the motion of a carriage is noiseless, we know that all its springs are in order, and that its path is over soft turf : but when things go wrong, it rumbles and creaks, sometimes no less shrilly than an old shrew. A smile is voiceless, a shriek vociferous. After-

wards however all this is reversed: we forget our past pangs and tears, and the sorrows we have gone through, save that about them which was interesting or soothing, and our thoughts and our words linger and abide among the pleasures and smiles of former days. u.

A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look out for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; and sometimes he may even be seen laughing. He proportions his exertions to his excitement: having been accustomed to converse with deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in ordinary chit-chat. One sees no pebbles glittering at the bottom of the Atlantic. E.

When we call names, they unluckily are always bad ones. E.

Hard words are much too easy. U.

Les philosophes n'ont fait souvent que changer
le vrai en l'équivoque. U.

Les châteaux en Espagne ont perdu beaucoup
de gens, même Buonaparte. U.

Every wise man lives in an observatory. U.

The classical universe is a perfect sphere
with the earth for its centre: the modern is a
multitudinous flood of worlds, the centre of
which is the unattainable object of endless
research. U.

Selfishness confounds and reverses all rela-
tions. Postumous charity is injustice; a mis-
tress is the meanest of slaves.

Some obtain money under false pretences;

some only hearts. Of these two kinds of swindling, it is easy to see which is the most severely punished by law, and perhaps not much harder to find out which is the most offensive.

If there is carrion to feed the crows, there are also crows to feed on carrion.

Amours are fragments of loves; and by heaping one upon another the dissolute expect apparently to make up love at last. But accumulation is not union: a thousand bits of glass are not a mirror: and though a man may have almost every thing else in a seraglio, he cannot have a wife.

Why did not Goethe ever marry?

His mistresses would not let him.

Mistresses! out upon him! How many had he?

Only the nine Muses.

And what business had they to interfere?

Somebody once asked him how the human race would have been propagated, if Adam had not fallen. His answer was : *There can be no doubt : by reasonable discourse.* Perhaps the beginning of the fourth chapter of Genesis was in his mind ; and he remembered that carnal knowledge is only the *caput mortuum* of spiritual knowledge.

U

A coquette thinks she is worthy to be beloved, and likes to see men become her lovers, not being aware that love is misery, from her own ignorance of the passion. Would you know how to deal with one, who is beginning to jilt you, and encouraging another in the notion that you are secured ? Profess an entire devotion : affirm that she is the most . . . everything in the world : but do so with a sleepy indifference : if there be anything in the shape of a woman at all pretty in the house, follow her, hunt her, look at her, talk to her ; yet tell her and all the world that you do not love her, but are in love

with the lady coquette. She and all the world will believe you; but the lady coquette will be alarmed: she will regild her chains, and look to the links. By proper management you will make her so far anxious about you, that it will be your own fault if she does not marry you: and after marriage no English woman is a coquette: no modest woman who exhibits the love of swarthy which is the coquetry of modesty, before marriage, will after it affect a dominion over her husband. It is hardly possible to excite a strong passion in a heart which admires admiration. But the moment the craving to be universally loved is overcome, (and I believe a husband to be the only *aqua fortis* that eats away the disease), at that moment true love may be begotten, nursed, and educated.

Rien n'est plus petit que le grand monde.

He must have been a preposterous regrater, who first fancied that his brother by preventing hindered him. v.

Falsehood is lying : it implies an utter prostration and downtroddenness of the soul. v.

A drunken man is fitly named : he has drunk, till he is drunken : the wine swallows his consciousness, and it sinks therein. v.

The often noticed superiority of pleasures in anticipation to pleasures in enjoyment, is owing to our unquenchable appetite for spiritual activity. So long as the mind is busy, the pleasure lasts ; but when the call for exertion ceases because the object is attained, we begin to flag, and want something new to excite us. So immeasurably are the senses below the soul, even sensual delights hardly gratify except in thought.

“The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, (says South, Vol. i. p. 20.) were he tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity : he would fly to the mines and the galleys for recreation from the misery of unintermitted pleasure. But there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it, without loathing or satiety. The same shop and trade that employ a man in his youth, employ him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and his anvil ; he passes the day singing ; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it.” This is to be accounted for from the activity of the mind in the latter case, and from its inactivity in the former. Nothing is less weariable than the soul ; nothing more weariable than the body, unless where the soul aphor.

it. In the would-be man of pleasure (for the title is a false one) all the higher faculties are suspended. Now it is a curse attendant on the blessing of reason, or, to speak more correctly, into which that blessing by abuse may be perverted, that we cannot cast it away from us : we cannot become as if we had never been gifted with it. South contrasts a little before " the stillness of a sow at her wash," with " the silence of an Archimedes in the study of a problem." Man may rise into the latter ; he cannot sink into the former. We cannot bring ourselves to walk on all fours : so unless we keep ourselves upright, quadrupeds have the advantage of us and may trample over us as we lie flat on the ground. Conscience must either assist or resist us ; and her resistance will disable us for enjoying the stillness of the sow. But the mechanic on the other hand is happy, if so be he is at one with himself ; although there is a greater sameness in his occupation, although

that occupation, from being less free and from other causes, may seem less amusing : and yet I should not have called it less free ; for no lash of slavery is so galling as that which drives the voluptuary to his task-work. The mechanic has a charm against weariness : he sings in his forge or his saw-pit ; his conscience tells him he is doing his duty ; he indulges perhaps in hopeful visions, visions which that cheering conscience justifies, of a brighter future and an easy old age, when he may sit contentedly before his own hearth ; he feels that he is earning the bread of his wife and children, and he looks to the loving welcome which awaits his return. c.

People talk about wearisome sameness : variety is often more wearisome. We tire much sooner of turning over the leaves of a book than of reading straight onward. Continuous labour often strengthens : dissipation always enervates. Nobody ever felt ennui, until some

body found out that he had nothing to do. u.

Gaping and yawning are indications of emptiness, at least in inanimate nature. u.

Attention implies tension or stretch or exertion. You cannot follow, unless you step. Yet most hearers fancy that mere hearing will do ; or if they stretch themselves it is to yawn.

u.

The wise are like the daughters of Danaus, and the ears of mankind are their sieve. u.

Patience is sufferance, and often hard enough. But nothing great or good can be done without it. u.

Some minds are made of blotting-paper: you can write nothing on them distinctly. They

swallow the ink, and you find a large black spot. u.

Indigestion, they say, is the source of more than half our bodily maladies; and so it is of more than half our mental. Against either the only true medicine is temperance, or *σωφροσύνη* as the Greeks rightly called it. v.

Give and forgive. This is nearly the sum of our social duties. u.

Forgiveness is not very difficult, except when there is nothing to forgive. Let this too be difficult to us, or rather let it be impossible. We can easily make it so, by impressing on our hearts that such cases need no forgiveness, not indeed admit of any; if it be not toward ourselves from the innocent person against whom we have taken offence wrongfully.

Be quick to forgive your neighbour, slow to forgive yourself. u.

A case which needs many words to make it out, like a suit in Chancery, seldom repays. u.

Reasons ought to be causes : often they are only excuses. u.

In writing, as in fencing, what characterizes the beginner is the waste of strength. He strikes much oftener than he hits, and rather flaps his wings than flies on them. The energy put forth may be more than sufficient ; but he cannot manage or direct it : some of it runs off to the right hand, more to the left : it proceeds not straightforward to its aim, but digresses into curves and triangles or rather polygons, building one hump on the back of another ; and if it ever reach the goal, it has long since flagged and is worn out. There is the fear too of falling short,

which sometimes leads to overshooting the mark ; the fear of not roasting the bird enough, to avoid which all its juices are burnt out. There is the mistake of violence for force, of loudness for emphasis, of words for thoughts ; the determination to leave nothing unsaid that one can anyway say, to overload the table, lest there should not be enough to eat, to empty out one's purse before the world, lest they should be ignorant how much it contains. Truly doth Schiller sing :

Masters in art, lore, science, are known by what they
accomplish :

But it is what he omits, shews me the master in style.

All this is common and natural and easily intelligible. It is somewhat more perplexing at first thought, that young writers should be so fond of looking only at the dark side of things. When one hears talk about the heyday and high spirits of youth, one looks for the reverse. But the scribbling youth are not always the high-spirited. Too often their spirits have burnt

to the socket beside their candle as it affronts the dawn: too often they have evaporated during the attempt to condense them into sentences. This led Schiller, whose intercourse was chiefly with such, to exclaim in another epigram:

Has it been always as now? I see but a riddle around
me.

Old age only is young, ah! and the young are so old.

Besides there is something irresistibly fascinating, is there not? in the notion of being "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," as some Irishman found out that Buonaparte was, of "sitting a pen-in-hand hermit rapt in the solitude of one's own awful originality." Mirth is vulgar: any cottager can be happy, even though he can neither write nor read: one becomes immeasurably more interesting when one has put on a woe-begone face, when one has none of that ruddiness which the common wind imprints on the cheek by its kisses, and has learnt to look "melancholy and gentleman-

like." Far better off still are you, if you can emit certain volumes of smoky sooty misanthropy. Surely he must be a superhuman being, who can discover nothing but wickedness on earth. How can one help loving him, who hates all mankind ! Such as remember the commotion excited by the appearance of a late noble poet, will acknowledge the truth of these remarks.

There are other causes however which lie deeper, and are not thus dependent on the silly vanity of individuals. In the first efforts of the mind to grasp the world, or to act upon it, many a hinderance must needs be encountered, many a rebuff must be endured : we must have been fashioned by the discipline of the winds and waves, before we can steer clear of the quicksand or weather the point. Few ever learnt to skate without several tumbles : nor are the light gliding rapid motion of authorship, its graceful steady balance, its occasional sudden but compact and well-formed figures, of readier acquire-

ment. Is it not natural then that we should quarrel with and abuse what repels us? that, although the failure is our own, we should throw off the fault on something else? He who stumbles or slips, will swear at a stone or a bit of orange-peel: for the last place where people think of laying blame or any other nuisance, is at their own door. The young man has devised for himself a romance of life, and a romance of course must have a hero; but life takes no pains to shape itself after that romance, and the hero turns out not to be one: so life, not being just what he wanted, is worthless and wretched and naught. This error is often difficult to be got over, and some there have been who have never got over it; some who have gone down into the grave, having scarce gleaned one glad moment from their existence. But they who are born to teach mankind, are wiser: they go out into the open harvest-field and reap gladness, the greater part, it may be, for others, but

some little assuredly for themselves. It is the jaundiced heart that sees the jaundice in the world : it is the heart at enmity with itself, that looks upon the world as its enemy. Only let the voice of duty be listened to, let her call be obeyed, let her task-work be performed diligently and patiently ; and the world will seem to smile on us and to welcome us like a friend : we can hardly fail of loving those toward whom we are conscious of having done our duty.

In intellectual as in active life, the still small voice wherein speaks the true genius, " that peculiar sway of nature which (as Milton saith) also is God's working," will usually be preceded by the strong wind and the earthquake and the fire, which may rend the mountains and break the rocks in pieces, but in which there is nothing that abideth. The poet will at first try force and endeavour to take Beauty by storm ; but if he would succeed, he must assure himself that she consents not to be won, until

she has been wooed by duteous and loyal service. This appears a simple and easy lesson ; yet few among the sons of men have duly apprehended it, except tardily and on compulsion. There may indeed have been others even in modern times, who have felt and known these truths instinctively from their childhood upward, but I cannot name any besides Raphael. Of him it may truly be said that Beauty was his nurse, that he had sucked at her breast, and been dandled in her arms, and had laughed in her eyes, and been covered with her kisses, until all her features were indelibly written on his mind, and her image became amalgamated and, as it were, one with its essence. From his earliest sketch unto his last great work, whatever came from his pencil appears, so to say, to have been steeped in beauty : in his imagination, as in the bright atmosphere of a summer day, every object was arrayed in a loveliness at once its own and his : for all he gives is so genuine and ap-

propriate, it is impossible to distinguish what is native from what is adventitious. But Raphael had the good fortune to be born earlier in the world's great year, when the sun might safely rise without a cloud : in these autumnal times one can hardly hope for a fine day, unless it be ushered in by a misty morning.

Instead of pursuing these reflexions, let me introduce a passage from a work which I have met with since writing the above. It is so accordant with the whole tenour of the foregoing observations, and of many others scattered through these little volumes, that it has imparted to me the delight which one feels at discovering the thoughts one has laboriously attained to laid down in their simple evidence by a favorite and honoured author ; as if on emerging from a huge pathless forest you were to perceive a loved friend assuring you with a voice sweetened by its kindness that you are in the right way. The passage I speak of is from the R

mains of Solger, whose early death is among the greatest losses ever sustained by Philosophy : for I know not who among the moderns was ever so well fitted out by nature to do for us, what Plato did for the Greeks. On completing his twentieth year Solger wrote as follows in his Journal :

“ I have been for some time in an unpleasant state of mind. I look with ever increasing dislike on the whole life and doings of the present age ; and my higher wishes often harass me, because I see their fulfilment is yet far off. How much I longed to become a man who could throw some new light on the ideas of Law and Government, and could unite therewith a more than common familiarity with literature. Toward this end I labour often with great and prosperous zeal, and then I see it again on a sudden so far from me, I see so many difficulties which will hereafter oppose me. But nothing vexes me often more, than the want of

literary breeding which I observe in most of the contemporaries, their incapacity of enthusiasm, the inability of most to reach any higher degree of friendship and love. Or are they really better than I think them? Does the cause of the delusion lie in myself, or partly in my present situation?

“ These are no motives, says Duty, to shew away from the path, which thy reason and thy heart prescribe to thee, no grounds for relinquishing that to which thine inward sovereign directs thee. Journey on uninterruptedly along the road thou hast taken; achieve as much as thou canst: with regard to what lies beyond, quiet thyself about it, as reason enjoins. The friendship and love which thou seekest, begin with imparting them thyself; nay, heighten thine inward store of these noble affections so that, however often thou mayest be turned painfully back, coldness toward thy fellow creatures may never take possession of the

Trust all mankind, and yet never despond if any thrust thee from him.

“ O, if I could ever get so far ! but thither none perhaps arrives. With me all is still far otherwise : often my vanity is hurt, and I deem my heart injured ; often the love of ease is too powerful ; often I am too selfish. This too not seldom casts me down. How it will pain me, if a friend is colder, more indifferent toward me ! yet without my having done a great deal to make myself pleasing to him ; and often more from selfishness and vanity, than because I love him. This must away, altogether away. All my too great dependence on the opinion of others about me, whereof overmuch praise at school has given me a main part, must away. (Let me request the reader to compare the last sentence with what was said in the other volume about the mischief of praise.) Everything must seem to me such as it is. If I give pleasure to others, it must be for the sake

of giving them pleasure, not in order that they should thank me for it, or think well of me. I must endeavour to be pleasing unto all, but only on its own account; and then it will not pain me so, if I sometimes find not the gratitude, the esteem, I may have deserved. Disinterestedness, resignation toward mankind, and great word Simplicity, express all that should make me a man." c.

The higher we ascend on the mountain of knowledge, although our horizon may proportionably widen, enabling us to comprehend a greater multitude of objects within it, still we not only perceive that we see much only dimly and confusedly, but we are more and more convinced that a far larger and fairer prospect remains unseen, and that no edifice raised by human hands will ever reach the sky. c.

The tower of Babel could never have been built.

n a mountainous country: nature there awes
and defies rivalry.

U.

It is the business of the human mind to systematize in order that it may atone the complex mass of objects which are subjected to its various perceptions. Every acknowledgement of an ultimate distinction, except that between good and evil (and even this mysterious opposition can hardly be recognized by the Reason without Manicheism, or denied without Pantheism,) every acknowledgement that we cannot perceive how two things, be they what they may, can be reconciled, is an acknowledgement that our faculties are limited and incapable of penetrating to the contemplation of the one all-pervading essence. No single fact or phenomenon can be deemed to have been completely solved, until it has been resolved into its primal elements, until it has been traced up to the point of its emanating from God: so that no one

thing will be thoroughly known, until all things are thoroughly known, and Science, far as it may advance, can never be more than the ever approaching asymptote of Truth. τ.

Every eye has a dark spot in it. O that all had a light one ! τ.

Will there be any books in Paradise ? If there are, they will be all Gospels. υ.

The life of the body is a perpetual metamorphosis : the life of the soul is a perpetual metempsychosis. τ.

Every moral teacher is an abolitionist of slavery. τ.

The last and fullest theory on any subject enables us better to fix both the positive and the relative value of all previous treatises concerning

it. Only after the sun has mounted above the horizon, do we perceive the cause and nature of twilight. From the blossom we can trace the sap down to the root; but we cannot *a priori* from the root educe the blossom. We reason from effects to causes, rather than from causes to effects: for our Reason needs the leading-strings of Experience. There is nothing more amusing, it is true, and little more instructive, than to follow the march of the human mind through any particular region of knowledge: but in such investigations it is well to have the map of the country according to the latest and correctest survey lying open before us, to understand the difficulties which were to be, which have been, and which still remain to be overcome, and then to examine the manner of accomplishing what has already been done. This is far better than creeping at the heels of successive discoverers, borrowing their eye-glasses, and throwing aside the improved telescopes

of the present day, through fear of seeing further than they did : for in this way we shall rarely see so far ; since few men have ever emptied out all the contents of their minds, at least if there was much in them, on paper, or communicated all their knowledge, still less their power and art of applying it. The civilized man may be better off than the savage, but not as a savage.

v.

Apprehension may breed fear : comprehension produces confidence.

v.

Invention is only coming upon a thing, and often stumbling over it.

v.

An abridgement may be a bridge : it may help us over the water : but it keeps us from drinking.

v.

It is impossible for an assiduous reader to

reviews to have a strong and sound mind. They are instruments of intellectual jacobinism, lifting up the low into an atmosphere wherein they cannot breathe, and depressing the high till their mountain spirit loses its tone and elasticity amid the thick fogs of the valley. v.

There is an intellectual and moral and spiritual as well as a political jacobinism : and the former are the more mischievous : indeed without their aid the last would do but little.

Perhaps however it is this very universality of its action, that constitutes the essence of jacobinism, and distinguishes it from all other manifestations of the revolutionary or democratical spirit. Its aim was not to redress immediate practical civil grievances ; but to dethrone law, to cast down authority, to strip off custom, to demolish sublimity, to spoil beauty : it blighted the feelings, it stifled the affections, it seared the heart as with a red-hot iron, it drenched the soul in blood.

It was insurgent, rebellious, sensual, demoralizing, brutalizing, atheistical. v.

Man is the only animal that can do wrong...
or right. v.

It is not until the sun or moon is shining on them from the heavens, that bodies cast strong and well-defined shadows. Similar to this is the effect which has been produced by the rising of Christianity in the moral world. It has marked the outlines of human duties, so that they cannot be mistaken. It has distinguished clearly between the bright and the dark side, between that which looks unto the source of all blessing, and that which turns itself away from it. Reason may indeed give light : but that light is almost as before the light was divided from the darkness : it is without warmth : it is not sunshine. Whereas religion not only enables us to see ; it helps us to grow ; it ripens and flavours

our good deeds; and it produces in us the wholesome conviction that their sweetness, if they should have any, is not of our bestowing, nor comes of the earth, but has descended on them from above, and that all we can do to promote it, is, so to station ourselves as to face and catch the rays.

v.

The doctrine of original sin has hardly ever been disputed, except by those whose hearts seemed to tell them that it was a matter of supererogation.

v.

Would that sermons oftener contained something besides the *Argumentum ad Hominem*.

So prone is our nature to idolatry, many make an idol even of the Bible. Idolatry is the menial slavery to the letter; religion is the willing and reasonable service to the spirit.

v.

Some men intend their religion to be a snare for Cerberus. But Cerberus will have too good a taste to touch anything so mawkish. r.

Emending is removing a fault : to save trouble we have shortened it into mending. It is a stringing joke, and it hits the right place. Menders pick more holes than they darn : instead of patching they botch ; and they think they are quite sure of blotting out what is wrong, if they only make the blot big enough. r.

When a watch goes ill, it is not enough to move the hands ; you must set the regulator. When a man does ill, it is not enough to alter his handiwork, you must regulate his heart. r.

All large states have their savages ; the richest and most civilized the worst.

In terra decora est iniquitas, in homine fœda.

U.

Walk into a large town; you will see many crippled bodies. Abide there; you will find the crippled souls outnumber them a hundred to one.

U.

Paris is the city to be abroad in: London is the city to be at home in.

A.

It is to be wished that we could render into English those expressive Greek adjectives in which contrarieties are united, such as *θρασύδουλός*, *γλῆκνίπικρος*. They are so often applicable to the incongruous medleys found in human nature and in social life.

U.

There is a remarkable aptness in the comparison of ancient poetry with Sculpture, and of

modern poetry with Painting. The dominion of Painting is larger ; her subjects are far more numerous and various ; she is more fanciful, and perhaps also more imaginative : that is, she can bring together and combine a greater multitude of objects, can give a vivid expression to a greater throng and complication of feelings, and can array the whole in a gorgeous panoply of colours, like that wherewith the sun invests his satellite worlds as they keep watch around his throne. But the beauty of a statue is perhaps purer, more ideal, more permanent, more absolute, more complete. It is, like the Ptolemaic conception of the universe, finite and comprehensible ; while the modern Copernican system is infinite and incomprehensible. Thus in every region of thought we may discover traces of the pervading distinction, so curiously and cunningly express'd by language, that arch keeper and betrayer of secrets : for what we only *understand*, the Greeks *ἐνίσταται* or *overstand* : our

knowledge acknowledges its own inferiority ; theirs felt conscious of its mastery : and this was natural ; since almost everything with them was of human invention, whereas the original and archetype of all our wisdom is divine. No wonder then that their spirit contemplated itself as overstriding the earth, like the Rhodian Colossus ; while ours must look for its symbol to that ancient legend in which Atlas is supporting the heavens.

Again, Sculpture is more satisfactory : it fills the mind more, at least those faculties of the mind which it calls into action. Painting on the other hand, although it may arouse more and even nobler powers, although it may strike a higher, a deeper, and a more varied strain, although it may hoist a greater press of sail, will usually stop short just before reaching the harbour, and leave us either to gaze at the land from the deck, or to swim ashore. After looking at a fine picture, the imagination still hun-

gers for something more; a fine statue is enough in itself: it excites no appetite, but what at the same moment it gratifies. Is there not a somewhat similar contrast between the tragedies of Sophocles and Shakspeare? and are they not both analogous to that between the Grecian temple and the Gothic minster? Is not every Grecian temple complete even though it be in ruins? just as the very fragments of their poem are like the scattered leaves of some unfading flower. Is not every Gothic minster unfinished and for the best of reasons, because it is infinite. The spirit of the Greeks is always melodious; that of the moderns, when in its prime, is harmonious.

Moreover, the personages in modern poetry act upon us not only by what they themselves are and do and suffer, but also by much that is circumstantial and accidental. The revelation of a common parent has led man to regard Nature with a stronger sympathy, a feel-

almost like that of brotherhood. He seeks too and discovers evidence in her, that the sympathy is reciprocal, that the affection is returned. Hence in the vision of the imagination the sub-human accompaniments, whether animate or inanimate, often become as it were a living part of the character. Their meaning is not merely allusive, as in Minerva's owl, or Mercury's caduceus, but implies a closer and more intimate communion. Una is not Una, without her "milkwhite lamb," her "lowly asse more white than snow," her lion that "would not leave her desolate," without the "shady place" in which she "makes a sunshine." The moonlight, the stars, the garden, are mixt up with the image of Juliet. Lear's madness would lose much of its appalling dazzling sublimity, if all the elements had not "with two pernicious daughters joined their high-engendered battles 'gainst a head so old and white." Let any one compare the tone in which Lear calls upon the storm at the begin-

ning of that terrific scene, with the cold majestic defiance of Prometheus at the close of Eschylus's tragedy; and he may readily discern one of the chief distinctions between ancient poetry and modern: for while Lear endues the elemental powers with the feelings and passions of humanity, Prometheus regards them only as the helpless inanimate ministers of Jove, and all the qualities which the poet's epithets assign to them in order to deepen their horror are drawn solely from their physical appearance. "The earth is shaken; the roaring sound of the thunder bellows; the fiery curls of the lightning flash; the whirlwinds roll the dust; the blast of all winds leap in adverse faction against each other; the sky is confounded with the sea. Even the metaphor derived from the hostility of opposite factions goes no further than its outward form: there is no design of attributing what every modern would have attributed, the angry spirit of factions to the winds: Prometheus

theus does not call on them to "rage" and "crack their cheeks." Still less is there anything like "taxing the elements with unkindness:" such a thought could never have occurred except to one who had habitually looked on nature with kindness, and found an answering kindness in her. I may remark too here by the way, since it is intimately connected with this whole discussion, that in Shakspeare even such epithets as are not of the spiritual kind I have been referring to, still are mostly secondary, so to call them, rather than primary: they do not float on the surface, but dive down before they come up again: they go beyond the immediate external appearance, and call for a meditative act of the imagination, by incorporating the effect with the cause. Thus the thunder is not the roaring but the "all-shaking," and the flashes of lightning are the "thought-executing vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts." This is grand, but it is not classical: for the outlines of the

image are nearly lost in the massy folds of the drapery. It would almost seem indeed as if no idea were sufficient for our minds, until it has been placed in communication with a myriad of other ideas : that is to say, our perceptions require to be set a-going by our reflexions. The Greeks on the contrary were so acutely sensitive to the realities of nature, that they needed no such stimulants : the mere sound and sight of a storm were sublime enough for them, even without infusing into it anything like intelligent agency : or rather they transferred the intelligence to human forms, and then seated them on Olympus, instead of amalgaming it as we do with the material objects themselves : their anthropomorphism would seldom allow them to bestow even the particle of a soul on any shape of existence unlike their own. A hurricane is the work of Eolus or Neptune : a pestilence is scattered by the arrows of Apollo : if Etna sends forth her

torrents of liquid fire, there is a legend to account for it: "the rage of the imprisoned Typhœus is boiling over in hot bolts of insatiable flame-breathing fury." The conflict too which the ancients conceived themselves to be evermore waging with fate, and the irrepressible consciousness of their own superiority, at least of the superiority of their conceptions and ideas, to anything they had been taught to venerate as divine, induced them to insulate themselves from the world, and to aim at existing, statue-like, independent of circumstances, or even to trample on them. Hence, although we are wont to take our tone from time and place, they chose rather to know nothing of them. Helen, and Achilles, and Antigone, and Ajax, and Edipus, are nowhere or anywhere: they belong to no place; that is, they may exist in any place; for that which is around them is no part of them, and may be removed, except so far as it is the necessary means of their action: there is nothing

about them merely accessory and ornamental nothing but what penetrates immediately to the core of their humanity, like the urn in which Electra conceives she is holding the ashes of her brother. In other words they are like figures of sculpture : for it is one among the prerogatives of sculpture to emancipate its subjects, so far as may be, from time and space, " the bonds of our humanity," and to exhibit them in the fullness and freedom of an almost ideal existence. A statue knows nothing of *where* or *when* : it is of no fixed place, of no definite time ; it is seen by the eye, and in the mind, and passes almost like a thought from the sculptor to the beholder.

Here I must recur for a moment to a topic already alluded to, the indefiniteness and dimness and dreaminess of modern poetry, its ceaseless intermingling and unweariable accumulation of colours, hue running into and overrunning hue, its perpetual striving to go on of the subject and beyond it, and to

everything which can in any way be hooked on it, the hundred arms which it stretches out like one of the Titans to grasp whatever comes within its reach. All this, it is evident, can no-wise be reconciled with the substantial distinctly limited form, and gentle, almost passionless and spiritualized, reality of Sculpture. Nor can Painting at all keep up with Poetry in such things ; but she can follow in her train.

Besides a statue may not be fanciful ; nay its character is rather ideal than imaginative. Sculpture can hardly attempt any thing like a new combination of forms : it must confine itself almost entirely to such as actually exist, and among these will apply itself most diligently to the human, as the noblest, the most beautiful, the most majestic, the most intellectual : indeed the mere absence of any fur or other covering from the skin would of itself be nearly enough to determine the preference. Now the poetry of the Greeks was likewise almost exclusively human. Ani-

mal poetry and animal sculpture have long flourished in the East, where the quadruped has not seldom been a nobler, and sometimes a more rational, creature than the biped. But although one perceives certain traces of something like fellowship with animals in Homer, in the horse of Achilles, the dog Argus, and the pathetic complaint of Polyphemus to his ram, the late Greeks soon turned them out of their thoughts as is natural in the progress of civilization: it is natural indeed, that, had we no other reason for being grateful to chivalry, we should still owe it our best thanks for having led us to keep our friends with the horse.

A statue then must not depart too far from reality: it may represent a faun or a satyr, a centaur or a mermaid: for in these combinations the animal part is headed and over-ruled by the human. Perhaps too it may have been Sculpture that gave rise to some of these combinations; since the graceful forms of an animal

mal's body become a worthier subject for the chisel, when a human head is placed upon it. But fairies and goblins and witches and ghosts and spectres, the whole offspring of modern imagination, must be left to Painting.

For the subject of Sculpture should in some degree possess beauty of form. It must have something which woos us to permanency of contemplation, something which may justify its being thus perpetuated. The dramatic masks, which were often hideous enough, were made to serve temporary and subordinate purposes. From these reasons I am unable to conceive a statue of Satan. Mr. Chantrey indeed is said to be engaged about one : but I feel almost convinced that his enterprise is grounded on a mistake. What he will try to embody, will probably be the bastard Satan of *Paradise Lost*, not the genuine one of the old Christian mythology : and yet even here he can hardly be successful. He may bring forth an ingenious, or even a fine

work: but it will not be comparable even to his own statue of Watt: it will convey a very faint conception of the Spirit of Evil. If he tries to fix and petrify the features in a mask of demoniacal expression, his failure is certain. Not to speak of the whiteness so repugnant to our notions, the very solidity and brightness of marble resist his undertaking: they are not it were appropriate Sculpture to the portrait of what is enduring. But evil by its very essence is transitory and perishable above everything: it subsists only by perpetually destroying not only all else, but itself: it is a Chaos without form and void, because the spirit of God doth not move upon its face. Τὸ γὰρ καὶ τοῦ ἀπείρου, ὡς οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι εἰκαζον τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ τοῦ πεπερασμένου. *Aristot. Ethic. II. 3*

Durability then is another condition in a subject well adapted for sculpture; which unfits it for representing either the agonies of bodily suffering, or the trance of any violent and then

fore momentary passion. I know, the Laocoon may be objected to me : but that extraordinary work belongs to an age when the art had already passed its maturity, and was declining. At such a time a clever man goes too readily astray after any glimmering of a meteor-like novelty, and will try anything, provided it be different from what his predecessors have accomplished. Even that monstrous extravagance in the dome of Milan, the statue of the saint who has just been flayed, finds admirers, and is almost as ingenious as it is disgusting. Nor was the artist of the Laocoon unaware what a reluctant theme he had to contend with, or ignorant of the restrictions imposed on him by the peculiar nature of his art. So far as his subject would allow, he has conformed to them. Winkelmann has noticed this in his celebrated description of that statue : "As the depth of the sea (he says) always continues tranquil, however the surface may rage, so the expression

in the Greek statues shews amid all the passions a calm and stedfast soul. This soul displays itself in the face of the Laocoon, and not in his face alone, together with the most violent suffering. The pain exhibited by every muscle and nerve of the body, and which, without looking at the face and other parts, one seems almost to feel oneself, in the convulsive contraction of the loins; this pain does not vent itself with any violence in the face or the attitude. He lifts up no terrible scream, as Virgil sings of his Laocoon. The opening of the mouth does not allow this: it is rather a stifled sigh of agony, a *gemitus ingens*, as Sadoletus describes it. The suffering of the body and the strength of the soul are distributed with equal force through the whole structure of the figure, and as it were balanced. His misery pierces to our heart; but we wish that we could endure misery as bravely as this great man." Like Cesar in his

hour of death, he folds the mantle of seemliness around his agonies, and is studious to die as became the priest of Apollo. Thus the Laocoon rather confirms than refutes what has been said. It is, like *Paradise Lost*, I will not say a splendid error, but a splendid anomaly; and great as are the talents it displays, it is to be passed by with a mere side-view, when one is laying down the canon of statuary, even as *Paradise Lost* must, when one is laying down the canon of epic poetry. How different from this Laocoon is the Ugolino such as one sometimes sees him, weak, emaciated, haggard, grinning, tearing his hair, gnashing his teeth! in the Laocoon the soul rises above and quiets the troubled body; in the Ugolino the soul itself is the centre of the strife. That the tragedy of the Athenians was regulated by similar principles, one may perceive in the studious removal of everything atrocious from sight: no deed was to be perpetrated on

the stage, no situation was to be exhibited, which it would have misbecome a statuary to express.

Nor on the other hand is Sculpture much better adapted for representing the sacred personages of our religion. True, Michel Angelo, for whose genius no effort was too arduous, sometimes attempted it; and Dannecker is reported to have surpassed all that was deemed possible, in the cast for his statue of Christ. But the disuse of Sculpture in modern times, except for the portraiture of individuals, is of itself the best evidence of its unsuitableness to our ways of thinking: even as the employment of Painting among the ancients chiefly on subjects of a lower and less momentous kind, proves that it was not the right exponent for their ideas. Such things indeed may seem to be determined by chance; which however can determine nothing, seeing that it is nothing but a logical symbol for an unknown power,

corresponding to the x and y of the algebraist : they may seem to be determined by a blind un-reasoning instinct ; but that instinct has a marvellous faculty for scenting out what is right and fitting ; nor can any axiom be safer, than that, where there is any such general effect, there must have been a good and efficient cause for it. And after all the very best statue of Jesus or of his Mother must be greatly inadequate ; not merely from the insufficiency of all art, but from causes peculiar to Sculpture, the impediments of which do not incumber Painting. Our Saviour and the Virgin Mary are always surrounded by a halo of vivid feeling : they are not wrapt up in themselves, as the Deities of the Pagans were, that, like statues,

*Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruuntur,
Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe.....
Et placidum degunt ævum multumque serenum :*

they repose not in the abstracted indifference of self-sufficient beauty: their whole being was sym-

pathy and kindness and benevolence and love. The Mother, as an object of poetical contemplation, lives only in her child ; and her heart and her face are full of him, even before his birth : the Saviour lives only in a gracious and mysterious communion with the race he is come to save. All this is inexpressible in sculpture : but in painting there is something visionary, and to all appearance instantaneous and evanescent, which fits it to exhibit the more delicate and fleeting shades of feeling : it looks like a birth of the moment, which one sweep of the brush has brought forth, and which another stroke with the same ease might transform or erase. For colours are the creatures of light, the most fleeting and mutable of all things. Hence although Sculpture may figure to us the everlasting sorrows of Niobe, of her whom Electra deems a goddess, because "in her rocky tomb she ever weepeth" (*Sophocl. Elect.* 150.) ; the artist here only realizing what her grief was

fabled to have effected ; yet even the anguish of the childless Madonna is unwilling to be thus eternized ; for the Christian mourner " shall be comforted."

Another blessed reason of the conformity between painting and modern poetry, is the more domestic character of modern life. The bonds of family and kindred are stronger and more indissoluble among Christians than among the Greeks ; or at least they ought to be, and therefore imaginatively they are so. The Greeks duly revered indeed the duties of kindred ; and the pure heavenly spirit of Sophocles, anticipating the feelings of a more favoured age, almost saw that these duties were among our most glorious privileges : still the voice of affection was but dimly heard, and the identity of Wisdom and Love was hardly guessed at : for not yet had the high priest appeared who was to celebrate the holy marriage between the heart and the head. We have grown more social and

domestic, even as we are become less civic : as the ties which united us to the state, slackened, we drew nearer and closer to our homes. This might help me to account for the predominance of the social novel above every kind of poetical composition in our days, as well as for its almost total absence among the ancients. But such a digression would lead me too far astray : suffice it to remark that the characters in modern poetry, as in modern life, stand more together than of old. He who comes forward on the stage of public action, is still alone, even in the midst of a mob : Phocion when haranguing the Athenian forum, was as solitary as a ship on the stormy Atlantic, and in that posture might be a subject for a statuary. But when he walked to prison, surrounded by his friends, and with a countenance, as Plutarch describes it, *ὅσον ὅτι στρατηγῶν ἀπ' ἐκκλησίας προυνέμπετο*, both his look and his companions would need a painter to delineate them. For it is with diffi-

culty that Sculpture can represent a groupe: even on a frieze it can hardly do more than repeat somewhat similar figures, as in a procession, or in the battle between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. This difficulty lies not only in the cumbrousness of the material, in its incompatibility with anything like perspective, and in the determination of every figure to thrust itself in front, where there can be no background, but also in the unfitness of marble noticed above for indicating occasional feeling. It gives only the form, which exhibits the permanent character: but it cannot give the tints of passing emotion, the blush or the paleness of passion. Now where a number of human beings are brought together in such way as to constitute a poetical whole, there must be some one common feeling to reconcile them; and such a feeling cannot be durable, when the instability of every heart is increased by the instability of its neighbour; as in a house of cards every card

shakes of itself, and more and more from the contagious shaking of all the others. I have said, Phocion speaking in the forum would be a subject for a statuary ; and yet Paul preaching would not : at least Raphael has shewn that the latter argument is far more suitable to the canvas. For the speaker may be severed from his audience more easily than the preacher ; political topics, however important, are lifeless and uninteresting in comparison with the welfare of souls ; and although the orator may allowably declaim in solitude, there is something revolting in the thought of sacred truths uttered where there is none to hear them ; so revolting indeed that, in cases where there were no human auditors, the legends tell us beasts and fishes came to listen.

Still the physical beauty of a statue is more perfect and more real. This may be substantiated by the evidence of facts, if that be of weight in such discussions. I know not of any

one who ever conceived an actual serious passion for a picture : but the story of Pygmalion—for which there was probably some foundation of this sort ; and if there was not, no matter : it still shews the belief of those who devised it—those of the French soldier who fell in love with, if I mistake not, the Venus de Medicis, and of the “ maid of France ” who died for love of the Belvidere Apollo, are well known : and several others might be added. Indeed I once some years ago detected myself kissing the hand of a Venus ; but no such attempt to give vent to it ever interrupted my admiration of a picture. And yet on the contrary, when art has been debased for the sake of pampering the licentiousness of diseased imaginations, art which ought to be the organ of all purity and loveliness and majesty, the embodier of every lofty idea, and the peculiar office of which is to manifest the beauty of holiness, those who have thus defiled it, beginning with Parrhasius,

have been painters much oftener than sculptors. The cold chastity of marble is not easily to be sullied: hardly can it be brought to provoke anything like sensual intoxication. What might allure, when united with the tints of youth, becomes loathsome and ghastly on the pale cheek of a statue; and the same reasons which unfit sculpture for representing Satan, unfit it almost equally for his crew, and indeed for the whole mystery of iniquity.

The greater part of these remarks might be illustrated by reference to the corresponding features in ancient and modern poetry. Let a single one suffice. The personages in Grecian poetry have a more definite reality, a visible, bodily, as it were statuesque personality: we see them more palpably before us: they stand out more: we see Helen walking along the walls of Troy; we see Penelope standing at the door of her hall,

Αντα παρειάων σχομένην λιπαρὰ κρήδεμνα.

we see Achilles standing at the trench, and hear his terrific shout : we see Electra before the tomb of her father : we see Edipus sitting beside the grove of the Eumenides : we see Apollo driving the Furies from his temple : we see them in the lines of the poet, almost as distinctly as we could have seen them on the stage ; unmarked indeed by any lesser peculiarities of feature or expression—such things were not generic enough for classical taste—but like statues or figures on reliefs or on vases, graceful, stately, beautiful, in the calm of subdued feeling, in the subsidence of passion, in the majesty of indignant power. Nor is this brought about by means of any elaborate description : the motion of the Greeks was too steady, their hand too firm, for them to need incumbering their imagination with such a drag : they could not perpetrate such a contradiction in terms as descriptive creation. Indeed description, where it is merely descriptive, is

essentially unpoetical and unimaginative : for the imagination proceeds not by the aggregation of parts, but by the comprehension of wholes : to be imaginative then, a description must in some measure animate and impersonate, or at least unify, what it describes. Some beautiful specimens of this kind have been produced of late years : we should be careful however lest, as seems not unlikely, the field of poetry be entirely overgrown by description, lest the whole picture be swallowed up by the frame, which is rapidly encroaching upon it. The Greeks, since, as was before remarked, they had not the same spiritual ideas of Nature, were less liable to be diverted from the great object of all poetry. humanity in all its modifications. "Some minds (says Schelling) think about things ; others think the things themselves : " a momentous distinction. It is evident that all mere description belongs to the former class : in the latter most of the front places are occupied by

the Greeks. Their mode of exhibiting a poetical object, was not by piling detail on detail until the reader sank under the wearisome burthen, but by stripping it of every thing cumbersome and extraneous, by opening out the view full upon it, and by presenting it in action, the most immediate emanation from personality, and its distinctest and least fallible expression. There is something so congenial to her nature in action, that wherever the Imagination discerns it, she runs forward to hail and welcome it. Only shew characters in action, and she will readily supply every thing you do not shew. now action is the outward form and body and, so to say, the statue of character: it displays the broad outlines of character, its piers and buttresses, but not its more delicate tracery. The aim of the moderns on the contrary has been to shew the latter, and not seldom to the great detriment of the former: we exhibit the invisible, we utter the silent, we fix the

fugitive, we perpetuate the momentary: not content with seeing the image in the mirror, like the monkey we crawl slyly up and look behind, to find out its original. This however is our aberration and absurdity: what is great amongst us, is truly great; but its greatness differs in kind from that of the Greeks. Nothing can exceed the spiritual reality of Shakespeare's characters; but they have not the same tangible bodily reality I have been speaking of: we know their minds, their hearts, their feelings, their passions, all that is past of their lives, and all that is to come; we know everything about them, except their bodily form. When we try to conceive Hamlet, it is his spirit we see, more spectral than the ghost of his father; when we try to conceive Juliet, we see her love. They may be painted: they cannot be sculptured. Or can any one frame in his mind a statue of Macbeth, or of Othello, or of Lear, or of Falstaff, or of Caliban, or of Don Quixote, or of

Faust, or of Mephistophiles? Yet the pencil has already done much for some of them, and may find an interminable field in the remainder and their comrades. In a word, the ancients may be said to have painted with light, while the moderns dip their brushes into the multitudinous ocean of the clouds, with all their endless pageantry of colours: this may be said, if not generally, at least of their representatives Sophocles and Shakspeare. v.

Most modern writers appear in their dressing-gowns, sometimes even without having pulled off their nightcaps. The Greeks, when they were not naked, wore their tunics girt tightly around them: the Roman seldom laid aside his toga. Eastern poetry on the other hand is so immersed in drapery, in muslins and silks and India shawls and Turkey carpets, with a turban upon it and an ottoman under it, so studious is it to conceal nature, that hardly a morsel of genuine flesh is

to be seen ; and as for shape, it “ has none distinguishable in member, joint, or limb.” v.

The peculiar merit of Roman literature is its urbanity, that refined, dignified, and almost magnanimous good-breeding, which belonged to a city, the mistress of the civilized world. The Athenian ἀστεϊότης was something very different : it wants the aristocratical grace of the other : it is more trivial, more jocose, and neither claims respect, nor yields it. v.

Cicero and Horace were gentlemen : the younger Pliny and Martial were courtiers. They no longer breathed the fresh air of freedom, which is as the breath of life to the former character. That character will exist nowhere, except where the rights of the subject are no less sacred than those of the sovereign. If it be rare in any part of the European continent, one of the main reasons will be found to lie in the

want of such sacred rights. If it was common under the old monarchy of France, it was among those who lived on their estates, and whose spirits were not bound and worn by the moral fetters of the capital. For if a gentleman is to grow up, he must grow like a tree : there must be nothing between him and heaven.

A friend who was looking over my proof sheets, has just reminded me that Mr. Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria* (Vol. II. p. 208), when defining the gentlemanly character, has made almost the same remarks as the preceding ; only what he says is much more subtle, more accurate, and more complete. To him then whatever is good in them belongs : for I read his observations some ten years ago, and the thought has dwelt within me, although I remembered not whence it came. Perhaps this will have been the case often ; so frequently have I strengthened my mind with the invigorating waters which stream forth redundantly

in Mr. Coleridge's works, that, if I mistake not, many of my thoughts will appear to have been impregnated by his spirit. If they do, may they not shame their parentage !

v.

Pray be condescending; if for no worthier reason, at least because none can condescend except from higher ground.

v.

Is bread the better for kneading? so is the heart. Knead it then by spiritual exercises; or God must knead it by afflictions.

It is a flagrant blunder, to think of making people good, by making them bad.

v.

Il faut reculer pour mieux sauter, quelquefois peut-être même dans la morale. Pourtant c'est une vilaine amitié de repousser dans la fosse celui qui veut monter sur les remparts.

v.

Hardships harden the body, and often make the heart gentle. Luxury softens the body, and hardens the heart. .

v.

Society is the most merciless of conquerors. It wants to fire off its members for its own purposes, and is therefore glad to load them with gunpowder. They often burst indeed : but no matter : more are always to be had.

v.

The principle of the ancients was Patriotism, or devotion to the state ; that of the moderns is Honour, or reverence for the individual. In the republics of Greece and Rome, where all distinctive peculiarities were absorbed into the national unity, and the glimmering starlight of individual consciousness was put out by the daylight of national consciousness, Honour could hardly have being : no virtues were upheld, but such as were immediately beneficial, no vices were reprobated, but such as were mischievous

to the commonwealth. The same train of causes which made the ancients less sensible of the domestic affections, except so far as they were a sacred instinct of Nature which could not be disregarded without impiety, likewise hindered the birth of Honour amongst them : for Honour rising out of the union of all those affections, and impregnated with their sweetest exhalations, is at once the crown that consummates and the sword that protects them. Whatever was imperative on the ancients, was a duty : there were few decencies of life : the Graces, so powerful in the sensuous and intellectual world, stopped short on the frontier of the spiritual : there were no charities. Where the man, as contradistinguished from the citizen, scarcely existed, it must be in vain to look for Honour, that choicest most essential essence of our purest and loftiest humanity. But Christianity has everywhere revealed duties within duties, duties as it were of a

higher power, or, so to say, the fluents of duties, and thereby has enabled us to acquire a deeper insight into the principles of our moral nature. The dealings of Honour are with that which is purely ideal, with that which a coarser analysis is unable to calculate, and which the rude hand of human legislation cannot grasp. In its proper meaning Honour is an application of the great Christian maxim, the uses of which are as unfathomable as the Wisdom and as inexhaustible as the Love it sprang from, to the realities of the affections spiritualized by the imaginative reason : it imposes upon itself all the same observances which it exacts from others ; but it likewise exacts from others the same observances which it imposes upon itself. A man may forgive the injuries done to himself, much more readily than the injuries done to his Honour : for his Honour is his higher self, unto which he must not hesitate about sacrificing his earthly life. Honour knows that "whosoever

shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all ;” and therefore is it so scrupulous about what the vulgar call trifles, “greatly finding quarrels in a straw,” so fearful lest the slightest speck should sully the pure white of its raiment. Honour knows that courage is the condition of its own manifestation, and even of its being ; it knows too that falsehood is spiritual cowardice : therefore is it so jealously tenacious of courage and of truth. Honour has enlarged the sphere of our personal consciousness, until it embraces all those who are nearest and dearest to us, and feels a wrong done to a wife or sister or mother or daughter no less poignantly, nay far more poignantly, than if it were done to ourselves ; above all if it be a wrong done to their souls, an outrage against their moral nature, on the innocence and purity of which we repose with a whole and wholesome faith, at the same time that we may perhaps acknowledge its weakness, and the con-

sequent necessity of defending it against the spoiler. In fine, honour has made it the glorious duty of manhood to protect all those who need protection.

U.

Few institutions of our times, I am disposed to believe, have been more mischievous than the multiplication of honours. Honours often dishonour men. We have even seen that monstrous parody, a Legion of Honour: he whose name is Legion, has seized and endeavoured to appropriate that which can only exist in simplicity and singleness. People are become so crippled and imbecile, that we fancy nobody will ever be able to move, unless we place a crutch of vanity under him. Yet most truly may they who trust in vanity, be said to trust in the staff of a broken reed, whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it. A child cannot do its duty, without being medalled; a soldier cannot do his duty, without being medalled; an officer cannot

do his duty, without being ribbanded. And what will, what must be the consequence? that no one will ever think of doing his duty, except for the sake of what he is to get by it. Indeed it will cease to be deemed a duty: the word itself will be an idle incumbrance: our actions will be mere matters of barter, to be balanced against the reward that is offered for them. Honour used to be the military principle; honours are now become the military motives: and as motives, from their coarse gross clumsy nature, have a trick of overlaying principles; so honours are likely to stifle honour; even as reasons often stifle reason, even as candlelight drives moonlight out of the window.

Perhaps however people fancy that they have scriptural authority, and are "provoking one another to good works." If so, let them search the Bible, and see whether that will bear them out.

v.

Madame, tout est perdu, fors l'honneur, was the noble letter of Francis the First to his mother after the battle of Pavia. One cannot conceive Buonaparte writing such a letter, except as a mimic. His heart had not struck root deep enough in ancestral feelings: it was not sufficiently upheld by the consciousness of moral dignity: he had no sympathies with the world, and he was therefore aware that the world had no sympathies with him. He knew not even what Honour was. The feeling, if he ever possessed it, had been crushed by the weight of honours with which he had loaded it. Indeed nothing is more remarkable than the prodigious meanness of his soul, in spite of all his prodigious talents. He had no faith in himself, none in mankind, none in God, none of that magnanimous reliance on posterity, wherewith great men have comforted themselves when fortune has set her face against them. His soul was empty as the heart of a volcano: whatever it

once contained had been vomited forth, to spread desolation over the world; and nothing at last was to be seen within him, but the smouldering flames of his unappeasable passions. Wordsworth in his pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra prophetically compared the French Emperor's military power "to a huge pine-forest, the ability of which to resist the storm is in its skirts: let but the blast once make an inroad, and it levels the forest and sweeps it away at pleasure." His intellectual power was of a similar nature: gigantic in semblance, wielding a terrific weapon, clad in glittering pitiless steel, like some of the monsters in romance, when once it had been overthrown, it was found to be a heap of bodiless armour.

Landor has justly remarked that he was "an imitator," and as such could have "nothing stable." (*Imag. Conv.* Vol. i. p. 354.) When he fell into the hands of the English, it was in this way he tried to invest his situation with a

majesty which he felt did not belong to it. He could not say or do anything great himself; but he could ape the great words or deeds of others. He probably said to the captain of the ship that brought him from Egypt or from Elba : *Cæsarem et fortunam vekis*; and one might wager that he must have said to Talma, or Laplace, perhaps to both : *If I were not Napoleon, I should wish to be Talma, or Laplace.* Neither of these speeches would have been more out of season than his letter to the Prince Regent, in which he compares himself to Themistocles on the hearth of Admetus. One thing at least I am quite sure of : Themistocles, were the scene to come over again, would not compare himself to Buonaparte on board the Bellerophon. The course he adopted, was that of a man who was in earnest, and knew what motives influence his fellow-creatures. He took the boy of Admetus in his arms, he sat on the hearth, actions of a religious significance, which

it would have been sacrilege to despise : he appealed to his generosity ; he also appealed to his justice : he set forth convincingly the extreme disproportion between any injuries Admetus had received, and the revenging them by giving up a suppliant to those who were seeking his life. If Admetus had betrayed Themistocles, he would have been ungenerous, cruel, unjust, impious. There was some cogency in such arguments. The Greek did not think of settling the matter by an empty swollen phrase, whereby had any been imposed upon, he himself must have caught up the universal jeer, and prolonged it in his sleeve. v.

The best defence is not to give offence :

The only panoply is innocence. v.

Would you see the state of good men under calamity ? Look at the sea in a storm. The winds drive and toss its waves : but they cannot harm them : and at length the turmoil is stilled,

the light shines on them from heaven, and the sunbeams sleep or play on the quiet bosom of the waters. U.

Many persons spend their lives in parrying death. But he who would be always on his guard, must sometimes be off his guard. U.

Every body has his own Zenith and Nadir, his own Heaven, and his own Hell. U.

Practical life teaches us that people may differ and that both may be wrong : it also teaches us that people may differ and both be right. Anchor yourself fast in the latter faith, or the former will sweep your heart away. U.

There are men whom you will never dislodge from an opinion, except by taking possession of it yourself. U.

Pourquoi es-tu libertin ?

Par politesse.

Pourquoi dépenser tout ton argent ?

Par politesse.

Pourquoi dire tant de mensonges ?

Mais, par politesse.

Pourquoi vas-tu droit au diable ?

Que demandez-vous ? Par politesse. Il est
si poli, on ne peut lui refuser rien. v.

Materialism is a circumference without a
centre. Idealism is a centre without a circum-
ference. v.

Scholars have a dreadful dread of making
false quantities : I wish philosophers had. But
the former blunder is of such paramount impor-
tance, that many would feel more ashamed of
shortening the penultima of *vectigal*, as Burke
did in one of his speeches, than of shortening
the returns they send in to the taxgatherer. v.

The Bible is the hardest book I know ; and the easiest.

“ A paradox (says Frederic Schlegel) is a great truth.” Be it so : but at all events it is often a truth on stilts, a truth which, like the sun in Haydn’s *Creation*, gives a loud knock at the door to announce its rising. It may be necessary or expedient in particular cases to arouse people from the torpid lethargic sleep of habit or indifference by shaking them somewhat roughly : but this is not the way in which the “ gentle touch of morning light ” usually awakens us ; nor is walking on stilts very suitable to the grace and fair proportions of Truth.

A truism on the other hand is a truth on all fours, or sprawling on the ground and unable to lift itself up.

v.

No work of nature is ever new . no work of man is ever young. Both become old : because

man's works, after they have been let out of his hands, are in some measure subjected to the operation of Nature, and are hereby assimilated to her productions, so far at least as to excite a kindred feeling in the beholder. In course of time too, unless man rudely thrust her back, Nature will so blend and intermingle her workmanship with his, that, as in Tintern or Netley Abbey, it is scarcely possible to distinguish the living tracery from the inanimate. But nobody ever called a tree or a bird new, that is, in itself, and with reference to its age : it is only relatively to man that in such things novelty can be predicated, of a species when considered as an object of human knowledge, or of an individual as an object of human possession : for your new horse is not new in itself, but only newly become yours ; and the new shells that have been found in the Paris basin, are all antediluvian, if not preadamite. Nobody on the other hand ever talked of a young table, or

a young cap : for youth implies a native inherent genuine bloomingness, whereas novelty merely dizens the surface with an artificial momentary gloss. This perhaps is the reason why, although I can love and admire youth, and can love and reverence old age, I always feel a repugnance to novelty and newness. What can be more uncomfortable than a new coat, a new hat, a new pair of shoes ? for comfortableness is an attribute which must be acquired, and which no manufacturer can give. I dare not speak about a new gown : the wearer often seems pleased enough with it, much oftener indeed than she seems at home in it. Yet this after all is the real secret of comfort : nothing is comfortable except what one feels at home in. So that if the French actually know not what comfort is, this must arise from a still more wretched deficiency, from their not knowing what it is to be at home. It may be so in the capital : when an Englishman once told Humboldt he

was going home, that great explorer of hidden regions asked inquisitively: *Where can that be? there is no such place in all Paris.* Neither is there such a word in the language: it is a blessed Teutonic word. Yet I will not readily believe that this defect, and the other defects, or, as the world calls them, merits, of the metropolis pervade the provinces. Woe to that country in which the Vestal fire is extinct!

A new house again: nothing can be barer or balder or barrener. The Imagination can find nothing in it to cleave to, nothing to look back upon; and it is the nature of the Imagination to be retrospective much rather than prospective: her gaze is evermore cast backward and lingers fondly amid the relics of the past; which the Greeks expressed so beautifully by calling the Muses the daughters of Memory. In a new house there are no associations, no recollections, no traditions, no stories, except the first, second, and third. Nobody has ever been in it,

besides the masons and the carpenters and the upholsterers, and other such persons who are known by what they make, not by what they are. But an old house, even when it is not especially endeared to us by having been the abode of our own ancestors, is still richly stored with all the choicest furniture of the Imagination. It has witnessed and been familiar with every human feeling : Birth has gladdened it ; Life with all its changeful apparitions has animated it ; Death has saddened and consecrated it. Here a mother has sat rejoicing to feel the stream of life passing from her into her infant : here she heard her child lisp its first prayer, or answered its first tremulous question of innocent perplexity about heaven, and patiently tried to make the life she had given more precious, by making it the prelude of a blessed immortality. There children have played, and angered and caressed one another, and trained up their minds amid their little mimic world. Here lovers have talk-

ed through the fleeting day, listening to the music of each other's voice, or have first cast down the eyes which had hitherto met so gladly and so frankly, and have turned them inward and seen their own hearts, and have at length told each other what they found there. But it were endless to go through all the incidents which as it were humanize a building, after men have been born and died in it.

The worst thing of all is a new church. I love to say my prayers in a place where my fathers and forefathers have prayed. It may be idleness and vanity to think so, but somehow God seems to be nearer in a building where he has long been more immediately present. There is an odour of sanctity breathing about an old church: the worn stones are hallowed by the feet which have trod and the knees which have knelt on them: so much in it has been changed by Time, that it is become more like a house not made with hands: no body now living can make

anything like it; its architect is forgotten; it is the work not of a man but of an age. A new church on the contrary was built by such a man, fitted up by such another: everything about it is so neat and so modern; it is almost as smart as a theatre: there was no such thing five years ago, and what has been so shortlived can never seem to have any permanent reason for its existence, or indeed to have anything permanent about it; and instead of the odour of sanctity, one finds only the smell of paint. It has no atmosphere of prayer: it is not a treasure-house of the dead. My feelings on this subject I should have conceived would have been almost universal, had not an American gentleman once expressed to me his surprise that we let our churches in England, especially the cathedrals, grow so old and dirty. He had seen the minsters of York and Lincoln, and assured me that, if they stood in America, the outside of them would be white-washed every ten

years ; such being the American way of shewing their reverence for the house of God. How far his statement is correct, I know not. A nation of yesterday may perhaps be destitute of sympathy with the day before : but we in England, I trust, should as soon think of white-washing Helvellyn.

Then there are new books : people are forever asking you to recommend them some new publication. I would sooner ask a man to recommend me some new wine. If wine improves by keeping, much more do books. A work composed two or three or twenty centuries since, carries me before a different scene of human life ; and even if its worth were not greater, its value would be : for it teaches me something which I knew not : whereas most modern works tell you very little, but what from your own experience you know much better already : that is to say, the works of poetry and philosophy,

which are conversant with the substance and spirit of things, and which are scarcely, if at all, progressive: for in science, which deals with the shell and carcase, the latest treatise is likely enough to contain the most correct information: even as our roads and our pigstyes may probably be better than those of our ancestors, although in what appertains to architectural beauty or grandeur they are so incomparably our masters. Besides it is wholesome and invigorating to get into a new region of thought, to travel among foreign ideas, and to remark and compare their peculiarities: such a change is no less salutary to the mind, than change of air is to the body: it arouses us from the drowsy torpours of custom; it instructs us more reasonably to appreciate all the circumstances of our being, and to distinguish between new-fangled conventional notions, and principles which are pervading and enduring. Moreover a work

will commonly require time to ascend into the sky and take its seat and be established in the firmament, before we can look up at it as bright and everlasting. When once there indeed, it becomes like the rest: all the stars seem to be equidistant from the beholder; and it is not otherwise with the great works of man's intelligence. The star of which the rays have been thousands of years travelling earthward, appears, if we see it at all, to be at the moment before us: so does the *Iliad*: but *Faust*, and the *Genovera*, and the *Laodamia*, and the *Ruth*, and the *Geneviere*, and the Dialogue between Tiberius and Vipsania, are beside it: whatever is imperishable, like the stars, or those poems, has never been young and never grows old.

New thoughts however . . . surely you must be very fond of them.

On the contrary, I would flee from them as from a hornet's nest; I would use more precautions against them, than against the bite of a

tarantula : for the effect is not very unlike, only there is far more difficulty in finding out the music that will cure it. And I trust these volumes have all the appropriate symptoms of such a neophobia. I can wish for no higher praise of them, than that some thoughtful man familiar with the subjects about which they are chiefly conversant, should tell me he has long known everything they contain ; known I say, not merely heard of. Nay, if I could ever aspire to produce a work which Wisdom should receive into her eternal archives, I know not whether my prayer would not be simply, that it might be full of ideas all at least as old as the Creation. In the sublime language of the great Giordano Bruno,

Si cum Natura sapio et sub Numine,

Id vere plusquam satis est.

U.

Would anybody conceive it possible that the author of the foregoing lines, whose whole

life and works were accordant with their spirit, should have been burnt for Atheism? None assuredly, except such as have mortified their souls by contemplating the atrocities which man hesitates not to commit, after he has once invested his Maker with his own diabolical passions. So unquenchable is man's hunger and thirst for religion, that, when no other God is set before him, he will deify even his own worst vices. When he is not called upon to worship in spirit and in truth, he will worship in lust and in blood. He will make his children pass through the fire to Moloch ; his virgins must sacrifice their purity at the shrine of Mylitta ; he will throw himself under the car of Juggernaut. And woe then unto him who would resist and cast down this idolatry ! he is an infidel : he blasphemeth : he is an atheist : crucify him ! crucify him !

It is remarkable that the men who have suffered persecution and death for atheism, have

generally been the most godly of their age. Not only among the Jews did it happen, that such as were eminent for faith, through that faith and for that faith were tortured, had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment, were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. The Heathens were not much more tolerant of godliness. All the influence which Pericles had acquired among the Athenians by fair means and by foul, could not save Anaxagoras from banishment; and the troublesome piety of Socrates was silenced by a draught of hemlock. The Romans could let any doctrine pass, except that of Christ. Their descendants in after-times burnt Giordano Bruno and many others for atheism, because they were not sufficiently gross and carnal-minded : and Luther too would have been burnt for atheism, unless God had put it into the heart of the Emperor to keep his promise inviolate.

But such enormities could not be perpetrated in our civilized enlightened age.

Do you not know that light is nearest of kin to fire? O trust not in the efficacy of Civilization! there is no baser more senseless idolatry. It is with Civilization even as with the tree spoken of by the prophet: man burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, *Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire*: and the residue thereof he maketh a god: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, *Deliver me; for thou art my god*. And was not Europe during the last century overrun by the priests of this idolatrous worship? all such regions of Europe at least as had brought to perfection the tree from which the idol was to be hewn. And was there not a like dearth of knowledge and understanding? to say *I have burnt part of it in the fire; I have baked bread*

upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it: and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? shall I fall down to it?

Such was the state of Europe but yesterday: and if things are at all better today, it is not Civilization that has bettered them. As for any charm in Civilization to preserve us from cruelty, there is none such: if Civilization of itself could anywise soften the heart, it would be only by weakening and unmanning it: its fascination is like that of a serpent's eye, taking away all power of resistance. The uncivilized Athenians drove back into the sea the countless host of the Persians: the civilized Athenians crouched and fell before the army of the Macedonian.

And may not we with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought?

It was among the outcasts from the civilization of Europe, the Russians and the Spaniards,

that the latest enterpriser of universal empire foundered: wherever knowledge had taken its survey and drawn its charts, his course was easy; when he got into the unexplored regions of simple faith, unquestioning love of country, and devout loyalty, he ran aground. But weakness is often nearly connected with cruelty, as strength and courage are with kindness. He that is weak, is liable to fear; and fear is scarcely separable from hatred: painfully conscious of their own debasement, the feeble try to stifle that consciousness, when an opportunity presents itself, by an ostentatious display of all the mischief they can do. Fig-trees, which want a wall to lean against, like also to be manured with blood: oaks, which can support themselves, asking nothing of man save permission to shelter him with their majestic branches, draw their sustenance from the elements.

When Civilization is severed from moral principle and religious doctrine, there is no

power in it to make the heart gentle. The Romans appear not to have been a ferocious or bloody people, until after they had been civilized; and the chief scene of the horrible atrocities which have recently polluted the earth, was the vain contemptuous self-sufficient capital of European Civilization, the Understanding's Unholy of Unholies. The humanizing influences of Civilization are manifested only when she is content to walk meekly among the handmaids of Religion: for Religion is the only true softener of the heart, Religion, when pure and undefiled, and encircled by the moral graces. Sophocles has beautifully exhibited this great truth, that Religion is the only inviolable sanctuary of the affections, by representing the heroic love of Antigone for her brother as springing from and upheld by her obedience to the "unwritten stable laws of the gods, which are not the birth of today or yesterday, but live from everlasting, and none can tell whence they were revealed."

The greater power of the affections over the modern world, is the most blessed earthly fruit which Christianity has borne; and if they are weaker now than they were among our fathers and forefathers, it is because they have been sapped by Civilization.

All who are read in the biographies of literary men, must feel assured that Knowledge of itself is anything but the parent of Charity. Knowledge gives an uneasy restlessness to the tongue, that unruly untamable evil, full of deadly poison. The very habit of conversing almost exclusively with our own thoughts, or with the speechless and lifeless thoughts of others as they lie in the intellectual burying-ground of a library, will too often indispose us for sympathizing with the living and breathing thoughts of our neighbours. When our thoughts are the main, if not the single, object of our thoughts, they naturally acquire a somewhat inordinate value. We become convinced that we are in the right, and so to a certain ex-

tent we ought to be: in intellectual as in all other action, nothing important or worthy can be accomplished without faith: but from faith one slides easily into bigotry: it is a very hard thing, to be convinced that we are in the right, without drawing the conclusion that all who differ from us must be in the wrong. Men are thus inclined to judge one another; he who judges may easily condemn; and before the hall of judgement stands the scaffold. Now this overweening presumption of the intellect is only to be kept down by religion, by the consciousness that our brethren are God's creatures, and that we are no more; so that whatever inequalities may exist among us in lesser things, in our highest of all relations, to the eye that looks down on us from heaven, they vanish. It is upon this principle that an apostle exclaims: *Who art thou that judgest another? there is one lawgiver who is able to save and to destroy:* and another apostle says in almost the same words:

Who art thou that judgest another man's servant ? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yee, he continues in the overflowing of his charity, *he shall be holden up : for God is able to make him stand.* But let man never wish to cast him down, whom God is able to hold up. u.

The worst of all monopolies is that which would monopolize God. u.

It is a gross and most mischievous, although a very common error, to represent religion as only the means and instrument of making men moral. Even the next step in the way downward is hardly more perilous, where morality is represented as only the means and instrument of making men happy, of producing an orderly and easy and pleasurable state of society. It is true, these effects will follow : godliness will make men moral, and morality will make them happy : but in neither case does the cause exist

for the sake of the effect. It is necessary to distinguish between primary and mediate causes, those which produce effects either for their own purposes or after the order of nature, and those which are the mere implements in producing the effect, the shell out of which the kernel is to come. It is growing dark : I wish to see : I light my candles, by applying a burning match to them : it is evident that there are two causes of the candles being lighted ; the primary, which is my wish to see ; the mediate, which is the application of the match. Of these the latter is altogether subordinate to the effect ; it exists solely for the specific purpose of producing such an effect, and having accomplished that purpose, it is cast away. But it is otherwise with the primary cause : that is not subservient to the effect ; but the effect is subservient to it : nobody can say that I want to see, in order that my candles may be lighted ; although such in the present state of things may be the natural result

from that want. This is clear enough in all that is close at hand : so soon however as people begin to speculate about remote objects, they find the parts are not equally well defined ; they cannot trace, so to say, the circulation of causality in the universe : it is much easier to go on in a straight line and then make halt : the difficulty in the chariot race, as Nestor enforces on his son, is to turn cleverly round the goal. When we find a cause habitually attended by any particular effect, we are fond of supposing that the effect is the cause of the cause ; of which paralogism the dissertations on what are called final causes might furnish copious examples. The soul for instance lives not for the sake of animating the body, although the body is necessary for its earthly manifestation : but in the entanglement and thralldom of our senses, we readily believe our bodies to be the main portion of ourselves, to be, what in the Homeric age they were deemed, our real selves, as contradis-

tinguished from our souls : the spirits of the heroes, says the bard, were hurled to Hades ; their selves were a prey to dogs and birds. Nor again, although eating and drinking are necessary for the sustenance of the body, and so are the certain consequences of its existence, can the body be said to live for the sake of eating and drinking. Now morality is as it were the body of godliness, and is requisite for its earthly manifestation ; it is the *θρησκεία καθαρὰ καὶ ἀμίαντος* spoken of by the apostle, without which all worship is vain : and accordingly perfect moral purity and perfect charity was the form in which the Godhead became incarnate. Moreover as food is needful for the support and action of the body, so are empirical maxims of expediency for the developement and proper action of the moral principle. And since the bounty of God has connected pleasure with the fulfilment of whatever is according to his will ; not only does the receipt of food give pleasure,

but also the discharge of duty. Man however has too often dissolved the union, by raising the lower above the higher, and as it were turning the vessel topsy-turvy : in both instances he has considered pleasure as the chief aim ; he has thereby been led into intemperance physical and moral, and has disordered the constitution both of his body and soul.

The scale ascends then from expediency through duty to religion, not from religion through duty to expediency. Our earthly interests are at the bottom ; our heavenly interests are at the top : they seem to be far asunder and almost incommunicable : but they meet and harmonize and atone in our duties : so that the moral law is as it were the interpreter between God and man. We seek diligently after that which is expedient, because it enables us to do that which is good, and thereby to manifest the beneficence of religion ; not contrariwise. Nay, it is only when Expediency is impregnated more

or less with the enthusiastic idea, the *εὐθεὺς ἰδέα* of duty, that it can break its chain and escape from the ~~channel~~ in which Selfishness couches growling at every passer by. The commonest household account cannot be cast up, without presuming the principles of arithmetic: neither can the motives for and against any action be cast up and balanced, without presuming the principles of moral arithmetic, that is, without reference more or less remote to some axiom of duty. Why am I not to get drunk? Because it injures my health? It will require an endless induction from particular cases to convince me of that: many of the healthiest men I know are among those who get drunk the oftenest: and it will be difficult to establish that anything but the sottish habit is mischievous, or that indulgence now and then does any harm at all. Because it is disgraceful? But the disgrace is a mere trifle: a toper is proverbially called a good fellow. And besides why is it disgraceful? except from a feeling more

or less distinct of its being wrong : and why need I care about disgrace ? where it is not likely to do me any sensible material hurt. Moreover you must shew me some pleasure to be derived from keeping sober, which shall overbalance the pleasure of getting drunk. But the moral law is explicit and peremptory : and nothing under the moral law can prohibit occasional transgressions. The moral law commands me undeviatingly to preserve the supremacy of my spiritual over my animal nature ; it forbids me to drown my reason in wine : it commands me to be temperate in all things, in order that I may at all times possess the indefeisible mastery of my faculties. And why again am I to submit to such restraints ? As the moral law has laid down the rule, religion supplies the principle : in order that my body and soul may be devoted without intermission to the worship of God ; that, so far as in me lies, I may evermore have it in my power to employ them in

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some of those works of love, which are our reasonable and most acceptable worship. There is no denying the imperativeness of this command : there should be no resisting the efficacy of this principle. They both extend too over every particular case ; while calculations of expediency drawn from consequences have no force save against habits : let offences come one at a time, and they will slip through : for to tell a man that one will make a way for another, is to insult his vigilance and self-command ; and even the most timid will rejoin, that he knows best when to close his own gates. But the Stoic teacher arrived at the same conclusion with the Christian, that he who is guilty of a single tittle, is guilty of the whole law : only the Stoic knew of no way to wash off that guilt. For the degrees of sinfulness are of small significance, when compared with the exceeding sinfulness of sin, of turning aside from righteousness, of defacing the divine image in

man, and, to use a word of Cudworth's, ungodding the soul.

Morality, I have said, is the outward form of Religion : the law is our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ and make us the children of God, by renewing his image within us. Although the apostle is speaking with more immediate reference to the ceremonial law, the whole tenour of his argument here as elsewhere bears equally on the moral law ; under which we continue, until being transfigured by faith we perform the works of the law in fulfilment of a more spiritual law, the living law of faith, compelling us by constraint not of fear but of love. It is thus that the Mosaic law was transfigured in the sermon on the Mount, and reappears there in a glorified form, another, yet still the same. Now the business of a schoolmaster is, not to spin a cobweb of rules in every vacant corner of his pupil's brain : such webs are of no use, except to catch flies, and to kill them : he should

exhibit the rules as the skeleton which gives shape and firmness to the living particles surrounding and concealing it, as the form or mould in which the vital intelligent principle organizes the rude element of language: for a rule is only the residue of a fact distilled by the understanding, the footstep which a principle leaves behind it, to shew where its path has been; lasting indeed, and often gigantic as the footstep left by Hercules in Scythia, but no less undeserving of the worship which it too often receives. So also in the moral law ought we to look for something beyond the moral law, something more than the scaffolding for the construction of our conduct: we should endeavour to trace the flow of the religious principle through all the branching network of social life, and should thus convince ourselves that the highest and the true worth of morality, is its being the fittest mode of realizing godliness here.

on earth, in other words, its being the will
of God. v.

Man is a parenthesis in nature. v.

It is in the heavens that we must read our
way: without their enlightening guidance, the
compass, useful as it may be in its subordinate
department, will fail us when we are out in the
midst of the broad shoreless sea. v.

Our life is a voyage.

Earth is our birth.

Heaven is our haven. v.

No science is so sure as Conscience. Science
draws lines of circumvallation around Truth, to
make it surrender, but generally only starves it.
Conscience is seated within, in the citadel, and
too frequently has to repel the attacks of Sci-
ence. v.

Life ought to be the preliminary of peace: it is oftener employed in preparations for war; but still oftener in provoking and declaring war without any preparation. U.

Everybody seems to be persuaded that the author of the universe, like the author of the *Iliad*, aliquando bonus dormitat. U.

Nine times out of ten, the thing most agreeable in vice is that about it which is not vicious; at least not necessarily and confessedly. Enterprise, braving danger, avoiding an obstacle by contrivance or overthrowing it by a bold push, these are the things young men really love, when they fancy they love sin. But all these things may be enjoyed best in the craggy mountain-paths of virtue. There let them be sought. They will not prove less valuable for being unalloyed with evil.

A changeable creed is as absurd, as an unchangeable constitution.

Delenda est Carthago must be the motto of every moralist. To compromise with evil is to compromise the soul.

Very many theological disputes and errors have arisen from the want of a clearly defined boundary between Belief and Faith. Mostly they are altogether confounded: yet they are exceedingly different. One is an act of the understanding; the other is a principle of the soul: and though they ought to be inseparable, they are very often severed. Faith may easily exist without being brought forward into that palpable insulated consciousness which is necessary to an act of belief: the most ignorant day-labourer has faith in the constant order of nature, and manifests it by making the whole course of his life conform to that faith: but he

cannot be said to believe in the constant order of nature; for that article of his faith has never been set before him in the form of a distinct proposition. On the other hand nothing is commoner than Belief without Faith. It is common among the intelligent even here on earth; and we know that it is one of the attributes which characterize the diabolical nature: for the devils believe: they would not be devils if they did not: but the devils have no faith: they would not be devils if they had.

In other words, Faith is implicit Belief, and Belief should be explicit Faith: but in this world development is often soon followed by dissolution; the leaves of the flower unfold, and drop off: and it is an idle endeavour to reproduce the flower by sticking them on again. v.

The postulate of Archimedes is as indispensable in metaphysics as in physics. In order to

make any progress, one must have a given point to start from. He who begins nowhere, will never get on. What point you start from, matters less. There is hardly a spot on earth, whence a river, after it has once begun to flow, may not find its way to the sea.

Is it then to be supposed that in religion alone Knowledge can exist in a vacuum, and can know, without having anything given to it to know? Faith is the parent, not the child of Knowledge: although it is true that when Faith grows old or feeble, Knowledge, as is the duty of a child, may cherish and support her: if Knowledge contrariwise turns against and tries to slay Faith, as has sometimes happened, it is an act of parricide. When the apostle is describing the building of that spiritual man, whose headstone is charity, he makes him rest on the foundation of faith: he shall add to faith energy, and to energy, as the produce of the two, knowledge. For Faith to come from Knowledge

is inverting the whole order of nature, according to which things grow out of darkness into light, and not out of light into darkness. This is beautifully expressed by Anselm in the sentences prefixed by Schleiermacher to his *Christian Faith*: Non quero intelligere ut credam, sed credo ut intelligam. Nam qui non crediderit, non experietur, et qui expertus non fuerit, non intelliget.

Are we then to cast ourselves down into the desperate and abysmal belief that religion is unnatural to man? God forbid! Nothing is more natural: not light and sight to the eye; not the love of woman to the heart. As the eye is akin to light, and yearns for it, and rejoices in it; as the heart of man is not made to be alone, but feels, when woman is brought unto him, that she is bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh: so likewise is there something in his spiritual nature akin to God, something that yearns for and rejoices in his presence, that is

not made to be alone, that when a divine truth is brought unto it, recognizes and acknowledges it and starts up to embrace it : there is a fountain of godly love that gushes forth like springing waters, when the earthly covering that shut it out from the light of heaven is pierced through. But as the eye cannot fashion the light that is to shine on it, nor make it shine, and, unless the light graciously shine on it, would slumber in dark obstruction, unaware of its own excellent nature ; and as the heart of man although framed to love woman, cannot frame for itself the woman it is to love, and unless she be brought before it, will moulder in dreary apathy, unconscious of its beautiful capacities : so neither can the religious appetite in man create for itself the food it is to feed on : man cannot invent God ; but he can know him, when he vouchsafes to reveal himself ; and having once known God, can discover him in all things.

In the one sense then I believe there is

such a thing as natural religion ; but not in the other sense, as devised and made by man himself. In its origin religion is supernatural ; after it has once arisen, it becomes natural, inasmuch as it arouses and corresponds with that in man which is supernatural. v.

Is it not a contradiction in terms, that a first cause or first principle should be demonstrated *a priori* ? v.

People accustomed to high living must have something new and recondite to stimulate their palled and cloyed appetites. Thus it is that we cannot see God, except in something marvellous and miraculous. Although it is in the order of the universe, inanimate and animate, unintelligent and intelligent, that the supreme Power and Wisdom and Goodness are most evidently displayed ; so depraved and vicious is our taste, that the very constancy and universality of the

manifestation hinder our observing it. If God were to grow faint and to slumber, and to let the universe droop and close its eyes and sink into the arms of sleep, we should then be aroused to perceive his being and his might : at present the power of God is hidden from us by his omnipotence.

A Parisian female philosopher exclaimed to some one who was explaining to her that everything in nature has its use : *Ah oui, pour la lune, elle est bien utile : elle nous éclaire pendant la nuit. Mais à quoi bon le soleil ? qui ne se montre qu'en plein jour.* Well ! we have all wit enough to laugh at her : but we have not wit enough to find out that her case is ours. For we too are continually blind to the presence and insensible to the love of God, because he is always and every where present, and because every breath of our bodies and of our souls is animated only by his love. We search after a source for the river, not for the sea. Nay, poor dull stupid

senseless creatures that we are, we despise what is ordinary ; we have even made it a by-word of reproach ; and we disdain to be excited by anything but what is extraordinary. Savages perceive not God, except when he thunders and lightens. The prophet indeed, the man of God, when he stood before the Lord, and the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks, and after the wind an earthquake, and after the earthquake a fire, well knew that the Lord was not so immediately present in those exhibitions of destructive power, the wind and the earthquake and the fire, as in the still small voice, whether it be the still small voice of Law, which is the principle of the life of the universe, or the still small voice of Conscience, which is the principle of the life of the human soul. The man of God knew this : but an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign. They cannot see God in the earth or in the heavens,

in the alternation of night and day or the revolution of the seasons and all the blessings that drop from the wheel of Time as it circles; they cannot see him in the ebb and flow of life throughout the world: but if they see a rod turned into a serpent, they are very willing to see him there. They cannot see the divinity of Christianity in all the good gifts which it has showered over the earth, in the dignity it has given to all the duties and hopes of man, in its answering every question of the soul and intelligibly solving the whole riddle of our being: but if they hear of a fig-tree withering, they are ready to fall down and worship. Nay more, many in this most idolatrous generation assert that the belief in such miracles is the only stable foundation for religious faith.

It was not thus that the Apostles preached. It was not thus that the great Christian philosopher Augustin taught. "The miracle (he says) of our Lord Jesus Christ, in that of water he

made wine, is not to be marvelled at by those who know that God wrought it. For He made the wine on that day in those six water-pots which he commanded to be filled with water, who every year makes it in the vines. For as what the servants poured into the water-pots was changed into wine by the working of the Lord, so what the clouds pour down is changed into wine by the working of the same Lord. This however we do not wonder at, because it happens every year; by its constancy it has ceased to make us wonder. But who is there that beholds the workings of God, whereby this whole world is governed and administered, and is not astounded and overwhelmed by miracles. If he beholds the power of a single grain, of any seed, it is a mighty thing, it is awful to the beholder. But because men intent on something else lost the contemplation of God's works, wherein they should daily give praise to the maker; God, as it were, reserved to himself

some unusual things which he might perform, that he might more wonderfully arouse men from their slumber to worship him. A dead man rose again : men marvelled : so many are born daily ; and no one marvels. If we were to consider more reasonably, it is a greater miracle for him who was not, to be, than for him who was, to rise again. Yet the same God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, by his Word does all things and governs all things, who also created all things. The former miracles God wrought by his Word when with himself : the latter miracles he wrought by the same Word incarnate and made man for us. As we wonder at what was done by the man Jesus, so let us wonder at what was made by the God Jesus. By the God Jesus were made the heavens, and the earth, the sea, and all the glory of the heavens, and all the riches of the earth, and all the fruitfulness of the sea ; all these things which lie before our eyes were made by the God

Jesus. And we behold them; and if his spirit is in us they so please us, as that we praise the maker; not so that turning to the work we turn away from the maker, and as it were turning our faces to the things made, turn our backs on him who made them. (*Exposit. in Evang. Johan. Tractat. VIII.*)

U.

The whole life of Jesus was spent in giving alms.

U.

We may well cry out against Absentees: we are crying out against the whole world.

U.

I cannot pray. Then pray till you can. The most constant letter-writer has the most to say.

If things were as they ought to be, we should learn from Life to live, and from Death to die. But all is out of joint: the world is playing at cross purposes: and if we learn at all, it is rather

Death that teaches us to live, and Life that teaches us to die. U.

Every true Christian begins by committing suicide. U.

The history of the earth is a digression.

When will the subject be resumed?

At the day of Judgement. U.

It is awful to speak evil of the dead : and though *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* would cut up history by the roots, yet he who delivered the maxim, feeling, as he must have felt at the moment of uttering it, what a thing Death is, how severing, how pitiful, how reconciling, spake well ; and, if he only meant to inculcate as a moral duty abstinence from acrimonious or irreverent expressions against the departed and the dumb, I am quite sure that he also spake wisely.

Tears are the sign both of sorrow and of joy ; just as in village churches the same bell with its “ music nearest heaven ” tells the tidings both of weddings and of funerals. In towns they have often different bells for the two purposes. But in this as in so many other respects poverty is wiser than wealth : for while the poor must needs stay at home, riches too often only supply people with the means of going astray. It beautifully exemplifies the unity of life, and blends its gayest with its most sorrowful scene, to have the same star heralding the night, which heralds the day. It leads us to perceive that day is only a brighter and more garish, and, unless it be tempered and sobered by solemn thoughts, a less worthy night ; and that night is an expansion and higher power of day, wherein the finite vanishes in the infinite. The jollity of the bridal peal is softened and as it were veiled over by the thought of another world ; and like the veiled bride herself it gives an intimation that there is something

purser and more precious than the haunted earthly beauty : while on the other hand the sound of death loses somewhat of its greatest hollowness, and may seem to be only the forerunner of a heavenly marriage. v.

Death is the gate that leads from mortality to immortality. How indeed should a mortal become immortal except by casting off his mortality ? v.

What a beautiful thing a veil is ! On passing from the North to the South of Europe, I know not what is more striking or more pleasing than the change in the female head-dress from bonnets to veils. The latter are not only surrounded with the glory of ancient association, having once overshadowed the brows of Grecian virgins and of Roman matrons, of Antigone and of Cornelia, while the approval of Saint Paul almost in a manner hallows them ; but in themselves too they are incomparably more comely

and more becoming. A veil is more flexible, more pliant, more graceful, and therefore more feminine : when the face is open, it hangs around it with a suitableness only to be surpassed by nature's own veil, the hair ; which, as the Apostle tells us, was given to woman for a covering, so that, if it is long, it is a glory to her : when the veil covers the face, its folds mingle harmoniously with the folds of her other apparel, and it admonishes us that the wearer bears about her the mystery and the sanctity of womanhood. But bonnets are stiff, cumbrous, fantastical, grotesque, presumptuous, nay often, so perverse is fashion, shameless : they as it were impound our eyes on the flesh which they inclose : they strip the face of its appropriate back-ground, and thereby mar its picturesqueness : they bring out the full face with an effrontery that affronts, with a challenge of admiration which not seldom operates like a defiance : and although they are often made for the express purpose of shewing off the face, the whole face, and nothing but the

face, they will sometimes enter into a daring and dangerous rivalry with it, and now and then stare it out of countenance, until the head seems to be a mere poll for shewing off the bonnet that tops it. Custom indeed, as it so often makes us blind to what is excellent, tends also to make us insensible of deformity : dislikes wear away, as well as likings : and the habits of our minds entertain a sort of fraternal affection for those of our bodies. Else how could such an animal as a fop exist in an age when dress is so unlovely and so graceless ? Hence the only way of obtaining an impartial verdict, is, to give the cause a fictitious venue for the sake of bringing it before a less prejudiced tribunal. When we are looking at a picture, the judgement is not so likely to have been bruised or worn flat by use, or biassed by self-love : and we may be sure that whatever is ugly in a portrait, as a white waistcoat for instance, or a starched cravat, or a round hat, can never be truly hand-

some or seemingly on a living form : although there may be extraneous notions of cleanliness or coolness or the like, which, together with habit, keep the eye from taking offence. Now between a veil and a bonnet, no painter could hesitate for a moment : the one welcomes his art ; the other repels it. Still more decided, though perhaps less competent, is the sentence of Sculpture. Such of my readers too as have seen Madame Catalani at an Oratorio in one of our churches, cannot but have noticed the contrast between the chaste classical simplicity of the veil that overhung her fine features, and the gaudy peacocks' tails spread round the faces of our countrywomen : and few, I should conceive, can have had their taste so distorted by the confinement it had grown up in, as to doubt which was worthiest of preference, at least in such a place and on such an occasion. Which leads me to suggest by the way that the effect of those religious festivals would be greatly

hightened and purified, if the female singers wore a simple, uniform, nun-like garb, more in accordance with the solemnity of the words they utter and of the buildings within which they utter them. Their dress now is strangely out of keeping with both. Above all things let them obey Saint Paul and wear veils. So should the eye help on the ear as it floats along the stream of sound, instead of retarding it, and distracting it, and filling it with its own unsatisfiedness and contrariety and confusion.

Even a plain face may be deemed fair behind a veil ; and a lovely one loses little of its loveliness : that little too is abundantly compensated by the moral charms which breathe around it, and by the startling delight that attends its unforeseen undesigned manifestation. O that people would but bear this in mind ! and would bear in mind also that, true as it is of sensuous beauty, it is still truer of moral beauty ! Comely as every veil is, far comelier than any

veil woven by earthly hands is the veil which modesty draws before genius, the veil which humility draws before goodness, concealing it not only from the eyes of others but from its own, and in very fact not letting the left hand know what the right hand doth. These are things the like of which one does sometimes see, albeit rarely, and perchance only in women. Men are induced by the practices, if not by the necessities, of life, to go bare-headed: their hat is only meant as a protection, to keep off the rain and wind and sunshine: and they seem to think that even in a spiritual sense, "if a man have long hair, it is a shame to him." A man's words and actions come down in large drops, with a hubbub, often causing a flood, often hardening into hailstones: a woman's, especially at that season of life when her mind's eye is beginning to see beyond the walls of her home, and her soul begins to feel that her own family, dear as they all are, yet are not enough to ex-

haust its gushing redundant affections, her fresh thoughts rise up like an exhalation, her kind deeds fall on you like dew ; they cheer, they enliven, they gladden ; yet you see them not ; you hardly see whence they arise : no cloud precedes them, no noise accompanies them ; the stars themselves cannot come forth more quietly : and the only change, if any, perceivable in her from whom they proceed, is, that she is somewhat less distinctly, somewhat more dimly seen. I have heard wisdom from men ; but unfortunately they have generally known too well how wisely they were talking : the wisdom which I have sometimes imbibed from softer lips, has been far purer and more spiritual and more essential : it tasted not, like the other, of the cask : it wrought not by force, but by gentleness, nerving by softening, strengthening by comforting and rejoicing. With this veil thus encircling and clinging round the virgin soul, there is nothing in outward nature that can vie

in loveliness; unless it be that ethereal veil of light which the morning draws over the firmament: from which, by an image brought daily before our view, we may learn to frame some conception of the way in which Nature is the veil of God. And what if our senses are only such a veil drawn over our souls, concealing them, even as the daylight conceals the stars, supplying them with all the capacities needful for the uses and wants of our earthly being, and impenetrable, save by fleeting momentary glimpses, because to penetrate it would be to die! And what if Death be but a withdrawing of the senses from before the soul, as the evening withdraws the veil of light from before the stars, and a revealing of countless new realms of unfathomable incomprehensible being, to which those very senses now make us insensible! What if the sphere of Death be as far above the sphere of Life in magnitude, in grandeur, in wealth, in glory, and in sublimity, as the firma-

ment of night surpasses the firmament of day ! In our present state indeed we see only through a glass darkly : as we pierce through the film of daylight by the aid of a glass, so ought knowledge to be as a glass disclosing to us those spiritual and godly truths which are arrayed in the fair garment of Nature and lurk behind her beautiful veil. Alas ! it is oftener the glass which ministers to our lusts, or which helps us to gaze and wonder at ourselves. As for Truth, we are content to guess at it.

The veil which in the Temple divided the Holy place from the Holy of Holies, may perhaps be regarded as a type of this natural veil which conceals the supernatural world. The Epistle to the Hebrews indeed represents it as typical of Christ's human nature, the new and living way by which we enter into the Holiest. But types, as, were it needful, might easily be shewn, often admit of manifold interpretation : and at all events what was more immediately designed to

typify the incarnation of the Word, may not unsuitably be looked upon as typifying the creation of the world by the Word. In one respect at least its applicableness cannot be questioned ; and a diligent consideration of it would needs be very salutary : although the things which are not seen are most holy, the things which are seen are also holy, if we know but how to fix our eyes on them. The difference is not of contrariety, but of degree : we are already in the outer court : and it is our own fault if Death lead us not behind the veil, into the Holy of Holies.

v.

There is but one tower "whose top reacheth unto heaven ;" and man did not build it. Like the ladder seen by the patriarch, it was let down from above ; and the eyes of faith may still behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. We have still an Eden, if we will but enter it : for, as Stolberg says in his golden

Book of Love, "in the garden of the Scriptures too doth God walk, and would talk with man: but Adam hides himself amongst the trees." No Cherubim with flaming swords are placed there to drive us away; but the voice of Him who is higher than the Cherubim is evermore breathing from every part of it and calling us to come in.

Such as have loved to contemplate the reversal of the original curse, on seeing the name borne by the mother of sin as it were emblematically reversed in the first word of the hymn to the mother of the Saviour, on perceiving *Eee* reversed in *Ave*, may perchance find some food for their fancy in the similarity between *Babel*, the spiring fabric of pride, of the upstart attempt to take heaven by storm, converted by God into a spear wherewith to shiver the nations of the earth, and the *Bible*, the book of humility, the gracious summons and guide to heaven, the reveille of immortality, the cry of him who would

gather all nations together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. Others will probably laugh at them. Be it so; provided they do it in mirth and gentleness: their pleasure may be somewhat like that of the former, although below it perhaps both in kind and degree. But let none laugh scornfully, for his own sake: the only person much harmed by scorn is the scorner.

v.

Nothing but the heavenly *μῶλον* can save us from defilement and debasement in the den of Circe. True, it is a lowly herb growing out of the earth; but man cannot find it:

Χαλεπὸν δὲ τ' ὀρύσσειν

"Ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι θεοὶ δέ τε πάντα δύνανται.

The root too is black: it springs out of suffering and patience; but the flower is like milk, the milk of human kindness.

v.

Many men have been heroic in exploit; few

in endurance. Pride tells them that, to act, they must be doing something. And yet the greatest action in the whole history of the world is the Passion of Christ; an action almost as much surpassing all others in its heroic magnanimity, as it surpasses them in the extent and momentousness of its consequences. u.

Other religions take up their home in the past or the future; Christianity in the present, wherein the past and future are involved. That is, other religions are of Time, Christianity is of Eternity: for Time, it has been remarked, consists only of the past and the future; Eternity is always present. u.

One fine moonless evening under the influence of strong emotion I cast my eyes upward (I believe for sympathy) to the stars which were shining brightly above my head. But I felt that their heavenliness was too impassive for me.

and became more conscious than ever of the necessity of an incarnation.

Love partakes of the infinite in its nature, and if it has not something infinite to feed on, feeds on and devours itself.

Living things are flexible in proportion to their life ; and of all things the most flexible and plastic is the soul of man ; just as, what was made for the soul, Christianity is the most flexible and plastic of institutions. Both of them indeed without violence to their nature may be adapted to anything but evil.

God unites opposites, because in him all things meet. God works by opposites, because from him all things issue.

Do you fancy yourself Phocion, that you attempt to drive men into conviction with such few arguments? To drive them into conviction? no: because in that case they would still be unconvinced. Our suggestions are only meant to lead people to set about convincing themselves. And for that purpose they can hardly be too brief. It is the same in that other great department of human action, war; for half the battle is to find our way, and the other half is to fight it. If you wish a general to be beaten, send him a ream full of instructions; if you wish him to succeed, give him a destination, and bid him conquer.

And so, Reader, (for it is time to have done with guessing) would I bid you conquer in your warfare against your four great enemies, the world, the devil, the flesh, and above all, that obstinate and perverse self-will, unaided by which the other three would be comparatively powerless. Many things in these pages may be

mere guesses, crude and doubtful, hasty and remote from truth ; but the chief things which they have pointed at, be assured, are not so ; unless the earth be a guess, and the sun, and the sea, and virtue, and the word of God. These are so many beams of the same light, so many forms and manifestations of the one great presence that animates and upholds the universe, binding and embracing it with arms of love. He then, as the father and preserver and pervading life of all these wonderful realities, must himself be reality in the highest sense ; nor can anything good be real apart from him. It is not I alone, nor any fallible man, who tell you this, but the visible witnesses of his existence, who are also the declarers of his will. Each has a voice of its own, and each is in unison with all. Listen to their universal chorus, and you shall hear it plainly say : *God is good ; and we are good, for we obey God ; and to obey God is to be good.*

And is this all ? Yes, all perhaps that all

the varied voices of the universe distinctly utter; yet short as the lesson is, it will take us an eternity to practise. But how obey God? By striving to be what he is. For he evidently is our perfection; so that we must come nearer perfection in proportion as we approach to him: Strive then to resemble God; is he love? by cherishing love; is he truth? by studying to be like the truth, in your intellect by meditation, in your aims by single-heartedness, in your feelings by sincerity, in your actions by plain and open dealing.

I have set before you two great certainties; the Maker of the universe, and the duty of man. A third remains, the Bible, which declares and reconciles the preceding, and therewith instructs us in all needful knowledge, assuring us of a heaven at our journey's end, warning us against the enemies who will oppose our progress, and teaching us how, through whose intercession, with whose assistance, by what means, these

enemies may be encountered and overcome. Yes! we shall triumph over them, dangerous as they are. For sin too is a reality, with its corrupting falsehoods, and their inevitable consequence, overwhelming final ruin. This is the real enemy against which you are summoned to contend. Range yourself against it under Christ's banner, nothing doubting; nor fly from the only field where to fight heartily is to conquer. God will himself do the rest certainly, if we will but certainly trust in him. His Grace and every other blessing be with you, Reader, and, if it may be, with the Guessers also.

Farewell.

THE END.

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